

T H E

Chearful Companion:

*K (ms)*

O R,

*Songster's Pocket-Book.*

CONTAINING,

THE MOST APPROVED SONGS,

ODES, CANTATAS, &c.

I N

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at No. 1, in  
Ludgate-street, 1768.



I \* \* \* \* B \* \* \* \* E. P.

21 R



TO  
prints in my  
withal, I think stronger  
on the minds of my readers, were  
my sole motives for placing the  
initials of your name, and I hat-  
ter myself that I shall stand excused  
both by you and the public, when  
it appears that I have neither vio-  
lated your modesty, nor their pa-  
tience, by a tedious and imperi-  
nent

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T O

J \* \* \* B \* \* \* , Esq.

S I R,

**T**O prevent the hints in my preface being overlook'd, and, withal, to impress them stronger on the minds of my readers, were my sole motives for prefixing the initials of your name; and I flatter myself that I shall stand excused both by you and the public, when it appears that I have neither violated your modesty, nor their patience, by a tedious and imperti-

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nent essay to demonstrate a truth confirmed by long and universal experience. If, Sir, any person had claimed more regard than yourself, from a due attachment to sense as well as sound, you should not have been troubled with this, from, SIR,

Your unknown humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

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~~confirmed by long and universal~~  
experience. If, Sir, any person  
had claimed more regard than  
yourself from a due attachment  
to sense as well as sound, you  
should not have been troubled  
with this long and universal  
**T O T H E**  
**R E A D E R S.**

**I**F we attend to the nature of singing, we shall find that it consists in an aptitude to impress certain subjects upon the mind, with more warmth and liveliness than can possibly be done by recitation; as a variety of tones are most happily adapted to express the different emotions of the human heart, and may, by the assistance of a sound judgement, be perfectly attuned to the solemn notes of the grave and sublime, or rapturous airs of the gay and jocund.

Hence, singing is frequently introduced, not only to diversify, but heighten entertainment, both public and private, by expanding the organs, and rousing the senses from that state of inattention that is too frequently consequent on repeating even the

most elaborate themes, in one continued irksome strain of dull monotony.

Sounds, accurately conveyed, are the handmaids of sense, the embellishments of ideas, the ornaments of expression; and, when kept in due subordination, are sure to charm the ear, enliven the fancy, and captivate the soul.

Now, though there are, manifestly, advantages resulting from singing, according to the grand rules of its institution, it is much to be lamented, that many obtrude into that province, who are absolutely disqualified by nature, which hath unkindly denied them those two essential requisites, an agreeable voice, and a good ear. Such persons can only please themselves; for, to attempt a task impracticable, cannot fail to disgust, though politeness and good-nature often restrain visible tokens of disapprobation.

If the editor might be permitted, humbly, to offer a few vague hints on this subject, he would recommend to such, an endeavour to please in the way of conversation; which a good understanding, affable temper, and a joyous disposition, will ever furnish; while they prudently avoid the imputation of conceit

ceit and folly, by affecting a title to which they have no claim.

With respect to those who possess, in any degree, the happy requisites, he would observe, that an unreasonable fondness of intreaty, and dilatory compliance with importunate requests (foibles to which singers are too generally liable) not only derogate from the character of a gentleman, but, too often, deprive the company of that gratification, which depends, in a great measure, in freedom of indulgence, and is not a little alloyed by expectation raised above the ability of the performer to gratify.

The ladies, whom nature has distinguished by a melody which no MAN can boast, are not in the least pointed at in the last remark.

Those who enjoy the natural qualifications, without the acquired, are advised to learn their songs from some professor of music; adhering to this maxim as infallible, that it is much easier to learn ten songs that are entirely new, than to rectify confirmed errors in a single one—To please in singing, it is necessary, perfectly, to retain the words of the piece, and also to deliver them with propriety and articulation; for the chief excellence of a singer consists in being un-



derstood; nor can all the arts of grace, trill, cadence, shake, or warble, alone for obscuring a single sentiment of a good writer; always, therefore, remember, that sense must, on no pretence, submit to sound, and that it is as contemptible in a singer to eclipse any part of his subject by having recourse to what are called graces, as it is for a painter to shade the beauties of a portrait with pageant drapery.

There is another prevailing fault, which must not be passed over on this occasion, as it greatly obstructs the pleasure that would arise from hearing many good singers, in other respects; which is, accompanying the voice with aukward gesture and uncouth deportment; as if there were any fixed position, or action, peculiar to the singing of a song, which is nothing more than representing those ideas according to the science of music, which are more frequently delivered by the art of oratory.

To give the tones their proper scope, the mouth should be more opened than in speaking; for by keeping the teeth almost, if not altogether clos'd, melody is always obstructed, and dissonance frequently produced — Many particulars might be insisted; but it is presumed, that it will be sufficient

sufficient to remark, upon the whole, that the rules of grace and propriety in speaking, are essentially the same in singing: therefore, that expression and deportment, contemporaneous to the subject, should be the main study and principal endeavour of all who desire to please by the exertion of their vocal powers.

To conclude, the above observations are chiefly addressed to those who have not had the advantage of hearing the gentleman to whom the piece is dedicated; those who have, need only call him back to their imaginations.

I am,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

sufficient to remark, that the whole  
 the chemistry the law is in nature, that  
 that, that operation and a pointing out  
 entrance to the subject, should be the  
 great body and principal endeavor of all  
 who have to do with the extension of their  
 vocal power.  
 To conclude, the above observations are  
 intended to be a guide to those who have not  
 the advantage of hearing the Englishman.  
 When the piece is recited; those who  
 have, need only call him back to their room.

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U.

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When trees did bud

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Whilst on thy dear bosom

When Damon first

Where shall Celia

With Delia

What shepherd

What means

While over nice

Where's my swain

When blushes

Why heaves my fond bosom

When here Lucinda

Whilst at Armida's feet

Why Damon

Who'll buy a heart

When first by fond Damon

Why how now Miss Pert

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ung	Young	- - -	

Union Lodge, private Room, Bell-lane, Spital-  
fields.

No certain Day of forming.

Anchor and Baptist's-head, Chancery-lane

King's-arm, New Bond-street

Laſt Thursday.

Caveat Tavern, Finch-lane

Laſt Wednesday.

burg Lodge

ten-lane, St. Anne's, the Royal Melken-

Hermione and Abſolve private, Corner of Comp-

Turk's-head, King's-bury, Winter

Three Tuns, Spital-fields

Half-moon, Chancery-lane

Mounting-bull, Chancery-lane

Fourth Friday.

Crown and Anchor, Strand

Vine, High-borough, Summer

Porter Place, Croſs-lane, Hatton-garden

ſeat, White-croſs-lane

Wapping

Dance-room, a private Room, Red-lion-lane

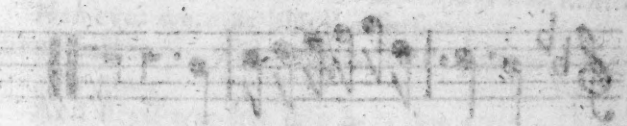
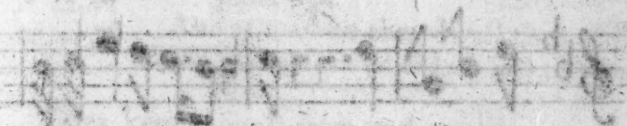
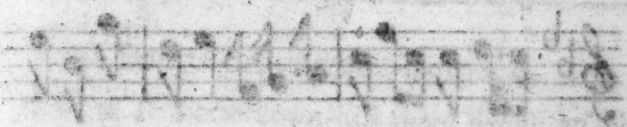
Fourth Thursday.

White-hart, Mark-lane, Goodman's-fields

King's-head, Princeſs-lane, Cavendish-lane

King's-arm and one Ten, Hyde-park-corner

At Tonsdown Hill.





(1)

At Totterdown hill.






THE  
CHEARFUL COMPANION:  
OR  
Songster's Pocket-Book.

---

Songs on various Subjects.

 T Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old  
pair,  
And it may be they dwell there still,  
Much riches indeed didn't fall to their  
share,

They kept a small farm and a mill :  
But fully content with what they did get,  
They knew not of guile or of arts ;  
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,  
And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,  
Her eyes were as black as a sloe ;  
Her teeth were milk white, full smart was her  
gait,  
And sleek was her skin as a doe :

B

All

All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did  
pour,

No bit of true blue cou'd be spy'd,  
A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at  
the door ;

Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,  
The babe she hugg'd close to her breast ;  
She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,  
She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest :

But who do you think she had got for her prize ?

Why Love, the fly master of arts ;

No sooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,  
And shew'd her his wings, and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love ; but oh, be not afraid,

Tho' all I make shake at my will,

So good, and so kind, have you been, my fair  
maid,

No harm shall you feel from my skill :

My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,

A friend you shall find in me still ;

Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,  
The Venus of Totterdown hill.

**W**HEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
And flowers were fair to see,

And Mary was complete fifteen,

And love laugh'd in her eye ;

Blyth Jockey's looks her heart did move,

To speak her mind thus free :

Gang down the burn my gentle love,

And soon I'll follow thee.



(3)

Come Chloris.



Now Jockey did each lad surpass,

That dwelt on this burn side ;

And Mary was a bonny lass,

Just meet to be a bride :

Her cheeks were rosy red, and white,

Her een were azure blue,

Her looks were like Aurora bright,

Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,

And nothing, sure, unmeet ;

For ganging home I heard them say,

They lik'd a walk so sweet :

His cheek to her's he fondly laid,

She cry'd, sweet love, be true ;

And when a wife, as now a maid,

To death I'll follow you.

**C**OME, Chloris, leave thy wand'ring sheep,

Thou shalt more am'rous creatures keep,

And be the only envied dame,

That moves upon this grassy frame ;

For thou shalt herds of Cupids have,

And love and I will be thy slave.

In yonder myrtle grove we'll dwell,

With more content than tongue can tell ;

Where hungry wolves shall not affright

Thy tender lambs, nor thee, by night ;

Where we the wanton thieves will play,

And steal each others hearts away.

**T**HE wicked wits, as fancy hits, all satirize  
the fair,

In prose and rhyme, and strains sublime, their  
foibles they declare ;

The kind are bold, the chaste are cold, these  
prudish, those too free,

Ye curious men, come tell us then, what must  
a woman be ?

But hard's the task, and vain to ask, where  
optics are untrue,

The muse shall here, th' indicted clear, and  
prove the crime on you :

The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd, on whom  
his wish was plac'd ;

The fool deny'd, affects the pride, and rails (to  
be in taste.)

But not like those the men of bliss their sure  
criterion fix,

Now wisdom cries, my son arise, and vindicate  
the sex ;

'Tis theirs to prove the sweets of love, which  
others never share,

An evidence, that none have sense, but who adore  
the fair.

Ye lovely race, with ev'ry grace, celestially  
impress,

'Tis your's to quell the cares that dwell within  
the human breast :

At



At beauty's voice our souls rejoice, and rapture  
wakes to mirth ;

For Jove design'd th' enchanting kind to form  
an Heaven on earth.

With ev'ry art, to win the heart ye dear inspirers  
try,

Each native charm with passion warm, and let  
love's lightning fly ;

And hence, ye grave, your counsel save, which  
youth but sets at nought,

For women still will have their will ; and so I  
think they ought.

**T**HE lads and the lasses were gather'd to  
play,

And dance on the green at the eve of the day ;  
As the meadows grew ripe for the mower and  
scythe,

Each swain with his damsel was happily blithe.

Young Strephon appear'd in his holiday dress,

A favour and hat, as a badge of success,

Which he won at the wake, for he wrestled so  
clean,

And none play'd at football so well on the green.

The swains were attentive whenever he spake,

And nymphs wore the ribbons he gave for his  
fave ;

For Strephon was am'rous, and fond of the fair,

But he lavish'd his favours as fickle as air :

At length as he danc'd on the soft mossy ground,

With Nelly, the pride of the villages round,

All envied his choice, and he sicken'd with love,  
 Tho' he vow'd that his heart no female could  
 move.

He sighs as a lover, and pines all the day,  
 Whilst Nelly (fair syren) exults o'er her prey;  
 To Damon engag'd, no other will prize,  
 For Damon is honest, if Strephon is wise:  
 The heart, tho' well guarded, will frequently  
 prove,

Whilst reason is sleeping, a victim to love;  
 No mortal can trust to his prudence or art,  
 For Strephon, tho' subtle, escap'd not the dart.

**T**O ease his heart, and own his flame,  
 Young Jockey to our cottage came;  
 But tho' I lik'd him passing well,  
 I careless turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd my fingers, long and small:  
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,  
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Then round about my slender waist  
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:  
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,  
 But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With gentle looks I bid him rise;  
 He blest my neck, my lips, and eyes;  
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,  
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

'Till bolder grown, so close he prest,  
 His wanton thoughts I quickly guest,

Then push'd him from my rock and reel,  
And angry turn'd my spinning wheel.

At last, when I began to chide,  
He swore he meant me for his bride;  
'Twas then my love I did reveal,  
And flung away my spinning wheel.

**Y**OUNG Cælia was sprightly and gay,  
Had the bloom of fifteen in her cheek,  
Her lovers came flocking each day,  
And a thousand fond things they would speak;  
She, giddy and thoughtless, gave ear  
To the tale of each flattering tongue,  
And thought she was blest to appear  
In a circle of lovers so young.

Thus, elate with the conquests she gain'd,  
She neglected to act with a grace,  
And thought that her triumph for life  
Was secure by the charms of her face;  
While Phillis, more modest and coy,  
Not a lover yet boasts in her train;  
Which Cælia with pleasure observ'd,  
And delighted to give the nymph pain,  
Her lovers grew cold and dropt off,  
As her folly increas'd with her years;  
When time had her beauty defac'd,  
They left her to wrinkles and tears;  
While Phillis took care to supply,  
With each grace, the swift conquest of time,  
And was much more belov'd in decay,  
Than Cælia was e'er in her prime.

Her

Her mind with each virtue replete,  
 Had enamour'd a right-judging swain,  
 Who sought her to make them both blest,  
 And still is unrival'd her reign.  
 All ye fair that attend to my song,  
 Be warned by Cælia's ill fate;  
 Think the graces to beauty belong,  
 Lest, forsaken, you court 'em too late.

**Y**E nymphs and ye shepherds that join in  
 this throng,

Pray tarry a while, and attend to my song :  
 The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell;  
 I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went, t'other day, to a wake on the green,  
 And met with a lass fair as beauty's gay queen;  
 I ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd no;  
 And struggled and frown'd, and said, pray let  
 me go.

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis, don't be a prude;  
 But still she return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude:  
 The more that I press'd her, the more she cry'd  
 no,

And struggled, and frown'd, and said, pray let  
 me go.

I found no intreaties would make her comply;  
 Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas fye, Collin, fye;  
 So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,  
 And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,  
 Take care how too freely you part with a kiss;  
 Conceal

Conceal for a time all the favours you can,  
For that's the best way to make sure of your  
man.

**M**Y days have been so wond'rous free,  
The little birds that fly,  
With careless ease, from tree to tree,  
Were scarce as blest as I :  
Ask gliding waters if a tear  
Of mine increas'd the stream ;  
Or ask the passing gales, if e'er  
I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,  
And I'm by beauty caught,  
The tender chains of soft desire  
Are fix'd upon my thought :  
An eager hope within my breast  
Does ev'ry doubt controul,  
And lovely Nancy stands confess'd,  
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,  
Ye swains that haunt the grove,  
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,  
Ye close retreats of love :  
With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the dear design,  
And make a young unpractis'd heart  
To be for ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,  
As much as of despair,

And

And hardly covet to be great,  
 Unless it were for her;  
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind  
 Is mix'd with soft distress;  
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,  
 Or flights my well-meant love,  
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,  
 A pain she won't remove:  
 Farewell ye birds and lonely pines,  
 Adieu to tears and sighs,  
 I'll leave my passion to the winds;  
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

WHERE

**W**HERE the jessamin sweetens the bow'r,  
 And cowslips adorn the gay green,  
 And the roses refresh'd by the show'rs,  
 Contribute to brighten the scene ;  
 In a cottage retirement there lives  
 Young Colin and Phœbe the fair,  
 The blessings each other receives  
 In mutual enjoyment they share ;  
 And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the  
 plain  
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe and Colin her  
 swain.

The sweets of contentment supply  
 The splendor and grandeur of pride,  
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,  
 Whilst blest with his beautiful bride ;  
 He wishes no greater delight,  
 Than to tend on her lambkins by day,  
 And return to his Phœbe at night,  
 His innocent toil to repay ;  
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,  
 They're as constant as Colin who lives in the dale.  
 If delighted the lover appears,  
 The fair-one partakes of his bliss ;  
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,  
 And heals all his pains with a kiss ;  
 She despises the artful deceit  
 That's practis'd in city or court,  
 And thinks happiness no where compleat,  
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort.  
 And the lads tell the lasses they'll die in despair,  
 Unless they are kind as Phœbe the fair.



Ye youths who're accusom'd to rove,  
And each innocent fair-one betray,

No longer be faithless in love,

The dictates of honour obey;

Ye nymphs who with beauty are blest,

With virtue improve ev'ry grace,

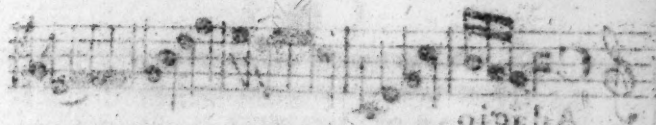
For the charms of the mind when possess'd,

Will dignify those of the face!

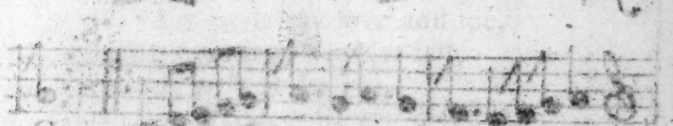
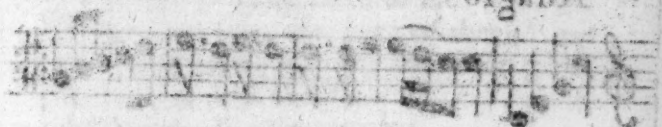
And the lads and the lasses whom Hymen hath  
join'd,

Like Colin be constant, like Phœbe be kind.

To him who in an hour hath died



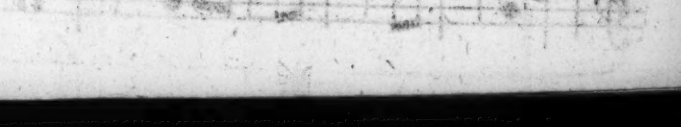
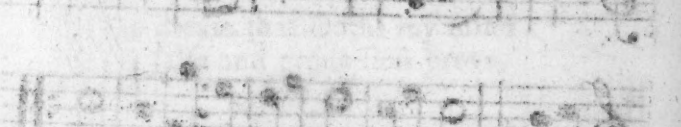
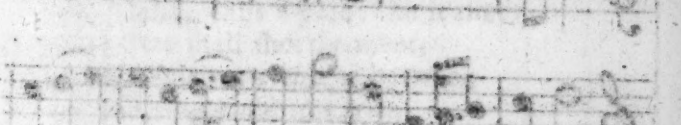
Adagio



Allegro



Finis



To him who in an hour must Die.



**T**O him who in an hour must die,  
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,  
 Than slow the minutes seem to me  
 Which keep me from the sight of thee ;  
 Not more that trembling wretch would give  
 Another day or year to live,  
 Than I to shorten what remains  
 Of that long hour which thee detains.  
 O! come to my impatient arms:  
 O! come with all thy heavenly charms,  
 At once to justify and pay  
 The pain I feel from this delay.

**T**HE heavy hours are almost past  
 That parts my love and me,  
 My longing eyes may hope at last  
 Their only wish to see ;  
 But how, my Delia, will you meet  
 The man you've lost so long ?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue ?  
 Will you in ev'ry look declare  
 Your heart is still the same ;  
 And heal each idly-anxious care  
 Our fears in absence frame ?  
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
 When we shall shortly meet,  
 And try what yet remains between  
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.  
 But if the dream that sooths my mind  
 Should false and groundless prove,

If I am doom'd at length to find  
 You have forgot to love;  
 All I of Venus ask, is this,  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
 To die and think you mine.

WHILST

Waltz on the Beat Below Lying

Handwritten musical notation on five staves. The notation is in treble clef and appears to be a waltz. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. There are some markings above the staves, possibly indicating fingerings or breath marks. The handwriting is somewhat faded and the paper shows signs of age.

Del. 1840

TS

## Whilst on thy Dear Bosom Lying



Da Capo



**W**HILST on thy dear bosom lying,

Cælia who can speak my bliss,

Who the transport I'm enjoying,

When thy balmy lips I kiss,

Ev'ry look with love inspires me,

Ev'ry touch my bosom warms ;

Ev'ry melting murmur fires me,

Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish !

Feel my heart with rapture beat ;

Pleasure turns almost to anguish,

When the transports are so great.

Look not so divinely on me,

Cælia I shall die with bliss ;

Yet, yet, turn those eyes upon me——

Who wou'd not die a death like this.

**M**Y cautious mother t'other day,

Cry'd, Polly mind me do,

I saw young Damon come this way,

And fear he came to you;

You know he's gay and thought a rake,

So never welcome make him.

Thus I get scolded for his sake——

I wish the deuce wou'd take him.

'Tis true I met him in the grove,

He gently grasp'd my hand,

Then sigh'd and talk'd more things of love,

Than I cou'd understand.

And who'd have thought that we were seen——

But of such tricks I'll break him,  
If he wont tell me what they mean,  
The deuce sure ought to take him.

I often feel my bosom glow,  
With warmth I never knew ;  
If this be love that haunts me so,  
What can a virgin do ?

Indeed, for pipe, for dance and song,  
'Gainst ev'ry swain I'll stake him ;  
But if he tantalizes long,

I hope the deuce will take him.

They say from wedlock springs delight——

Then let him speak his mind ;

I've no objection to unite,

With one so fond and kind.

My mother, tho' too apt to pry,

To disoblige I'm loth——

Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry

Will be, deuce take 'em both.

**M**Y banks they are furnished with bees,

Whose murmur invites us to sleep,

My grottos are shaded with trees,

And my hills are white over with sheep ;

I seldom have met with a loss,

Such health do my mountains bestow ;

My fountains all border'd with moss,

Where the harebells and violets grow.

I've found out a gift for my fair,

I've found where the wood-pigeons breed,

But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,  
 He ne'er cou'd be true, she averr'd,  
 Who cou'd rob a poor bird of its young;  
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray?  
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?  
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 The face of the vallies as fine,  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

**M**Y dear mistress has a heart,  
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,  
 When, with love's resistleless dart,  
 And her eyes, she did enslave me.  
 But her constancy's so weak,  
 She's so wild and apt to wander,  
 That my jealous heart would break,  
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys around her move,  
 Killing pleasures, am'rous blisses;  
 She can arm her eyes with love,  
 And her lips can seal with kisses:  
 Angels listen when she speaks,  
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,  
 But my jealous heart would break,  
 Should we live one day asunder.

YOUNG

**Y**OUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy  
so fair,

The lass she was lovely, the swain debonaire;  
They hugg'd and they cuddled, and talk'd with  
their eyes,

And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came to,  
For maidens a decency keep when they woo;  
At length she consented, and made him a vow,  
And Jockey he gave her for jointure his cow.

They pannel'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,  
Still kissing and fondling until they came there;  
They call'd on the parson, and to him they said,  
They'd bought a gold ring, and were come to  
be wed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say,  
And none were so happy and gamesome as they;  
Then home they return'd, but return'd most  
unkind,

For Jockey rode on and left Moggy behind.

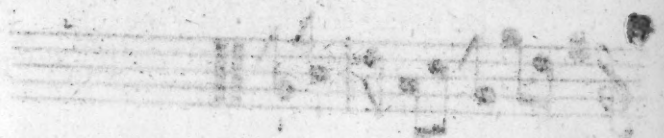
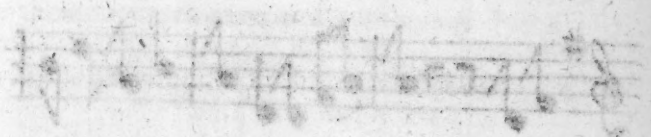
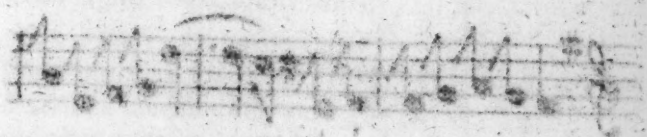
Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cry'd; Gaffer Jock,  
Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?  
Quoth he, Goose, come on, why you now are  
my bride,

And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy good conduct to learn,  
Who brush'd up the house while he thatch'd the  
old barn;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,  
And now live as man and wife usually do.

Philharmonia (Chorus)



## Philarias Charms



**P**HILARIA's charms poor Damon took—

How eager he for billing,  
When, lo ! the nymph the swain forsook,

To shew her pow'r of killing :

In either eye she sheath'd a dart,

He felt it, never doubt him :

Adzooks, a man were thro' the heart,

Ere he could look about him.

But mark the end, with scythe so sharp,

Time o'er the forehead struck her,

And all her charms began to warp,

She then was in a pucker ;

She then began to rave and curse,

Her time she'd pass'd no better,

Yet still had hopes, e'er bad grew worse,

Some comely swain might get her.

Philaria, ev'ry lad she meets,

Now makes an am'rous trial,

But each with scorn her warmness treats,

Each frowns in cold denial.

Coquets take warning, chuse your tune,

This woeful case remember,

The lover that you slight in June,

You'll sigh for in December.

**B**LAB not what you ought to smother,

Honour's laws should sacred be,

Boasting favours from another,

Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But,



But, inspir'd with indignation,  
 Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,  
 Ere I'd trust my reputation  
 With such fools as kifs and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,  
 Never should the same reveal;  
 He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,  
 Cautious would his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,  
 Shall my fame from censure save;  
 One where truth and prudence center,  
 And as sacred as the grave.

**A**T Windsor, where Thame glides so  
 smoothly along,  
 Lives the wish of my heart, the dear girl of  
 my song;

Her name all the day I with rapture repeat,  
 And am blest when the shepherds but talk of  
 my Kate.

When my fair one is by, the whole village is gay,  
 For 'tis she, not the sun, that enlivens the day;  
 The lads are all happy when round her they wait,  
 And the lasses learn beauty by watching my Kate.

Should I join the pale lilly, or blush-painted  
 rose,

And with pinks and sweet woodbines a garland  
 compose,

More lovely to sight are her looks, and more  
 sweet

Is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my  
 Kate.

Hush, hush, ye vain warblers, no more crowd  
the spray,

Nor think to delight with your love-liven'd day;  
With success each may tune the shrill note to  
his mate;

But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my  
Kate.

As she sits on the banks by the side of the stream,  
The fish, without fear, feed and play by the  
brim;

And why should they not, they can think no  
deceit,

Such truth is confest in the looks of my Kate.

The shepherds bring posies of flowers, but the  
maid

Cries, these are but emblems that I too must  
fade:

But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date,  
Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my  
Kate.

THE fragrant lilly of the vale,  
So elegantly fair;  
Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,  
To Chloe I compare.

What tho' on earth it lowly grows,  
And strives its head to hide,  
Its sweetness far outvies the rose,  
That haunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue  
To many a gaudy stain;

In

In this we view the virgin white,  
Of innocence remain.

See how the curious florist's hand  
Upstairs its humble head,  
And, to preserve the charming flow'r,  
Transplants it to his bed.

There, while it sheds its sweets around,  
How shines each modest grace;  
Enraptur'd how its owner stands,  
To view its lovely face.

But pray, my Chloe, now observe,  
The inf'rence of my tale,  
May I the florist be, and thou  
My lilly of the vale.

**G**O, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,  
To Daphne's window speed thy way,  
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,  
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matin song,  
Tell her, the sounds that sooth her ear  
To Damon's native plains belong.

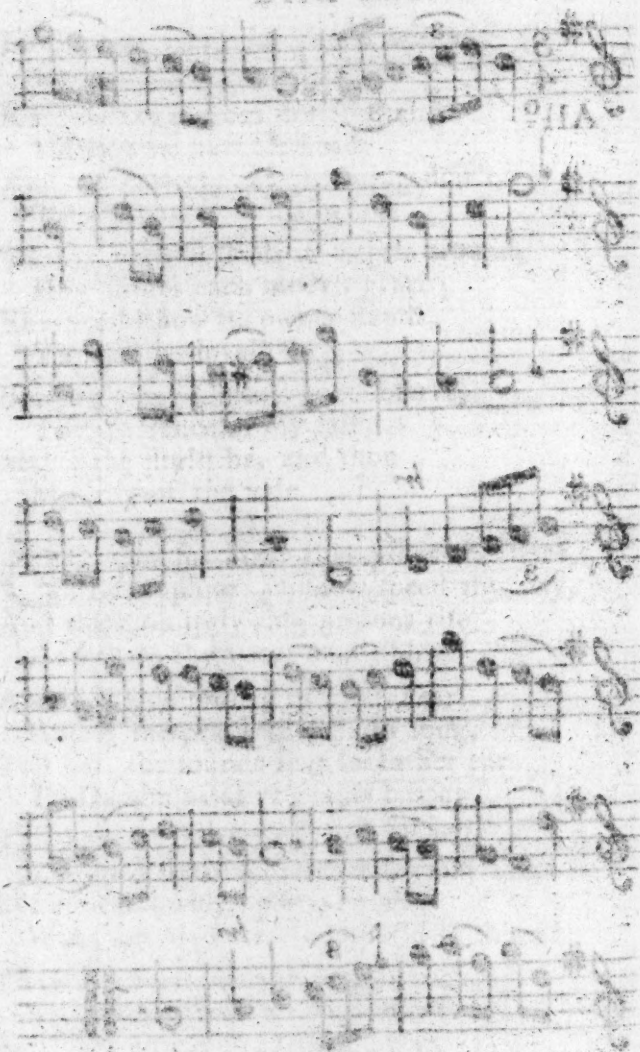
Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
The bird from Indian groves may shine;  
But ask the lovely, partial maid,  
What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,  
And all his trifling race, with scorn,  
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,  
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

## To Tunefull Bird.

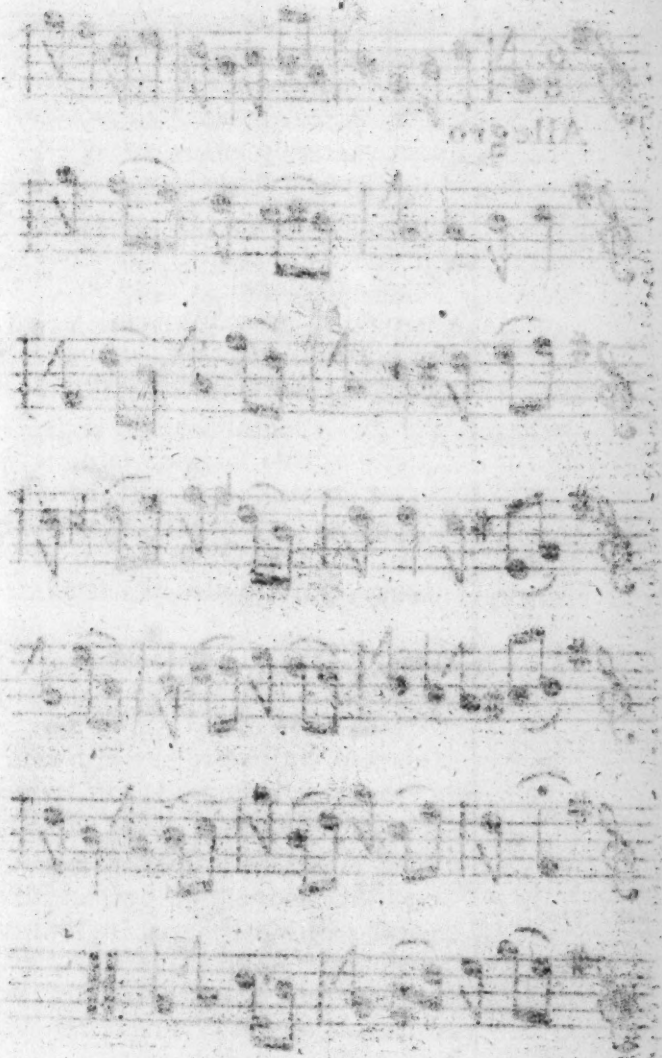


## To Tunes of



As Third the Grove

Allegro



## As Thro' the Grove.





**Y**E chearful virgins, have ye seen,  
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,  
To rose or jess'mine bow'r?

Where does she seek the woodbine shade?  
For sure ye know the blooming maid,  
Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,  
Join'd with the lilly as it blows,  
Where each in sweetness vie.  
Like dew drops glitt'ning in the morn,  
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,  
Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,  
That warbles chearful on the spray,  
To hail the vernal beam.

Her heart is blyther than her song,  
Her passions gently move along,  
Like the smooth-gliding stream.

**A**S thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,  
I met young Phillis on her way;  
I flew like light'ning to her arms,  
And gaz'd in rapture on her charms:  
Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,  
But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.  
With eager haste I stole a kiss,  
Which blushing Phillis took amiss;  
She push'd me from her with a frown,  
And call'd me bold, presuming clown:  
While I confess'd myself to blame,  
But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In

In tender sighs I told my love,  
 And pledg'd my faith in things above ;  
 But she, like all her sex, was shy,  
 And, tho' I swore, would not comply :  
 Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,  
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,  
 Will lovely Phillis be a bride ?  
 But hark ! I hear the tinkling bell ;  
 To church let's go—it pleas'd her well—  
 And soon a kind compliance came ;  
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,  
 The joys we taste to few are known ;  
 No jealous fears our bosoms move,  
 For, constant each, we truly love :  
 She now declares I'm not to blame,  
 Nor longer cries, O fye for shame.

**L** END your aid, now, my muse, to the sub-  
 ject I chuse,

A subject which none can explode ;  
 For the great and the small must approve, one  
 and all,

The song that is taste a-la-mode.

See the wits of the age with fury engage,  
 In politicks dangerous road ;

The reason is plain, entre nous, 'tis their gain ;  
 And besides, fir, 'tis taste a-la-mode.

See a jockey's dress grace, my lord in the  
 race ;

That this is absurd is allow'd ;

No matter for that, his lordship cries pat,  
You must own it is taste a-la-mode.

Shall we trip to the Park, where the wife meets  
her spark,

While her cornus at home's safe bestowed ;  
Sure this must be wrong ! no matter, my song  
Shall set it down taste a-la-mode.

The cit, too, behold, all belac'd o'er with gold,  
Like Phaeton drive on the road ;  
Shou'd you see in the news he's a bankrupt, my  
muse

Declares it is taste a-la-mode.

The critic whose rage spares nor youth, sex,  
nor age,

Who deal in song, satire, or ode ;  
Should the pedant damn mine, I shall not re-  
pine,

Because it is taste a-la-mode.

Now let each beau or wit, wife, belle, lord or  
a cit,

On whom I the verse have bestow'd,  
Lend their voice in the praise of the bard and  
the lays,

Which are written in taste a-la-mode.

**N**OW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the  
plains,  
And brightens the smiles of the damsels and  
swains,

D

As

As they follow the last team of harvest along,  
 And end all their toils with a dance and a song :  
 Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,  
 Bleak winter's approach they behold without  
 fear,

And when tempests rattle, and hurricanes roar,  
 Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for  
 more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,  
 And use every moment of life as it flies ;  
 Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must  
 improve,

For summer to ripen an harvest of love :  
 Our hearts then a provident care should engage,  
 To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,  
 Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright  
 eye——

Let friendship take place then of youth's fiercer  
 joy.

**Y**OUNG Strephon long doated on Phœbe  
 the fair,

Whose heart of his anguish did secretly share ;  
 But fearing his passion would changeable prove,  
 She prudently check'd the soft dictates of love.

The beauties you fancy, the fair one would say,  
 Are charms of a moment, and doom'd to decay ;  
 Love founded so slightly can never prove true ;  
 The bloom disappearing, the passion dies too.

O wrong not your beauty, reply'd the fond swain,  
 Its lasting impression will ever remain ;

Tho'

Tho' age, like the winter, may blast thy fair  
prime,

Yet virtue, still blooming, gains vigour by time,  
The strength of my eyes with your charms will  
decline,

Nor gaze at a face that is younger than thine,  
While this faithful heart, ever true to my vow,  
Preserves thy dear image as bright as 'tis now.

Then banish, dear Phœbe, each doubt and each  
fear,

That makes fancy'd evils like real appear,  
The swift flying moments with ardour improve,  
And grant the reward that is due to my love.

Kind Phœbe assenting believ'd the fond youth,  
Who prov'd that his passion was founded on  
truth:

Tho' envious old age may her beauty impair,  
Her virtue and honour will ever be fair.

**W**HEN Damon first my eyes beheld,  
My heart with secret transport thrill'd,  
And pit-a-pat it went:

Young, artless, innocent, and shy,  
So unexperienc'd was I,

I wonder'd what it meant.

Whene'er I met him on the plain  
He'd kiss me, sigh, and kiss again,

And sweetest tales invent;

And then he'd tell me he must die,

But, as I saw no danger nigh,

I wonder'd what he meant.

To nymphs, whom years had wiser made,  
I told the tender things he said,

And of his sad complaint.

Full well the tender things they knew ;

For they, like me, had heard them too,

Nor wonder'd what he meant.

They answer'd, love had touch'd my heart ;

That Damon, by his sex's art,

Might cause me to repent ;

And that I should desire the swain

To tell me, when we met again,

If he to wed me meant.

Rejoic'd such good advice to find,

I tript to let him know my mind,

Across the mead I went.

I told him, did he not design

With me in Hymen's bands to join,

I wonder'd what he meant.

The youth, whose love was aw'd by fear,

Grew raptur'd such sweet sounds to hear ;

And strait to church we went.

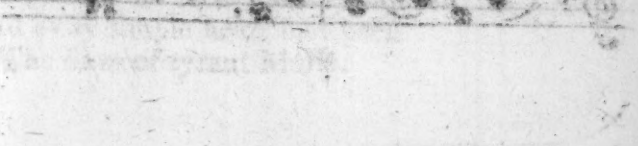
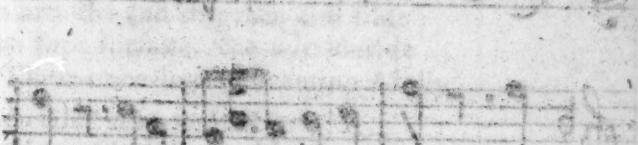
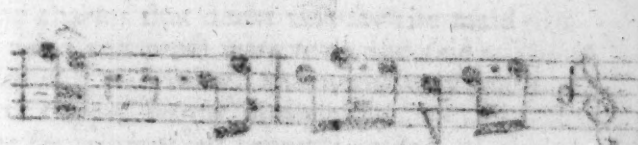
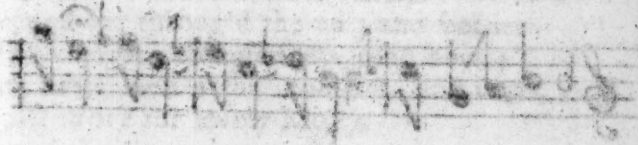
How wise we all by marriage grow,

Tho' foolish once, yet now I know,

I know what Damon meant.

A NYMPH

A Nymph there lives





## A Nymph there lives



**A** Nymph there lives, whom many a swain  
 Has sigh'd for oft, but sigh'd in vain,  
 And borne the insults and disdain  
 Of proud but handsome Molly.

Around her throng'd the wits and beaux;  
 With cringes, compliments, and bows;  
 And dress, and oaths, and lies, and vows,  
 All strove for lovely Molly.

The charms that deckt this fav'rite maid  
 In verse and prose were sung and said :  
 (For wits will write, and beaux may read)

O happy, happy Molly !  
 But see triumphant beauty's pride !  
 In vain was wit and nonsense try'd,  
 Beaus, fops, nay flatterers, were deny'd  
 By haughty, haughty Molly.

So long coquetted the vain fair,  
 Time, that e'en beauty scorns to spare,  
 Stole o'er the eyes, the cheeks the hair  
 Of silly, heedless Molly.

Paint, powder, patches are apply'd—  
 No arts the sad disgrace can hide :  
 The fops forsake, the wits deride  
 Their once-lov'd charming Molly.

Unheeded now at ball or play,  
 She hates the pretty, blames the gay—  
 Ah ! who one tender thing will say

To poor deserted Molly ?  
 Yet still she ling'ring haunts the scene,  
 Where once she acted beauty's queen,  
 And ev'ry simple heart had been  
 The slave of tyrant Molly.

At length, with fruitless hope worn out,  
 She quits the giddy, youthful rout,  
 And turns so monstrously devout,

No saint was e'er like Molly.

Yet, while this solemn garb she wears,  
 Each world by turns employs her cares,  
 And slander, sermons, cards, and pray'rs,  
 Divide still wretched Molly.

**Y**OUNG Daphne was the prettiest maid  
 The eyes of love cou'd see ;

And but one fault the charmer had—

'Twas cruelty to me.

No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd,

Was fonder, or was younger ;

Yet when her pity I implor'd,

'Twas, Stay a little longer.

It chanc'd I met the blooming fair,

One May-morn, in the grove,

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,

Now, now's the time for love.

I press'd her hand, it wak'd her pride ;

What, did I mean to wrong her ?

Not so, my gentle dear, I cry'd,

But love will stay no longer.

Then, kneeling at her feet, I swore,

How much I lov'd, how well,

And that my heart, which beat for her,

With her should ever dwell.

Consent stood speaking in the eye,

Of all my cares prolonger,

Yet

Yet Daphne utter'd with a sigh,  
Oh! Stay a little longer.

The conflict in her soul I saw,  
'Twixt virtue and desire;  
O come, I cry'd, let Hymen's law  
Give sanction to love's fire.  
Ye lovers guess how great my joys,  
Could rapture well prove stronger?  
When virtue spoke in Daphne's voice,  
You now shall stay no longer.

**P**ALÆMON lov'd Pastora,  
Pastora sigh'd for Damon;  
But Damon lov'd Aurora,  
Aurora young Palæmon.

Palæmon gave Pastora a wreath and shepherd's  
crook,  
And Damon gave Aurora a knot and reaping-  
hook;  
Pastora gave to Damon a cap with chaplets  
crown'd,  
Aurora gave Palæmon a pipe with hazel bound.  
The cap with chaplets crown'd young Damon  
gave Aurora,  
The pipe with hazel bound Palæmon gave  
Pastora;  
The wreath and shepherd's crook Pastora gave  
to Damon,  
The knot and reaping-hook Aurora gave Pa-  
læmon,

So

So crossly turn'd their presents went,  
 Their loves so oddly varied,  
 That ev'ry token which was sent  
 Its true design miscarried.

**W**HERE shall Celia fly for shelter,  
 In what secret grove or cave ;  
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,  
 From the young, the gay, the brave :  
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,  
 Still she longs and still she burns ;  
 Cupid shoots like Haymen's archer,  
 Wheresoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,  
 If discretion guide us not,  
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,  
 Sometimes are the booby's lot ;  
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,  
 Now commanded by the peer ;  
 Now some subtle, mean invader,  
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion, thou'rt a jewel,  
 Or our grand mamma's mistake ;  
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,  
 Always careful and awake ;  
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,  
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns ;  
 Mark my song upon your samplers,  
 Wear it on your knots, and fans.

HARK

**H**ARK! the birds begin their lay,  
 Flow'rets deck the robe of May;  
 See the little lambkins bound,  
 Playful, o'er the clover ground;  
 While the heifers sportive low,  
 Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs and swains advance  
 O'er the lawn in festive dance;  
 Garlands from the hawthorn bough,  
 Grace the happy shepherd's brow;  
 While the lasses in array,  
 Wait upon the queen of May.

Innocence, content, and love,  
 Fill the meadows and the grove;  
 Mirth that never wears a frown,  
 Health, with sweetness all her own;  
 Labour puts on pleasure's smile,  
 And pale care forgets his toil,

Ah! what pleasures shepherds know!

Monarchs cannot such bestow.

Love improves each happy hour;

Grandeur has not such in store.

Learn, ambition, learn from hence,

Happiness is innocence.

**T**HE world, my dear Myra, is full of  
 deceit,

And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;  
 How strange does it seem, that, in searching  
 around.

This source of content is so rare to be found!

O, friendship!

O, friendship! thou balm and rich sweet'ner of  
life;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife,  
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,  
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,  
On whom we may always with safety depend?  
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,  
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace?  
When fortune is smiling, what crowds will  
appear,

Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;  
Yet change but the prospect, and point out  
distress,

No longer to court you they eagerly press.

**W**ITH Delia ever could I stay,  
Admire, adore her all the day;

In the same field our flocks we'll feed,

To the same spring our heifers lead.

What joy where peace and love combine,

To make our days unclouded shine.

Teach me, ye muses, ev'ry art,

More deeply to engage her heart;

I strive not to resist my flame;

I glory in a captive's name;

Nor would I if I could be free,

But boast my loss of liberty.

**W**HAT shepherd or nymph of the grove,  
Can blame me for dropping a tear,

Or lamenting aloud as I rove,

Since Sylvia no longer is here?



My flocks if at random they stray,

What wonder, since she's from the plains?

Her hands they were wont to obey;

She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd

To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,

To the bow'r we had built in the shade,

Or the river that runs by the mill?

There sweet by my side as she lay,

And heard the fond stories I told,

How sweet was the thrush from the spray,

And the bleating of lambs from the fold.

How oft would I spy out a charm,

Which before had been hid from my view;

And while arm was enfolded in arm,

My lips to her lips how they grew:

How oft the sweet contest would last

Till the hours of retirement and rest,

What pleasures and pains each had past,

Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place or of time

I felt when my fair one was near,

Alike was each weather and clime,

Each season that checquer'd the year.

In winter's rude lap did we freeze,

Did we melt on the bosom of May,

Each morn brought contentment and ease;

We rose up to work and to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask,

She had all the kind Gods could impart;

She

She was nature's most beautiful task,  
 The despair and the envy of art.  
 There is all that is worthy to prize,  
 In all that is lovely is dress;  
 For the graces were throng'd in her eyes,  
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

**B**Y the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,  
 I met with young Phœbe who lives at the mill,

My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight,  
 For Phœbe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,  
 And swore the next morning I'd make her my  
 bride;

In anger she said, get you out of my sight,  
 And go to your Phillis you met here last night  
 Surpriz'd, I reply'd, pray explain what you  
 mean;

I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen;  
 Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at.

O can't you, she cry'd, well I love you for that.

Say did you not meet here last night on this spot?

O Collin, O Collin, you can't have forgot:

I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;  
 You still may deny it; I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phœbe, believe;

For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive:

You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,  
 And sure my dear charmer must hate him for  
 that.

Come

Come, come, then, she cry'd, if you mean to  
be kind,

I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your  
mind ;

Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat ;  
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

**W**HAT means that tender sigh, my dear ?  
Why silent drops that chrystal tear ?

What jealous fears disturb thy breast,

Where love and peace delight to rest ?

What though thy Jockey has been seen,

With Molly sporting on the green,

'Twas but an artful trick, to prove

The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true, a nosegay I address'd,

To grace the witty Daphne's breast ;

But 'twas at her desire, to try,

If Damon cast a jealous eye.

Those flowers will fade by morning dawn,

Neglected scatter'd o'er the lawn,

But in thy fragrant bosom lies,

A sweet perfume that never dies.

**N**ATURE gave all creatures arms,

Faithful guards from hostile arms ;

Jaws the lion brood defend,

Horrid jaws that wide distend ;

Horns the bull, resistless force ;

Solid hoofs the vig'rous horse ;

Nimble feet the fearful hare ;

Wings to fly the birds of air.

E

To

To the fox did wiles ordain,  
 The craftiest of the sylvan train;  
 'Tusks she gave the grunting swine,  
 Quills the fretful porcupine;  
 Fins to swim, the wat'ry kind,  
 Man the virtues of the mind;  
 Nature lavishing her store,  
 What for woman had she more?

Helpless woman! to be fair:  
 Beauty fell to woman's share;  
 Beauty, that nor wants or fears,  
 Swords, or flames, or shields, or spears;  
 Beauty stronger aid affords,  
 Stronger far than shields or swords;  
 Stronger far than swords or shields;  
 Man himself to beauty yields.

**P**HŒBUS, meaner themes disdaining,  
 To the lyrist's call repair,  
 And the strings to rapture straining,  
 Come and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,  
 Born to conquer and to spare,  
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,  
 'Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of mirth or merit,  
 Which the sons of art prepare,  
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,  
 But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion;  
 But if you for truth declare,

Worth

Worth and manhood are the fashion,  
Favour'd by the British fair.

**F**AIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,  
To escape from her charms, and to drown  
them in wine ;  
I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,  
The wine in my head, but love still in my heart.  
I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,  
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance  
weigh'd ;  
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my  
pray'r,  
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,  
I came for a counsel, to find out a fault ;  
If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came ;  
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.  
What hopes, then, alas ! of relief from my pain,  
When, like lightning, she darts thro' each  
throbbing vein ;  
My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,  
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

**T**HE lark's shrill notes awake the morn,  
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn,  
The yellow harvest safe from spoil,  
Rewards the happy farmer's toil ;  
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,  
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

**W**HILE over-nice critics, indulging their  
 rage,  
 Exclaim that all singing's unfit for the stage;  
 And others, tho' diff'rent, are equally wrong.  
 Who fix all that's pleasing alone in a song;  
 Such tifiers I leave, let them cavil on still,  
 While I sing in praise of the Maid of the Mill.  
 The stage is a garden we very well know,  
 Where sense, truth, and virtue, should constantly  
 grow,  
 The rank weeds of vice be all carefully sought,  
 Torn up by the root, and expos'd as they ought.  
 The performance is good which this end can  
 fulfil,  
 And this we must own,—in the Maid of the Mill.  
 Mirth, beauty, and innocence, mutually strive,  
 To rouse the attention, and keep it alive.  
 In Aimworth true greatness shines strongly  
 confest,  
 And love's native flame glows in Patty's soft  
 breast,  
 Each bosom responds to her voice's sweet trill,  
 And wishes success to the Maid of the Mill.  
 While music and sense shall have charms to  
 invite,  
 And wit and true humour afford us delight,  
 While candor excites, in the regions of taste,  
 And Britons encourage the good and the chaste,  
 So long, let ill-nature declaim as she will,  
 Applause shall attend on the Maid of the Mill.  
HARK,

**H**ARK, Daphne, from the hawthorn bush,  
The spotted finches sing,  
Heartless notes the merry thrush.

Salutes the blooming spring;  
On verdant bed the violet lies,  
To woo the western gale,  
While tow'ring lillies meet our eyes,  
Like love-sick virgins pale.

The rill that gushes o'er the shore,  
Winds murm'ring thro' the glade,  
So heart-struck Thyrsis tells his moan,  
To win his clay-cold maid;  
The golden sun, in fresh array,  
Flames forward on the sphere;  
Around the May-pole shepherds play,  
To hail the flow'ry year.

Eay, shall we taste the breezy air,  
Or wander thro' the grove;  
There talk of Sylvia's wild despair,  
The prey of lawless love?  
Ah! no, she cries, o'er Sylvia's fall,  
Exult not, tho' 'twas just,  
Dash not the sinner's name with gall,  
Nor triumph o'er her dust.

True virtue scorns to fling the dart,  
Herself above all fear;  
When justice stings the guilty heart,  
She drops the gen'rous tear;



Then own, ye nymphs, this godlike truth  
 Is on your hearts impress;  
 On brightest patterns form your youth,  
 And be for ever blest.

**S**EE, Mira, see the lilly fair,  
 The blushing rose just newly blown;  
 Then view your lovely face, and there  
 You'll find those beauties all your own.  
 But ah! how soon their colours fade,  
 And all their fragrant sweets decay;  
 So will your charms, my beauteous maid,  
 And blooming youth, soon haste away.  
 With virtue, then, adorn thy mind;  
 That beauty, time can ne'er deface;  
 In that, unfading charms you'll find,  
 When robb'd of ev'ry other grace.

*Tune, O, wouldst thou know what sacred charms.*

**A**TTE<sup>N</sup>D, ye nymphs, while I impart  
 The secret wishes of my heart;  
 And tell what swain, if one there be,  
 Whom fate designs for love and me.  
 Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,  
 Let honour all his actions guide;  
 Stedfast in virtue let him be,  
 The swain design'd for love and me.  
 Let solid sense inform his mind,  
 With pure good nature sweetly join'd;  
 Sure friend to modest merit be,  
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,  
 Where griefs bedew the dropping eye,  
 Melting in sympathy I see,  
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid av'rice claim no part  
 Within his tender, gen'rous heart;  
 Oh! be that heart, from falsehood free,  
 Devoted all to love and me.

**I**F love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?  
 If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?

Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,

Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?  
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles  
 my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,  
 And by passionate silence I make my love known;  
 But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does  
 prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her love;  
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all the  
 flame,

And our eyes tell each other what neither dare  
 name.

How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are her  
 charms!

How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!  
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;

And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must  
yield ;

For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the  
fair field.

**Y**OUNG Arabella, mamma's care,

And ripe to be a bride,

Had charms a monarch might ensnare ;

But beauty mix'd with pride.

And still to blast that happiness,

Her pride each lover cool'd ;

The number of her slaves was less,

And less the tyrant rul'd.

Her sister Charlotte, tho' not blest'd

With beauty's potent spell,

The virtues of the mind possess'd,

And bore away the belle.

Knights, earls, and dukes, like summer flies,

Around the maiden flew ;

They press'd to tell ten thousand lies—

As men are apt to do.

Fond Celadon address'd the fair,

Resolv'd no time to lose :

A youth with such a shape and air,

What female could refuse ?

Like all the rest, he own'd his flame,

His artless flame alone ;

The blushing maid confess'd the same ;

The priest soon made them one.

Poor Arabella, vex'd to find

Her sister made a wife,

Pretends

Pretends to rail at all mankind,  
 And praise a single life.  
 Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue,  
 Shun Arabella's fate;  
 Accept the man that's worthy you,  
 Before it is too late.

**W**HERE's my swain so blythe and clever?  
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?  
 Three whole days are gone for ever,  
 Since you said you'd come to-morrow.  
 If you lov'd but half as I do,  
 You'd been here with looks so bonny:  
 Love has flying wings, I well know——  
 Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny.  
 What can he now be a-doing?  
 Is he with the lassies maying?  
 He had better here be wooing,  
 Than with others fondly playing.  
 Tell me truly where he's roving,  
 That I may no longer sorrow;  
 If he's weary grown of loving,  
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.  
 Does some fay'rite rival hide thee,  
 Let her be the happy creature,  
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,  
 Nor dispute with her a feature.  
 But I can't, nor will not tarry,  
 Nor will hurt myself with sorrow;  
 I may lose the time to marry,  
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me;

If I'm yours, away no longer;

If you won't, another'll have me;

I may cool, but not grow fonder.

If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,

Whine not in despair and sorrow;

Bless'd another lad may make ye;

Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

**D**EAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,

For sweeter no girl ever gave;

But why, in the midst of my blisses,

Do you ask me how many I'd have?

I am not to be stinted in pleasure,

Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind;

For, since I love thee beyond measure,

To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,

Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,

Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,

Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;

Count how many stars are in Heav'n,

Go number the sands on the shore;

And, when so many kisses you've given,

I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,

A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;

In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,

And twist round thy neck like a vine:

What joy can be greater than this is!

My life on thy lips shall be spent;

But the wretch who can number his kisses,

Will always with few be content.

*[This song is printed from the original copy, wrote  
by lord H. on the dutchess of L.]*

**T**HUS Kitty, beautiful and young,  
And wild as colt untam'd,  
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,  
With little rage inflam'd :  
Inflam'd with rage, at sad restraint,  
Which wise mamma ordain'd ;  
And forely vex'd to play the saint,  
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.  
Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,  
With abigails forsaken ?  
Kitty's for other things design'd,  
Or I am much mistaken.  
Must lady Jenny frisk about,  
And visit with her cousins ?  
At balls must she make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens ?  
What has she better, pray, than I ?  
What hidden charms to boast ;  
That all mankind for her should die,  
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?  
Dearest mamma, for once, let me,  
Unchain'd, my fortune try ;  
I'll have my earl, as well as she,  
Or know the reason why.  
I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score ;  
Make all her lovers fall :  
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before ;  
She—I was loos'd at all.



Fondness prevail'd—mamma gave way,  
 Kitty, at heart's desire,  
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
 And set the world on fire.

**D**EAREST Kitty! kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain  
 When we thus shall meet again?  
 When shall Strephon fondly see  
 Beauties only found in thee?  
 Kifs thee, press thee, toy, and play,  
 All the happy, live long day?  
 Dearest Kitty! kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where?

All the happy day, 'tis true,  
 Bless'd, but only when with you,  
 Nightly Strephon sighs alone;  
 Sighs till Hymen makes us one.  
 Tell me, then, and ease my pain,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,  
 When the priest shall kindly join  
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine?  
 Dearest Kitty! kind and fair,  
 Tell me when—I care not where.

**A**S I went forth to view the spring,  
 Which Flora had adorned,  
 In raiment fair; now ev'ry thing  
 The rage of winter scorn'd:

I cast



I cast mine eye, and did espy  
 A youth who made great clamour;  
 And, drawing nigh, I heard him cry,  
 Ah! Omnia vincit amor.

Upon his breast he lay along,  
 Hard by a murmuring river,  
 And, mournfully, his doleful song,  
 With sighs, he did deliver.  
 Ah! Jenny's face, and comely grace;  
 Her looks! that shin'd like lamper,  
 With burning rays have cut my days;  
 For, Omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy een like comets sheen,  
 The morning sun out-shining,  
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,  
 And make me die with pining.  
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,  
 So curiously to frame her,  
 Whose beauties rare, make me, with care,  
 Cry, Omnia vincit amor.

Ye crystal streams, that swiftly glide,  
 Be partners of my mourning!  
 Ye fragrant fields, and meadows wide,  
 Condemn her for her scorning:  
 Let ev'ry tree a witness be  
 How justly I may blame her:  
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,  
 Ah! Omnia vincit amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair,  
 She long had been admir'd,

And been ador'd for virtues rare,  
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd,  
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,  
 He cou'd not speak, but stammer;  
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,  
 But, Omnia vincit amor.

When I observ'd him near to death,  
 I ran in haste to save him:  
 But quickly he resign'd his breath—  
 So deep the wound love gave him.  
 No, for his sake, this vow I'll make,  
 My tongue shall aye defame her:  
 While, on his herse, I'll write this verse,  
 Ah! Omnia vincit amor.

Straight I consider'd in my mind  
 Upon the matter rightly,  
 And found, tho' Cupid he be blind,  
 He proves in pith most mighty:  
 For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,  
 And Vulcan, with his hammer,  
 Did ever prove the slaves of love;  
 For, Omnia vincit amor.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,  
 Which Gods and men keep under,  
 That nothing can his bonds remove,  
 Or torments break asunder.  
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,  
 To learn this from his grammar:  
 His heart's the book where he's to look  
 For Omnia vincit amor.

I LOVE thee, by Heavens; I cannot say  
more;

Then set not my passion a cooling:

If thou yield it not at once, I must e'en give  
thee o'er,

For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words it shall make up  
in deeds;

Then why should we waste time in stuff,  
child?

A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds;

A word to the wise is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love  
known;

But I hate all protesting and arguing:

Had a Goddess my heart, she shou'd e'en lie  
alone,

If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a Quaker in love, and but barely affirm

Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying;

Pr'ythee be thou so too; seek for no better term,

But e'en throw thy yea, or thy nay, in.

I cannot bear love like a chancery suit,

The age of a patriarch depending;

Then pluck up a spirit; no longer be mute;

Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,

Like the grace of fanatical sinners;

Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals  
grow cool,

Before men sit down to their dinners.

**G**AY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain ;

The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain :

I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss ;  
And I'd often say no, when I long'd to say yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,  
And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame :

Oh ! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than  
their fleece ;

I could hardly say no ; tho' ashamed to say yes.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove ;  
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd  
his love ;

Then tenderly ask'd if I'd grant him a kiss ?

I design'd t' have said no ; but mistook, and  
said yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his  
breast ;

Ye Gods ! he cry'd, Chloe will now make me  
blest :

Come, lets to the church, and share conjugal  
bliss :

To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life ;

I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife :

Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in  
this :

Ye must all die old maids if ye will not say yes.

AS

**A**S Chloe came into the room another day,  
I peevish began, Where so long could you  
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;  
You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis  
four:  
A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels;  
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and  
seals:

A temper so heedless no mortal can bear.—  
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord, bless me! says she, let a body but speak;  
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my  
neck:

It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;  
Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,  
On the left side my breast what a mark it has  
made!

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:  
That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,  
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

**I** Like the man whose soaring soul  
Is gen'rous and refin'd,  
Whose passions act beneath controul,  
With love and honour join'd.  
The oak, by woodbiaes on the plain  
Encompas'd and caress'd,  
Is not more stedfast in its reign,  
Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy sons of vice and show,  
 Like shadows, and like noise,  
 Have nothing in themselves, we know,  
 That sober sense enjoys;  
 But pure and constant love endears,  
 And feasts both ear and sight,  
 While ev'ry thing that virtue fears  
 Can give no true delight.

**N**O Nymph that trips the verdant plains,  
 With Sally can compare;  
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,  
 And rivals all the fair:  
 The beams of Sol delight and chear,  
 While summer seasons roll;  
 But Sally's smiles can all the year  
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray  
 Illumes the world below,  
 Her presence bids the god of day  
 With emulation glow:  
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,  
 Birds sweeter notes prepare;  
 The playful lambkins skip around,  
 And hail their sister fair.  
 The lark but strains his liquid throat,  
 To bid the maid rejoice,  
 And mimicks, (while he swells his note)  
 The sweetness of her voice:  
 The fanning Zephyrs round her play,  
 While Flora sheds perfume,

And



And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,  
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim;  
From morn to eve their tale;

Her beauty and unspotted fame  
Make vocal every vale;

The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,  
Her echo'd name conveys;

And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,  
Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain  
To mirthful wake resort,

Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain  
Advance in rural sport:

No more shall gush the purling rill,  
Nor music wake the grove,

Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,  
When I forget to love.

**W**HEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,  
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;

When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,  
To hail the god of light and heat;

Philander, from his downy bed,  
To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,

Crying---Awake, sweet love of mine,  
I'm come to be thy Valentine!

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,  
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,

Which (that a kiss she might obtain)  
She artfully had clos'd again:

He



He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,  
 Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,  
 And near forgot that his design  
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone!  
 Philander, charming youth, be gone!  
 For this time, to your vows sincere,  
 Make virtue, not your love appear:  
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes  
 (Forgive the simple fond disguise);  
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,  
 And be my faithful Valentine.  
 The brutal passion sudden fled,  
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,  
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,  
 To join two virtuous hearts in one:  
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove  
 The sweet effects of mutual love;  
 And, from that hour to life's decline,  
 She bless'd the day of Valentine.

**T**'OTHER day as I sat in the Sycamore  
 shade,

Young Damon came whistling along;  
 I trembled---I blush'd---a poor innocent maid!  
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.

Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!

Young Damon designs you no ill;  
 The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,  
 Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,  
One kiss he demanded—no more !

But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,  
I could not begrudge him a score.

My lambkins I've kiss'd and no change ever  
found,

Many times as we play'd on the hill :

But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop  
round,

Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore shade,  
For shelter, I'm sure to repair ;

And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,  
Altho' the dear shepherd be there.

At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,  
My heart may rebound if it will ;

There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,  
I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

**C O M E**, Collin, pride of rural swains,

O come and bless thy native plains ;

The daisies spring, the beeches bud,

The songsters warble in the wood.

Come Colin, haste, O haste away,

Your smiles will make the village gay ;

When you return, the vernal breeze,

Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh ! come and see the violets spring,

The meadows laugh, the linnets sing ;

Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,

O haste ! and make us happy here.

**SURE**

**S**URE never poor shepherd was tortur'd like  
 me,  
 From morning till night I could never be free;  
 The charms of young Phillis so ran in my head,  
 I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.  
 Whenever I saw her, and told her my case,  
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;  
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,  
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.  
 I found all the offers I made her of love,  
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection would move;  
 So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,  
 And boldly resolv'd, or to conquer, or die.  
 'Twas spread round the village, I courted young  
 Prue,  
 And Phillis had left, her own schemes to pursue;  
 This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more  
 kind,  
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my  
 mind.

I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a priest;  
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best;  
 From hence, learn ye virgins, be blest if you can,  
 And never refuse the sincere honest man,

**Y**E fair be advis'd by a friend,  
 Whose counsel proceeds from the heart,  
 On beauty no longer depend,  
 Or fly to the efforts of art;

If a shepherd you'd gain to your arms,

Let virtue each action approve;

Her charms the fond bosom alarms,

And softens the soul into love.

To-day be not nice as a bride,

To-morrow untimely severe;

Let prudence and truth be your guide,

Nor caprice or folly appear:

Unless you thus govern your mind,

And banish deceit from your breast,

Too soon by experience you'll find,

Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.

Neglected you'll wither and fade,

Till beauty, by age shall decay;

Then lonely retreat to the shade,

And mourn the sad hours away:

How desp'rate will then be your fate,

How great your sad loss to deplore;

Repentance, alas! is too late,

When the power to charm is no more.

**O** LOVE! thou bitter foe to rest,  
Who hast, within this harmless breast,

So home the sick'ning arrow sent;

Relieve a poor, unwary maid,

Who, fondly gazing, was betray'd,

Nor knew what self-delusion meant.

Since custom, cruel to the fair,

Forbids my passion to declare;

Assist, blind god of soft desire:

To

To thy omnipotence I kneel;  
 Let him my secret anguish feel,  
 And burn for me with equal fire.  
 Then, if the lovely youth appear,  
 By turns inclin'd to hope and fear,  
 And tenderly his passion move;  
 My heart shall flutter to his sighs,  
 With gentle looks I'll meet his eyes,  
 And never, never cease to love.

**T**O curb the will, with vain pretence  
 Philosophy her force employs;  
 And tells us, in despite of sense,  
 That life affords no real joys:  
 Such idle whims my heart abjures;  
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,  
 If I prefer my blis to your's,  
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.  
 Since you have giv'n desires to men,  
 Deny us not enjoyment free:  
 Must I be happy only then,  
 When I, alas! shall cease to be?  
 Such idle whims my heart abjures;  
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,  
 If I prefer my blis to your's,  
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

**V**AIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,  
 Pageant of an idle hour;  
 Born just to bloom and fade;  
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,  
 Is the pride of human wit;  
 The shadow of a shade.

I AM married, and happy ; with wonder hear  
this,

Ye rovers and rakes of the age ;  
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,  
And who only loose pleasures engage :  
You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in  
the wrong,

When you merrily marriage deride ;  
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,  
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,  
Are fugitive—never sincere ;

Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,  
Interrupted by doubts, and by fear :

But those which in legal attachments we find,  
When the heart is with innocence pure ;

Is from ev'ry imbit'ring reflection refin'd,  
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that  
name,

True love is with sentiment join'd ;  
But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,  
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,  
With this, and with that ye are cloy'd ;  
Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,  
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,  
My answer is short—"From a wife,

G

"Who



“ Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature  
 “ I chose,

“ Which are beauties that charm us for life:”  
 To make home the seat of perpetual delight,  
 Ev’ry hour each studies to seize ;  
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to  
 night,  
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

**B**ALMY sweetness ever flowing,  
 From her dropping lip distills ;  
 Flowers on her cheeks are blowing ;  
 And her voice with music thrills.  
 Zephyrs o’er the spices flying,  
 Wasting sweets from ev’ry tree,  
 Sick’ning sense with odours cloying,  
 Breathe not half so sweet as she.

**Y**E fair, posselt of ev’ry charm  
 To captivate the will ;  
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,  
 Whose frowns at once can kill ;  
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,  
 Where flatt’ry bears no part ;  
 An honest verse, that flows sincere  
 And candid from the heart ?  
 Great is your pow’r ; but, greater yet,  
 Mankind it might engage ;  
 If, as ye all can make a net,  
 Ye all could make a cage :

Each



Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;

For who's to beauty blind?

But to what end a pris'ner make,

Unless we've strength to bind?

Attend the counsel often told,

Too often told in vain;

Learn that best art, the art to hold,

And lock the lover's chain.

Gamesters to little purpose win,

Who lose again as fast;

Tho' beauty may the charm begin,

'Tis sweetness makes it last.

**F**ANNY, fairer than a flow'r,

But uncertain as the wind,

Ever trifling with her pow'r,

Meant alone to bless mankind;

Now with smiles her face adorning,

She to love my heart invites;

But if love I offer, scorning,

She with frowns my passion slights.

Oh! thou god of pleasing anguish,

If indeed a god you be,

Teach the tyrant how to languish,

Make her heart and eyes agree;

But if wilful she refuses

To obey the pow'rs divine;

Make the man whom first she chuses,

Treat her heart as she does mine.

**S**OFT pleasing pains, unknown before,  
 My beating bosom feels,  
 When I behold the blissful bow'r,  
 Where dearest Delia dwells,  
 That way I daily drive my flock;  
 Ah! happy, happy vale!  
 There look, and wish; and while I look,  
 My sighs increase the gale.  
 Sometimes at midnight I do stray,  
 Beneath inclement skies,  
 And there my true devotion pay,  
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes:  
 So pious pilgrims nightly roam,  
 With tedious travel faint,  
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb  
 Of some lov'd fav'rite faint.  
 O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,  
 And all my bliss contain,  
 Ah! why should ye those blessings share,  
 For which I sigh in vain?  
 But let me not at fate repine,  
 And thus my grief impart:  
 She's not your tenant—she is mine;  
 Her mansion is my heart.

**W**HY heaves my fond bosom! ah! what  
 can it mean?  
 Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?  
 Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne  
 is near;  
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?  
 Methinks

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace  
 The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;  
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;  
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by  
 thy mind.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,  
 There native good-humour and virtue reside:  
 Pray Heaven that virtue thy soul may supply,  
 With compassion for him, who without thee  
 must die.

**B**EHOLD the sweet flowers around,  
 With all the bright beauties they wear;  
 Yet none on the plains can be found,  
 So lovely as Celia is fair.

Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,  
 No longer in silence remain:  
 Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,  
 To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft-times in yon flowery vale,  
 I breathe my complaints in a song;  
 Fair Flora attends the sad tale,  
 And sweetens the borders along.  
 But Celia, whose breath might perfume  
 The bosom of Flora in May,  
 Still frowning, pronounces my doom,  
 Regardless of all I can say.

**W**HEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!  
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:

The birds in livelier concert sung,  
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;  
 All look'd as joy could never fail,  
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,  
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,  
 Now Arno's sons must all give place  
 To northern men, an iron race:  
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er;  
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;  
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail;  
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

**T**HE new-flown birds, the shepherds sing,  
 And welcome in the May;  
 Come, Pastorella, now the spring  
 Makes ev'ry landskip gay:  
 Wide spreading trees, their leafy shade  
 O'er half the plain extend;  
 Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,  
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.  
 Come, taste the season in its prime,  
 And bless the rising year;  
 Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,  
 'Till thou, my love, appear!  
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day,  
 Warm in thy beauty's shine;  
 When thy dear flock shall feed and play,  
 And intermix with mine.  
 For thee, of doves a milk-white pair,  
 In silken bands I hold;

For

For thee a firstling lambkin fair,  
 I keep within the fold:  
 If milk-white doves acceptance' meet,  
 Or tender lambkins please,  
 My spotless heart, without deceit,  
 Be offer'd up with these,

**I** MET in our village a swain t'other day:  
 He stopp'd me, and begg'd me a moment  
 to stay;

Then blush'd, and, in language I ne'er heard  
 before,

He talk'd much of love, and some pains that  
 he bore:

But what was his meaning, I know not, I vow;  
 Yet, alas! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamine, vi'let and rose,  
 He brings me, and ev'ry sweet flower that grows;  
 The sweetest, and gayest, he picks from the rest,  
 And begs me to wear these fine things in my  
 breast:

But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;  
 Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell  
 how.

At my feet the young shepherd for ever I see,  
 Protesting he never lov'd any but me;  
 He gazes with transport, and kisses me too,  
 And swears that he'll ever be constant and true:  
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;  
 Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell  
 how.

I oft

I oft see the tears streaming fast from his eyes,  
And hear him, poor youth! breathe a thousand  
of sighs;

He tells me, no nymph in the world is like me,  
Nor shepherd alive so unhappy as he:

But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow,  
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell  
how.

Why does the dear shepherd to me thus com-  
plain,

And say that my eyes are the cause of his pain?

Indeed, ever since, his sad fate I deplore,

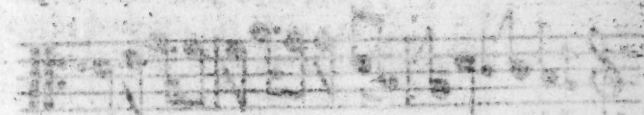
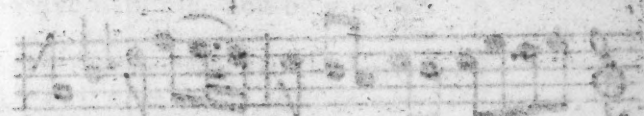
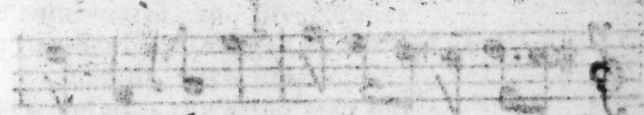
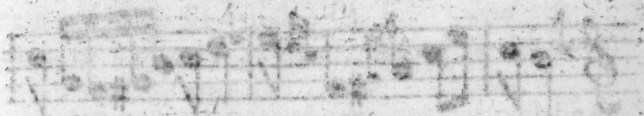
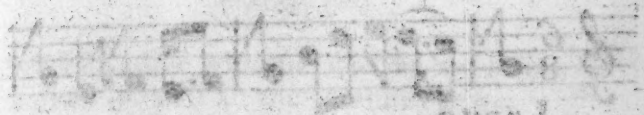
And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more:

I'll do all I can to relieve him, I vow,

If he will be so kind as to teach me but how.

COME

Complive with me





Come live with me.



**C**OME, live with me, and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove,  
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,  
 And all the craggy mountain yields :  
 There will we sit upon the rocks,  
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,  
 With a thousand fragrant posies,  
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle,  
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;  
 A gown, made of the finest wool,  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull.  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fair lined slipper for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold ;  
 A belt of straw, with ivy buds,  
 And coral clasps, and silver studs :  
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
 For thy delight, each May morning.  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

**L**OVE's the tyrant of the heart,  
 Full of mischief, full of woe ;  
 All his joys are mixt with smart ;  
 Thorns beneath his roses grow,  
 And, serpent-like, he stings the breast,  
 Where he is harbour'd and carest.

**Y**E feather'd songsters of the vale,  
 Who chirrup sweetly thro' each dale,  
 Now your little throats tune high,  
 Till they reach the azure sky.  
 And the grottos all rebound,  
 With the charming, chearful sound,  
 Perch'd upon the blossoming spray,  
 Now salute the summer gay.

Bleating flocks, and echoing mountains,  
 Verdant meads, and crystal fountains,  
 Mossy banks, and bubbling rills,  
 Lymphid streams, and flow'ry hills,  
 Ev'ry shrub its sweetness sheds,  
 Flowers now lift their lovely heads;  
 And bright Sol's resplendent ray,  
 Now proclaims the summer gay.

ODE

## O D E.

**S**WEET Contentment ! heav'nly bright !  
 Worship'd thro' the realms of light !  
 Void of thee, what's wealth or pow'r,  
 But the pageants of an hour ?  
 Pride ne'er tastes thy soft repose ;  
 Pomp and grandeur are thy foes ;  
 Yet, within the moss-grown cell,  
 Thou, with poverty, canst dwell.  
 See yon humble swains advance,  
 Beat the ground in jocund dance.  
 Hark ! the merry milkmaids sing,  
 All beneath thy gladsome wing ;  
 Wide beams forth th'eternal ray ;  
 All who wou'd be happy, may :  
 And, howe'er we change the name,  
 Virtue and Content's the same.

 DE  
 CANTATAS.

## C A N T A T A S.

## RECITATIVE.

**N**EAR a thick grove, whose deep em-  
 bow'ring shade,  
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,  
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,  
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose;  
 Thither retir'd, from Phœbus' sultry ray,  
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.  
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,  
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring  
 grove;

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought:  
 But, when he first beheld the sleeping maid,  
 He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd;  
 And while, with artless voice, he softly sung,  
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

## A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,  
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,  
 Completes the rural scene;  
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,  
 All Heav'n, itself, is sure display'd;  
 Too lovely Iphigene!

## RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling  
 stands;  
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:

Bright excellence! said he, dispel all fear;  
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.  
 Half-rai'd, with gentle accent, she replies,  
 Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;  
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain;  
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.  
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,  
 But thus, with extacy, pursu'd his song:

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that, careless, break  
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;  
 Thy love-inspiring mien;  
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,  
 And taper shape, inchant me so,  
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence  
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense:  
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,  
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gait;  
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,  
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.  
 Thus, mighty love cou'd teach a clown to plead;  
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,  
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;  
 Love can rage itself controul,  
 And elevate the human soul:

H

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of that, our wretch'd state  
 Had made our lives of too long date;  
 But, bless'd with beauty and with love,  
 We taste what angels do above.

## RECITATIVE.

**C**LEORA sat beneath a shade,  
 Her wanton flocks forgot to play;  
 Then listen'd to the lovely maid,  
 While thus she mourns her shepherd's slay.

## A I R.

Sure time and love are both asleep,  
 Or Dorus would his promise keep;  
 Haste, gentle shepherd, hither move,  
 And we'll awake both time and love.

## RECITATIVE.

Dorus, wing'd with swift desire,  
 Came hast'ning o'er the neighb'ring plain;  
 Approaching joys the maid inspire,  
 While thus she meets her panting swain.

## A I R.

Fly care, and anguish, far away,  
 While pleasures bless this happy day;  
 Let ev'ry shepherd joyful be,  
 And ev'ry pair as blest as we.

## RECITATIVE.



## RECITATIVE.

**W**HILE at Armida's feet Rinaldo lay,  
Sinking beneath the pleasing force of  
love;

A feather'd songster, from a neighb'ring spray,  
With sweetest sounds thus fill'd th' enchanted  
grove.

## A I R.

The gently budding rose behold  
Half opening to the vernal beams;

Its beauty cautious to unfold,

The less 'tis seen, the fairer seems:

Ye tender maids, besieg'd by sighing beaux,  
Learn from my song the moral of the rose.

## D U E T.

Check the growing, idle passion,  
Only built on inclination:

Then, alone, it reigns complete,  
When mutual love and friendship meet.

And as, tho' guarded round with thorns,

Time spreads the fading, useleſs flower;

Which ne'er the lover's breast adorns,

Nor e'er bedecks the bridal bower:

When maiden aunts their sage advice propose,  
Learn from my song the moral of the rose.

*Check the growing, &c.*

## A I R.

**W**HY, Damon, wilt thou strive, in vain,  
My firm resolves to move?  
My heart, alas! may feel the pain,  
But scorns the guilt of love!

## RECITATIVE.

Perfidious, too, like all the rest,  
 Is faithless Damon grown!  
 Ah! canst thou seek to wound the breast  
 That pants for thee alone?

## A I R.

Know, for a thought so meanly base,  
 Ungrateful, thou shalt find,  
 The heart that could admire thy face,  
 Can hate thee for thy mind.

## RECITATIVE.

**T**O Handel's pleasing notes, as Chloe sung  
 The charms of heav'nly Liberty,  
 A gentle bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,  
 With ardour panted to be free:  
 His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain;  
 Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this parting strain:

## A I R.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,  
 Nor wait the slow retrace of spring,  
 Rather in leafless groves to dwell,  
 Than in my Chloe's warmer cell;  
 Forgive me, mistress, since, by thee,  
 I first was taught sweet Liberty.  
 Soon as the welcome spring shall cheer,  
 With genial warmth, the drooping year,  
 I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,  
 Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,  
 And, in my prison, learn'd from thee  
 To warble forth sweet Liberty.

Waste not on me an useless care ;  
 That kind concern let Strephon share :  
 Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,  
 To those which he, poor captive ! feels,  
 Who, kept in hopeless bonds by thee,  
 Yet strives not for his Liberty.

RECITATIVE.

**T**HE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,

When Ariadne wak'd, and mis'd her lord :  
 Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,  
 And saw his vessel less'ning to her view :  
 She smote her breast ; she rav'd, and tore her hair :

Then, in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

AIR.

Ah ! Theseus, Theseus, stay !

Cease, cease, ye winds, to blow !

Kind Neptune, cease to flow,

Nor waft my love away !

Ah ! whither wilt thou go ?

Could I have serv'd thee so ?

Ah ! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why

You fly from her who gave the pow'r to fly ?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly God who rules the jovial bowl,  
 Bacchus, whose gifts reanimate the soul,  
 Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,  
 And, gently, thus administer'd relief.

## A I R.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep ;  
 Wipe off that falling tear :  
 Though Theseus plough the deep,  
 You've still a lover here :  
 I am Bacchus, God of wine,  
 God of revelry and joy ;  
 If Ariadne will be mine,  
 Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.  
 Come, Silenus, fill a cup  
 Of my choicest cordial draught ;  
 Fill it, man ; why fill it up ;  
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought :  
 Fill it higher ; to the brink—  
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink !

## RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,  
 And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd :  
 The potent draught, with more than magic art,  
 Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding  
 heart :  
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were d'own'd,  
 And with success the jovial God was crown'd :  
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,  
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

## A I R.

Learn, hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and  
 who pine ;  
 Learn, hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine :  
 Let

Let the nymph who's forsaken for one that's  
 more fair,  
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all  
 despair;  
 And let the fond youth who would win the coy  
 maid,  
 Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid  
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part:  
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain  
 the heart.

## A I R.

**W**H O'LL buy a heart! Myrtilla cries,  
 And throws around her wanton eyes;  
 An easy shape, a graceful air,  
 A face like lovely Hebe's fair;  
 A pair of eyes that wound at sight,  
 And foil the diamond's piercing light.

## RECITATIVE.

Come hither, ye that long to prove  
 The soul enchanting joys of love:  
 Quickly, quickly come, for he  
 Buys that bids the most for me.

## A I R.

But let no fordid wretch presume,  
 With even Cræsus' wealth, to come;  
 Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold,  
 Such charms as these can e'er be sold:  
 So vile a change I scorn to make,  
 For love's the only coin I take.

*Answer*

*Answer to the foregoing.*

## RECITATIVE.

**A**S, in a pensive mood, Myrtilla sat,  
 Revolving on the will of fate;  
 A sprightly youth, devoid of care,  
 Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

## A I R.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,  
 I'm come to buy a heart of thee:  
 With transport I receiv'd the tale,  
 That such a gem was up for sale.  
 Cou'd I command the starry train,  
 For thee I'd give it back again;  
 Or, if kind fate wou'd make thee mine,  
 The universe shou'd all be thine.  
 Go hence, the maid, with softness cries;  
 Merit the best deserves the prize;  
 The tale you heard was falsely told;  
 Myrtilla's heart shall ne'er be sold.

## RECITATIVE.

**'T**WAS at the royal feast for Persia won;  
 By Philip's warlike son;  
 Aloft, in awful state,  
 The godlike hero sat,  
 On his imperial throne;  
 His valiant peers were plac'd around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;  
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.  
 The lovely Thais by his side  
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,  
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

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A I R.

Happy, happy, happy pair;  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

RECITATIVE.

**L**ET them censure, what care I?  
The herd of critics I defy;  
Let the wretches know, I write  
Regardless of their grace or spight.

A I R.

Know, the fair, the gay, the young,  
Govern the numbers of my song:  
All that they approve is sweet;  
And all is sense that they repeat.

RECITATIVE.

Bid the warbling nine retire—  
Venus, string thy servant's lyre.

A I R.

Love shall be my endless theme;  
Pleasure shall triumph over fame;  
And, when these maxims I decline,  
Apollo, may thy fate be mine;  
May I grasp at empty praise,  
And lose the nymph to gain the bays.



DIALOGUES.



## D I A L O G U E S.

*On the marriage of the prince and princess of  
BRUNSWICK.*

CORIDON *and* PHILLIS.

CORIDON.

**H**ARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad  
tumults we hear,  
How gay all the nymphs with their shepherds  
appear;  
With myrtle and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,  
And every nymph wears a garland of flowers;  
I can't, for my life, what it means, understand;  
There's some rural festival, surely, at hand:  
Nor harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take  
place;  
But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

PHILLIS.

The truth, honest lad! Why you surely shou'd  
know  
What rites are prepar'd in the village below;  
Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and  
ador'd,  
Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin, our lord;  
That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and  
ease;  
All judgments can strike, and all fancies can  
please;

That

That Corin—but praise must the matter give  
o'er :

You know what he is, and I need say no more.

CORIDON.

Young Thyrsis, too, claims all that honour  
can lend,

His countrymen's glory, their champion and  
friend :

But such slight memorials scarce speak his  
deserts ;

For, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their  
hearts.

PHILLIS.

But, hence, to the bridal, behold how they  
throng,

Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along ;

The joyous occasion all nature inspires

With tender affections, and chearful desires.

D U E T.

Ye powers ! that o'er conjugal union preside,  
All-gracious, look down on the bridegroom and  
bride ;

That beauty, and virtue, and valour, may shine,  
In a race like themselves, with no end to the  
line :

May glory, and honour, and riches, and praise,  
Unceasing, attend them thro' numerous days ;

And while in a palace fate fixes their lot,

Oh ! may they live easy as those in a cot.

PASTORA

PASTORA and AMYNTOR.

AMYNTOR.

PASTORA's come, with myrtle crown'd,  
To bless her fond Amyntor's side ;  
The sun, in its extensive round,  
Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a bride.

PASTORA.

If to be true is sweet and fair,  
Pastora with Lucinda vies ;  
Then sweeter she than is the air,  
That fleets beneath Arabian skies.

AMYNTOR.

The fields, the groves, each hill and vale,  
Have witness'd to my faithful vow ;  
Long had I sigh'd my am'rous tale ;  
But ev'ry care's requited now.

PASTORA.

Without a blush, I here repeat,  
What to the nymphs I told before :  
For thee my tender heart does beat—  
Possess'd of thee I ask no more.

AMYNTOR.

Thus with this wreath I crown thy brows,  
And with this kiss my love I seal ;  
And may I, when I break my vows,  
The pangs of tortur'd lovers feel.

PASTORA.

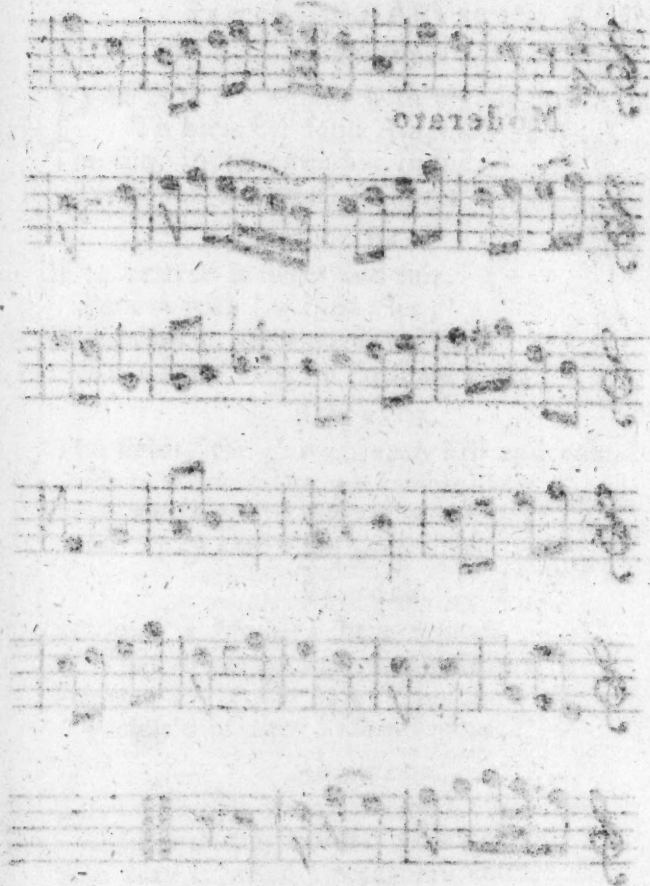
Should I, ungrateful to my swain,  
Afflict him with domestic strife,

## Pastorals come



## Pavane con

Moderato



May I be driven from the plain  
By ev'ry virtuous maid and wife.

## D U E T.

Come, Love, and lead the merry round ;  
Come, with thy olive sceptre, Peace ;  
Come, smiling Joy, and deck the ground  
With health, that always give increase.

DAMON *and* FLORELLA.

*He.* C ASI', my love, thine eyes around,  
See the sportive lambkins play ;  
Nature gaily decks the ground,  
All in honour of the May :  
Like the sparrow and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

*She.* Damon, thou hast found me, long,  
List'ning to thy soothing tale,  
And thy soft, persuasive song,  
Often held me in the dale :  
'Take, O Damon ! while I live,  
All that virtue ought to give.

*He.* Not the verdure of the grove ;  
Not the garden's fairest flow'r ;  
Nor the meads where lovers rove,  
Tempted by the vernal hour,  
Can delight thy Damon's eye,  
If Florella is not by.

*She.* Not the water's gentle fall,  
By the bank with poplars crown'd ;  
Not the feather'd songsters all,  
Nor the flute's melodious sound,

Can

Can delight Florella's ear,  
If her Damon is not near.

*Both.* Let us love, and let us live,  
Like the chearful season, gay :  
Banish care, and let us give  
Tribute to the fragrant May :  
Like the sparrow, and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.





## SELECT OLD SONGS,

**A**SK if yon damask rose be sweet,  
That scents the ambient air,  
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,  
If dear Sufannah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,  
And warble thro' the grove?  
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;  
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,  
Let pride in splendor shine;  
Ye bards, unenvy'd, laurels wear,  
Be fair Sufannah mine.

**O** Wouldst thou know what sacred charms  
This destin'd heart of mine alarms;  
What kind of nymph the Heav'ns decree  
The maid that's made for love and me:

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,  
Who melts to see the tender tear;  
From each ungentle passion free,  
O be the maid that's made for me!

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,  
Who feels the blessings she bestows;  
Gentle to all, but kind to me,  
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,  
Are, all, the natives of her heart;  
A gentle train, from falsehood free,  
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire  
 Where flattering fops around admire;  
 Unmov'd, your tinsel charms I see;  
 More genuine beauties are for me.

**G**O rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;  
 How happy should I prove,  
 Might I supply that envy'd place  
 With never-fading love:  
 There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,  
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.  
 Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find  
 More fragrant roses there:  
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd,  
 With envy and despair.  
 One common fate we both must prove;  
 You die with envy—I, with love.

**A**T St. Osythe, by the mill,  
 There lives a lovely lass;  
 Oh! had I her good-will,  
 How gaily life would pass!  
 No bold, intruding care,  
 My bliss should e'er destroy;  
 Her smiles would gild despair,  
 And brighten ev'ry joy.  
 Like nature's rural scene,  
 Her artless beauties charm;  
 Like them, with joy serene,  
 Our wishing hearts they warm:

Her

Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,  
 Steals ev'ry sense away;  
 The list'ning swains, around,  
 Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth, and ease,  
 Without her, tasteless are;  
 She gives them power to please,  
 And makes them worth our care.  
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss  
 Reserv'd, my future share,  
 Indulgent, hear my wish,  
 And grant it all in her.

**C**AN love be controul'd by advice?  
 Can madness and reason agree?  
 O Molly! who'd ever be wise,  
 If madness is loving of thee?  
 Let sages pretend to despise  
 The joys they want spirits to taste;  
 Let me seize on old Time as he flies,  
 And the blessings of life while they last.  
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;  
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy:  
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs;  
 Too late may repent being coy.  
 Then, Molly, for what should we stay  
 Till all our best blood does run cold?  
 Our youth we can have but to-day;  
 We may always find time to grow old.

**C**OME, Rosalind, oh come and see  
 What pleasures are in store for thee:  
 The flowers in all their sweets appear;  
 The fields their gayest beauties wear.

The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,  
 Now warble out their songs of love;  
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,  
 And Collin thee invites to come.

Come, Rosalind, and Collin join;  
 My tender flocks, and all, are thine:  
 If love and Rosalind be near,  
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Come, see a cottage and a swain:  
 Canst thou my love or gifts disdain?  
 Leave all behind, no longer stay;  
 For Collin calls; then haste away.

**A**LL in the Downs our fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,  
 O! where shall I my true-love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?  
 William, who, high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.  
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And, quick as light'ning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If, chance, his mate's shrill voice he hear,  
 And drops, at once, into her nest.  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me wipe off that falling tear:

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt, with doubts, thy constant mind;  
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so;  
 For thou art present wheresoever I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,

Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
 No longer must she stay on board:  
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:  
 Her less'ning boat; unwilling, rows to land;  
 Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lilly hand.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,  
 To hills and dales my passion tell,  
 A flame which time can never quell,  
 But burns for thee, my Peggy:  
 You, greater bards, your lyre shou'd hit;  
 For say what subject is more fit,  
 Than to record the sparkling wit  
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,  
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,  
 Does not so much the day adorn,  
 As does my lovely Peggy:  
 And when, in Thetis' lap, to rest,  
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,  
 He's not so beauteous, as, undrest,  
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When zephyr on the vi'let blows,  
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,  
 It does not half the sweets disclose  
 As does my lovely Peggy.  
 I stole a kiss the other day,  
 And (trust me) nought but truth I say,  
 The fragrance of the blooming May  
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,  
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,  
And pipe upon the oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy :  
With her a cottage would delight ;  
All's happy when she's in my sight ;  
But, when she's gone, 'tis endless night ;  
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,  
And linnets warble thro' the grove,  
Or stately swans the water love,

So long shall I love Peggy :  
And when death, with his pointed dart,  
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,  
My words shall be, when I depart,  
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

**T** WAS when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclin'd :  
Wide o'er the foaming billows  
She cast a wishful look ;  
Her head was crown'd with willows,  
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,  
And nine long tedious days ;  
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
Why didst thou trust the seas ?  
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,  
And let my lover rest :

Ah!



Ah! what's thy troubled motion,  
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,  
Views tempests with despair;  
But what's the loss of treasure,  
To the losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be laid on,  
Where gold and diamonds grow,  
You'd find a richer maiden;  
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature  
Has nothing made in vain;  
Why, then, beneath the water,  
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes those rocks discover  
That lurk beneath the deep,  
To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her dear,  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear:

When, o'er the white waves slooping,  
His floating corpse she spy'd;  
Then, like a lilly, drooping,  
She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

SYLVIA,

**S**YLVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime,  
 Stranger to the joys of love?  
 Thou hast youth, and that's the time  
 Ev'ry moment to improve :  
 Round thee wilt thou never hear  
 Little wanton girls and boys,  
 Sweetly sounding in thy ear,  
 Infant's prate and mother's joys.  
 Only view yon little dove,  
 Softly cooing to his mate ;  
 As a farther proof of love,  
 See her for his kisses wait :  
 Hark ! that charming nightingale,  
 As he flies from spray to spray,  
 Sweetly tunes an amorous tale ;  
 I love, I love, he strives to say.  
 Could I to thy soul reveal  
 But the least, the thousandth part,  
 Of those joys that lovers feel  
 In a mutual change of heart !  
 Then, repenting, woulst thou say,  
 Virgin fears, from hence remove,  
 All the time is thrown away,  
 That we do not spend in love.

**O** Mary ! soft in feature !  
 I've been at dear Vauxhall ;  
 No paradise is sweeter ;  
 Not that they Eden call :

At night such new vagaries,  
 Such gay and harmless sport,  
 All look'd like giant fairies,  
 And this their monarch's court.

Methought, when first I enter'd,  
 Such splendor round me shone,  
 Into a world I ventur'd

Where rose another sun ;  
 Whilst music, never cloying,  
 As sky-larks sweet, I hear :  
 The sounds I'm still enjoying ;  
 They'll always soothe the ear.

Here paintings, sweetly glowing,  
 Where-e'er our glances fall ;

Here colours, life bestowing,

Bedeck this greenwood-hall :

The king there dubs a farmer :

There John his doxey loves ;

But my delight's the charmer :

Who steals a pair of gloves \*.

As, still amaz'd, I'm straying

O'er this enchanted grove,

I spy a harper † playing,

All in his proud alcove :

I doff my hat desiring

He'd tune up Buxom Joan ;

\* Alluding to three pictures in the pavilions, viz. the King and Miller of Mansfield, the Sailor in a tippling-house in Wapping, and the Girl who is stealing a kiss from the sleeping Gentleman.

† Mr. Handel's statue.

But what was I admiring !  
Adzooks ! a man of stone.

But now, the tables spreading,  
They all fall to with glee ;  
Not e'en at 'squire's fine wedding  
Such dainties did I see :

I long'd (poor starv'ling rover)  
But none heed country elves ;  
These folk, with lace daub'd over,  
Love only dear themselves.

Thus, whilst 'mid joys abounding,  
As grass-hoppers they're gay ;  
At distance, crowds surrounding,  
The lady of the May \* :

The man i' th' Moon peep'd slyly,  
Soft twinkling thro' the trees,  
As tho' 'twould please him highly  
To taste delights like these.

**W**HEN first by fond Damon Flavella was  
seen,

He slightly regarded her air and her mien ;  
The charms of her mind he, alone, did com-  
mend,

Not warm, as a lover, but cool, as a friend ;  
From friendship, not passion, his raptures did  
move,

And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love.

\* Her royal highness the princess of Wales, sitting  
under a splendid pavilion.

K

New

But

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known ;

Her face grew a wonder ; her taste was his own ;  
Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,  
And ev'ry dear virtue beam'd forth in her mind :  
Still, still, for the sanction of friendship he  
    srove,

Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was  
    love.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the  
    fair,

Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her ;  
He's mute till his heart-strings are ready to  
    break ;

For fear of offending forbids him to speak ;  
And wanders a willing example to prove,  
That friendship with woman is sister to love.

A lover, thus conquer'd, can ne'er give offence ;  
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense,  
His passion nor wrinkles nor age can allay,  
Since founded on that which can never decay ;  
And time, that can beauty's short empire remove,  
Increasing her reason, increases his love.

**T**HE lass of Peaty's mill,  
    So bonny, blyth, and gay,

In spite of all my skill,  
    Hath stole my heart away.

When tedding of the hay,  
    Bare-headed, on the green,  
Love 'midst her locks did play,  
    And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth;

Breasts rising in their dawn;

To age it would give youth,

To press 'em with his hand.

Thro' all my spirits ran

An ecstasy of bliss,

When I such sweetness fand

Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,

Like flowers which grace the wild,

She did her sweets impart

Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:

Her looks they were so mild,

Free from affected pride,

She me to love beguil'd;

I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all that wealth

Hopetoun's high mountains fill,

Insur'd long life and wealth,

And pleasures at my will;

I'd promise, and fulfil,

That none but bonny she,

The lass of Peaty's mill,

Should share the same wi' me.

**O** Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,

They are twa bonny lassies;

They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,

And theek'd it o'er wi' rushes.

Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,

And thought I ne'er could alter;

But Mary Gray's twa pawky e'en  
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;  
She smiles liké a May morning,  
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
The hills with rays adorning:  
White is her neck, fast is her hand;  
Her waist and feet's fu genty;  
Wih ilka grace she can command:  
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
Her een liké di'monds glances;  
She's ay sae clean, redd up and brow,  
She kills whene'er she dances:  
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
She blooming, tight, and tall is;  
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;  
O, Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
Ye unco fair oppress us;  
Our Fancies jee between you twa,  
Ye are sic bonny lasses;  
Wae's me; for baith I canna get,  
To ane, by law, we're stented;  
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,  
And be with ane contented.

**Y**OUNG Roger came tapping  
At Dolly's window,  
Tumpaty, tumpaty, tump:



He begg'd for admittance,  
She answer'd him, no ;  
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.  
My Dolly, my dear,  
Your true love is here,  
Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump :  
No, no, Roger, no ;  
As you came you may go,  
Slumpaty, slumpaty, slump.  
Oh what is the reason,  
Dear Dolly ? he cry'd, -  
Humpaty, &c.  
That, thus, I'm cast off,  
And unkindly deny'd ?  
Trumpaty, &c.  
Some rival, more dear,  
I guéss has been here,  
Crumpaty, &c.  
Suppose there's been two, fir,  
Pray what's that to you, fir ?  
Numpaty, &c.  
Oh ! then, with a sad look,  
His farewell he took,  
Humpaty, &c.  
And, all in despair,  
He leapt into the brook,  
Plumpaty, &c.  
His courage he cool'd,  
He found himself fool'd,  
Mumpaty, &c.

He swam to the shore,  
 And saw Dolly no more,  
 Rumpaty, &c.  
 Oh! then, she recall'd,  
 And recall'd him again,  
 Humpaty, &c.  
 Whilst he, like a madman,  
 Ran over the plain,  
 Slumpaty, &c.  
 Determin'd to find  
 A damsel more kind,  
 Plumpaty, &c.  
 While Dolly's afraid  
 She must die an old maid,  
 Mumpaty, &c.

**G**ENTLY touch the warbling lyre;  
 Chloe seems inclin'd to rest :  
 Fill her soul with fond desire;  
 Softest notes will soothe her breast.  
 Pleasing dreams assist in love ;  
 Let them all propitious prove!  
 On the mossy bank she lies ;  
 Nature's verdant, velvet bed ;  
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,  
 Forming pillows for her head :  
 Zephyrs waft their odours round,  
 And indulging whispers sound.

GENTLY

## IMITATED.

**G**ENTLY stir and blow the fire,  
 Lay the mutton down to roast:  
 Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,  
 In the dripping-pan a toast,  
 That my hunger may remove;  
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lies;  
 Oh, the charming white and red!  
 Finer meat ne'er met my eyes—  
 On the sweetest grass it fed:  
 Swiftly make the jack go round;  
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth;  
 Let the knives be sharp and clean:  
 Pickles get, of ev'ry sort,  
 And a salad, crisp and green:  
 Then, with small beer and sparkling wine,  
 Oh, ye Gods! how I shall dine.

*Written by* DEAN SWIFT.

**H**HEY! my kitten, a kitten;  
 Hey! my kitten a deary;  
 Such a sweet pett as this  
 There is neither far nor neary:  
 Here we go up, up, up,  
 Here we go down, down, downy;  
 Here we go backwards and forwards,  
 And here we go round, round, roundy:

Chicky

Chicky cockow, my lily cock,

See, see, sic a downy ;

Gallop a trot, trot, trot,

And hey for Dublin towny.

This pig went to market,

Squeak mouse, mouse, mousfy ;

Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild cold,

And hear thy own Dol Dowfy.

Where was a jewel and petty,

Where was a sugar and spicy ;

Hush a baby in a cradle,

And we'll go abroad in a tricity.

Did a papa torment it ?

Did-e vex his own baby, did-e ?

Hush a baba in a bosie ;

Take ous own sucky : did-e ?

Good morrow a pudding is broke,

Slaver's a thread o'crystal ;

Now the sweet posset comes up :

Who said my child was pifs'd all ?

Come, water my chickens, come clock ;

Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you ;

Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him :

Who was it vext my baby ?—

Where was a laugh and a craw ;

Where was, was, was a giggling honey ?

Goody, good child shall be fed,

But naughty child shall get nony.

Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody-bones,

Here is a child that won't fear ye ;

Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,

And ik, ik, ay, my deary.

**I**N vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,  
That I, unconstant, have possess'd,  
Or lov'd a fairer she :

If that, at once, you wou'd be cur'd,  
Of all the pain you've long endur'd,  
Consult your glass and me.

In gardens did you never see  
The little, wanton, curious bee,  
Where ev'ry blossom blows,  
Fly gently o'er each flower he meets,  
And, for the quintessence of sweets,  
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,  
On each variety of joy,  
From fair to fair I roam,  
Perchance, to thousands in a day ;  
Those are but visits which I pay—  
My Chloe, you're my home.

**C**HLOE is false, but still she is charming ;  
Nature like beauty her temper has made ;  
Subject to change, o'er each heart she'll range,  
Always alarming, ever disarming, never dis-  
may'd.

Banish my senses, or let her not flight me ;  
Love was ne'er made to inherit disdain :  
Love is a bubble that gives mankind trouble ;  
Reflecting, ecstatic, drops with a smile then  
airy and vain.

Sure

Sure Venus ne'er gave her that face to deceive  
me,

And gave that boy but one arrow wou'd fly;  
Haste to thy mother, and beg for another;

Chloe thy mark must be, make her to pity  
me, e'er that I die.



**Favourite**

Favourite Songs in Opera's, Musical  
Entertainments, &c.

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

**T**HROUGH all the employments of life,  
Each neighbour abuses his brother;  
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife;  
All professions be-rogue one another:  
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;  
And the statesman, because he's so great,  
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

**V**IRGINS are like the fair flower in its  
lustre,  
Which in the garden enamels the ground;  
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,  
And gaudy butterflies frolick around.  
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring;  
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet)  
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all  
enduring,  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

**I**F you at an office solicit your due,  
And would not have matters neglected;  
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite  
too,  
To do what his duty directed.

Or



Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,  
 She too has this palpable failing,  
 The perquisite softens her into consent,  
 That reason with all is prevailing.

**I** LIKE the fox shall grieve,  
 Whose mate hath left her side;  
 Whom hounds from morn to eve,  
 Chase o'er the country wide.  
 Where can my lover hide?  
 Where cheat the wary pack?  
 If love be not his guide,  
 He never will come back.

**T**HE modes of the court so common are  
 grown,  
 That a true friend can hardly be met;  
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,  
 Which they let out for what they can get.  
 'Tis true, you find,  
 Some friends so kind,  
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to  
 defend,  
 In sorrowful ditty,  
 They promise, they pity,  
 But shift for your money, from friend to friend.

### LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

**M**Y heart's my own, my will is free,  
 And so shall be my voice;  
 No mortal man shall wed with me,  
 Till first he's made my choice.

Let parent's rule, cry nature's laws;  
 And children still obey;  
 And is there then no saving clause,  
 Against tyrannic sway?

**O**H! had I been by fate decreed  
 Some humble cottage swain;  
 In fair Rossetta's sight to feed  
 My flocks upon the plain;  
 What bliss had I been born to taste,  
 Which now I ne'er must know!  
 Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd  
 My fair one's lot so low?

**S**TILL in hopes to get the better  
 Of my stubborn flame I try,  
 Swear this moment to forget her,  
 And the next my oath deny.  
 Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,  
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;  
 Then relapsing, fly to meet her,  
 And confess myself her slave.

**T**HERE was a jolly miller once,  
 Liv'd on the river Dee;  
 He work'd, and sung, from morn to night,  
 No lark more blythé than he.  
 And this the burthen of his song,  
 For ever us'd to be,  
 I care for nobody, no not I,  
 If nobody cares for me.

L

LET

**L**ET gay ones and great  
 Make the most of their fate;  
 From pleasure to pleasure they run;

Well, who cares a jot?

I envy them not,

While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,

To the fields I repair,

With spirits unclouded and light;

The blisses I find,

No stings leave behind;

But health and diversion unite.

**T**HE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear  
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,  
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,  
 Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,  
 Is but an empty thing;

What more than mirth would mortals have?

The chearful man's a king!

**O**NS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle  
 like this:

What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kiss?

The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)

Wou'd do the same thing were they in the same  
 place.

No age, no profession, no station is free;

To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:

That power, resistless, no strength can oppose:

We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

**T**HE world is a well-furnish'd table,  
 Where guests are promiscuously set;  
 We all fare as well as we're able,  
 And scramble for what we can get.

My simile holds to a tittle;  
 Some gorge while some scarce have a taste;  
 But if I'm content with a little,  
 Enough is as good as a feast.

**H**OW much superior beauty awes  
 The coldest bosoms find;  
 But with resitless force it draws,  
 To sense and sweetness join'd:  
 The casket where, to outward show,  
 The workman's art is seen,  
 Is doubly valu'd, when we know  
 It holds a gem within.

*When the above song is sung in company, the two  
 following verses may be added:*

"HOW different the flirt appears,  
 "Whose jokes at random fly;  
 "To Reason's voice she smiles a sneer,  
 "And scorns she knows not why.  
 "Her outward form, awhile, may please;  
 "But, soon, the idiot toy  
 "Disgusting proves, a foe to ease,  
 "And blights love's tender joy.  
 "Ne'er fix the heart on beauty's pride,  
 "But search the treasure'd mine,  
 "Where sense with virtue's charms reside;  
 "Those charms that ne'er decline:

" From such supply, a lasting bliss  
 " Attends the happy swain;  
 " Who justly loves, and calls her his,  
 " All earthly joys obtain."

**H**ENCE with cares, complaint, and frow-  
 ing,  
 Welcome jollity and joy;  
 Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,  
 Mirth this happy night employ.  
 Let's to friendship do our duty,  
 Laugh, and sing some good old strain;  
 Drink a health to love and beauty;  
 May they long in triumph reign!

---

## C O M U S.

**N**OW Phœbus sinketh in the west,  
 Welcome song and welcome jest;  
 Midnight shouts and revelry,  
 Tipfy dance, and jollity:  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice, with scrupulous head;  
 Strict Age, and four Severity,  
 With their grave faws in slumber lie.  
 Now Phœbus, &c.

BY

**B**Y the gaily-circling glass  
 We can see how minutes pass ;  
 By the hollow cask we're told  
 How the waining night grows old :  
 Soon, too soon, the busy day  
 Drives us from our sports away :  
 What have we with day to do ?  
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

**F**LY swiftly ye minutes, till Comus receive  
 The nameless soft transports that beauty  
 . can give ;  
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to  
 prove ;  
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.  
 Without love and wine, wit and beauty are  
 vain,  
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain :  
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the  
 grave :  
 Love and wine give, ye Gods ! or take back  
 what ye gave.

**H**OW gentle was my Damon's air !  
 Like sunny beams his golden hair :  
 His voice was like the nightingale's ;  
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales :  
 How hard such beauties to resign !  
 And yet that cruel task is mine.  
 On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove ;  
 Along the margin of each stream,  
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,  
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme :

The hills, the groves, the streams remain;  
 But Damon, there, I seek in vain,  
 From hill, from dale, each charm is fled;  
     Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more;  
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head;  
     All nature does my loss deplore:  
 All, all reproach the faithless swain;  
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

---

### MAID OF THE MILL.

**W**HY how now, miss pert!  
     Do you think to divert  
 My anger by fawning and stroking?  
     Would you make me a fool;  
     Your play-thing, your tool—  
 Was ever young minx so provoking?  
     Get out of my sight!  
     'Twould be serving you right,  
 To lay a sound dose of the lash on.  
     Contradict your mamma!  
     I've a mind, by the la—  
 But I won't put myself in a passion.

**W**HEN you meet a tender creature,  
     Neat in limb, and fair in feature,  
 Full of kindness and good-nature;  
     Prove as kind again to she.  
 Happy mortal! to possess her;  
 In your bosom warm and press her,  
 Morning, noon, and night, caress her,  
     And be fond as fond can be.



But if one you meet that's frow-ard,  
 Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,  
 Should you act the whining coward,  
 'Tis to mend her ne'er a whit.  
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her;  
 Then agog when once you find her,  
 Let her go, and never mind her:  
 Heart alive! you're fairly quit.

**O**H! what a simpleton was I,  
 To make my bed at such a rate!  
 Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,  
 Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack!  
 Will call him back,  
 No tender words his heart allure:  
 I could bite  
 My tongue, thro' spite——  
 Some plague bewitch'd me; that's for sure.

**A**N they count me such a ninny,  
 So to let them rule the roast,  
 I'll bet any one a guinea,  
 That they've summ'd without their host.  
 But if I don't play 'em in lieu of it,  
 A trick that is fairly worth two of it,  
 Why, then, let me pass  
 For a fool and an ass.

To be sure, the sly cajoler  
 Thought his work as good as done,  
 When he found the little stroller  
 Was so easy to be won.

But if, &c.

**T**O speak my mind of womankind,  
In one word 'tis this,  
By nature they're design'd  
To say and do amiss.

Be they maids, be they wives,  
Alike they plague our lives;  
Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,  
Born to cheat, and give men pain.  
Their study, day and night,  
Is mischief, their delight;  
And if we should prevent,  
At one door, their intent,  
They quickly turn about,  
And find another out.

**H**ARK! 'tis I, your own true lover,  
After walking three long miles,  
One kind look, at least, discover;  
Come and speak a word to Giles.  
You alone my heart I fix on;  
Ah, you little cunning vixen!  
I can see your roguish smiles.

Adds! my mind is so possess'd,  
Till we're sped I shan't have rest:  
Only say the thing's a bargain,  
Here, an you like it,  
Ready to strike it;  
There's, at once, an end of arguing:  
I am her's, she is mine;  
Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

**W**HEN a maid, in way of marriage,  
 First is courted by a man,  
 Let 'un do the best he can,  
 She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,  
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.  
 Tho'f, perhaps, she likes him mainly,  
 Still she shams it coy and cold;  
 Fearing to confess it plainly,  
 Lest the folks should think her bold.  
 But the parson comes in sight,  
 Gives the word to bill and coo;  
 'Tis a diff'rent story quite,  
 And she quickly buckles to.

Lord AIMWORTH.

**Y**IELD, who will, to forms a martyr,  
 While, unaw'd by idle shame,  
 Pride for happiness I barter,  
 Heedless of the million's blame.  
 Thus with love my arms I quarter:  
 Women, grac'd in nature's frame,  
 Ev'ry privilege, by charter,  
 Have a right from man to claim.

THEODOSIA.

Eas'd of doubts and fears presaging,  
 What new joys within me rise;  
 While mamma, her frowns asswaging,  
 Dares no longer tyrannize!

So,

So, long storms and and tempests raging,  
 When the blust'ring fury dies,  
 Ah, how lovely, how engaging,  
 Prospects fair, and cloudless skies!

Sir HARRY.

Dad! but this is wond'rous pretty,  
 Singing each a round-de-lay;  
 And I'll mingle in the ditty,  
 Tho' I scarce know what to say.  
 There's a daughter, brisk and witty,  
 Here's a wife can wisely sway;  
 Trust me, masters, 'twere a pity  
 Not to let them have their way.

PATTY.

My example is a rare one;  
 But the cause may be divin'd:  
 Women want not merit——dare one  
 Hope discerning men to find!  
 O may each accomplish'd fair one,  
 Bright in person, sage in mind,  
 Viewing my good fortune, share one  
 Full as splendid and as kind.

GILES.

Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,  
 And expos'd for folks to see't;  
 'Tis as tho'f a man repented  
 For his follies in a sheet.  
 But, my wrongs go unresented,  
 Since the fates have thought them meet;  
 This good company contented,  
 All my wishes are complete.

## JOVIAL CREW.

SEE how the lambs are sporting!  
 Hear how the warblers sing!  
 See how the doves are courting!

All nature hails the spring.  
 Let us embrace the blessing;  
 Beggars alone are free;  
 Free from employment,  
 Their life is enjoyment  
 Beyond expression;  
 Happy they wander,  
 And happy sleep under  
 The greenwood tree.

THE mind of a woman can never be known,  
 You never can guess it aright:  
 I'll tell you the reason—she knows not her own,  
 It changes so often ere night  
 'Twou'd puzzle Apollo  
 Her whimsies to follow;  
 His oracle wou'd be a jest;  
 She'll frown when she's kind,  
 Then quickly you'll find,  
 She'll change with the wind,  
 And often abuses  
 The man that she chuses,  
 And what she refuses,  
 Likes best.

DUET.

DUET. VINCENT *and* HILLIARD.

VINCENT.

**W**E beg, but in a higher strain  
Than sordid slaves, who beg for gain.

HILLIARD.

No paltry gold, or gems, we want;  
We beg what you alone can grant.

VINCENT.

No lofty titles, no renown;  
But something greater than a crown.

HILLIARD.

We beg not wealth, or liberty;

BOTH.

We beg your humble slaves to be.

VINCENT.

We beg your snowy hands to kiss,  
Or lips, if you'd vouchsafe the bliss.

HILLIARD.

And if our faithful vows can move,  
(What Gods might envy us) your love.

VINCENT.

The boon we beg, if you deny,  
Our fate's decreed, we pine and die.

HILLIARD.

For life we beg, for life implore:

BOTH.

The poorest wretch can beg no more.

**T**HO' women, 'tis true, are but tender,  
 Yet nature does their strength supply;  
 Their will is too strong to surrender;  
 They're obstinate still till they die.  
 In vain you attack 'em with reason,  
 Your sorrows you only prolong;  
 Disputing is always high treason;  
 No woman was e'er in the wrong.  
 Your only relief is to bear;  
 And, when you appear content,  
 Perhaps, in compassion, the fair  
 May persuade herself into consent.

The MEDLEY.

MERIEL.

**O**H! turn your eyes on me, and view my  
 distress!  
 Did you know my hard fate you would pity my  
 case.  
 Such a kind-hearted gentleman, sure, wou'd  
 grant,  
 To a tender young virgin, whate'er she did  
 want.

HILLIARD.

**M**Y story, gentle lady! hear:  
 I am a wealthy farmer's son,  
 Who once did gay and rich appear;  
 But now, by fate, I am undone.  
 Reduc'd to want and wretchedness;  
 And starv'd, alas! I soon must be,

M

Unless



Unless you grant to my distress

Some small relief, for charity.

With cold and hunger still I pine ;

These rags declare my poverty :

O ! may your gentle heart incline

To ease my want and misery.

N. B. *The above words were altered from the original, and adapted to the garret in Thomas and Sally ; and was sung last season, by Mr. Du Bellamy, in the character of Hilliard.*

VINCENT.

**I** Like a gentleman did live ;

I ne'er did beg before :

Some small relief you sure might give,

That wou'd not make you poor.

RACHEL.

**M**Y daddy is gone to his grave ;

My mother lies under a stone ;

And never a penny I have,

Alas ! I am quite undone.

My lodging is in the cold air,

And hunger is sharp, and bites ;

A little, sir, good sir ! spare,

To keep me warm o' nights.

**I** Made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,

Till I heard, of late, she'd a mind to me ;

I met her on the green, in her best array ;

So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away ;

O then

O then we kifs'd and prefs'd; were we much to  
blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done  
the same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate;

Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry  
Kate?

But, then I laught, and swore I lov'd her more  
than so;

For, tied each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to  
and fro'.

Again we kifs'd and prefs'd, were we much to  
blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done  
the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said she was wond'rous  
sick;

Dicky Katy led; Katy she led Dick.

Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak;

Katy lost the game, tho' she play'd in joke!

For there we did, alas! what I dare not name:

Had you been in my place, you'd have done  
the same.

#### HILLIARD.

**T**HAT all men are beggars, you plainly  
may see;

For beggars there are, of ev'ry degree,

Tho' none are so blest, or so happy, as we:

Which nobody can deny.

VINCENT.  
 The tradesman, he begs that his wares you  
 wou'd buy;  
 Then begs you'd believe the price is not high;  
 And swears 'tis his trade; when he tells you a lye:  
 Which nobody can deny.

HILLIARD.

The lawyer, he begs you wou'd give him a fee,  
 Tho' he reads not your brief, and regards not  
 your plea;  
 Then advises your foe how to get a decree:  
 Which nobody can deny.

MERIEL.

The courtier, he begs for a pension, a place,  
 A ribbon, a title, a smile from his grace,  
 'Tis due to his merit, is writ in his face:  
 Which nobody shou'd deny.

RACHEL.

But if, by mishap, he shou'd chance to get none,  
 He begs you'll believe that the nation's undone;  
 There's but one honest man—and himself is  
 that one;  
 Which nobody dares deny.

AMIE.

The fair one, who labours whole mornings at  
 home,  
 New charms to create, and much pains to  
 consume;  
 Yet begs you'll believe 'tis her natural bloom:  
 Which nobody shou'd deny.

The

## HILLIARD.

The lover, he begs the dear nymph to comply;  
 She begs he'd be gone; but her languishing  
 eye  
 Still begs he wou'd stay—for a maid she can't  
 die:

Which none but a fool wou'd deny.

## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

**H**ASTE, Lorenzo, hither fly;  
 To my longing arms repair;  
 With impatience I shall die;

Come and soothe thy Jessy's care;  
 While we, then, in wanton play,  
 Sigh and gaze our souls away.

**M**Y blifs too long my bride denies;  
 Apace the waisting summer flies:  
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear;  
 Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.  
 What may, for strength, with steel compare?  
 Oh! Love has fetters stronger far:  
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breast;  
 When thoughts torment, the first are best:  
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;  
 Away, my Jessy, haste away.

**T**O keep my gentle Jessy,  
 What labour wou'd seem hard;  
 Each toilsome task how easy,  
 Her love the sweet reward.  
 The bee, thus, uncomplaining,  
 Esteems no toil severe;  
 The sweet reward obtaining,  
 Of honey all the year.

---

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

*Tune Daniel Cooper.*

**S**INCE I the motley garb put on  
 I've serv'd in places twenty;  
 To brothel with my lord have gone—  
 To church with lady Dainty;  
 And, still, for each, wou'd pimp or pray,  
 Think both, by turns, my duty;  
 In short, to few things wou'd say nay,  
 Cou'd I secure a booty.

For this, in courts, the lawyer pleads,  
 The sailor ploughs the ocean;  
 For this the soldier bravely bleeds,  
 And doctor gives his potion.  
 See gilded vice his splendour wear,  
 Poor honesty in ratters;  
 Then why shou'd I a phantom fear?  
 I'll imitate my betters.

*Tune,*

*Tune, Marquis of Granby.*

**D**EAR Sir, she'll ne'er fly me, nor rashly  
deny me,

When once I but make declaration :  
My person I'll render, no pitiful tender,  
But sigh'd for by dames in high station.

Wherever I go I'm the coveted beau ;

No female without me e'er would be :

I bully, I vapour—sa, sa, and cut caper,

And am what a gentleman shou'd be.

*Tune, The Heavy Hours.*

**S**AY, nymphs, whose gentle bosoms prove

The pleasing, painful dart,

Cou'd prudence e'er contend with love,

Or heal the stricken heart ?

Let tyrant duty strive to quell

Soft tumults in the breast ;

By love led on, we all rebel ;

He victor stands confest.

DAPHNE AND AMYNTOR.

**T**HINK, oh ! think, within my breast,

While contending passions reign,

How my heart is robb'd of rest ;

And, in pity, ease my pain.

To

To a lover, thus distressed,  
 Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears;  
 Ev'ry moment, till he's blest,  
 Is a thousand, thousand years.

**Y**E zephyrs that fan the calm air,  
 Ye fountains that bubble around,

Oh! cease my heart to wound

Your gentle blowing,

Your murmurs flowing,

But waken my care:

Lackaday,

Welladay,

Ah, me!

Must I die in despair?

**I**N vain, in search of quiet,

From place to place I range;

My restless cares, augmenting,

No med'cine find in change.

Delights, so lately charming,

Have lost their power to please;

Yet something, could I find it,

Methinks would give me ease.

**S**AY, oh! too lovely creature,

Thou cause of all my smart,

What means this palpitation,

Without a feeling heart?

There's conjuration in it:

It ceases—Then, in a minute,

Such



Such rapping,  
 And tapping,  
 As if it ne'er wou'd rest;  
 Mine too, I vow,  
 I can't tell how,  
 Is like to burst my breast.

**P**RETEND no longer to restrain  
 The passion struggling in my mind;  
 Like sprightly coursers, that disdain  
 The feeble curbing of the rein,  
 It starts, and leaves the will behind.  
 My pangs increase! I'm all on fire!  
 Then let me to the charmer fly;  
 Obtain her love, my soul's desire,  
 Or, at her feet, a martyr die.  
 Pretend, &c.

---

# L E T H E.

**Y**E mortals, whom fancies and troubles  
 perplex,  
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;  
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;  
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;  
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,  
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your  
 care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in  
 vain,  
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;

The rake shall forget how last night he was  
 cloy'd.  
 And Chloe, again, be with rapture enjoy'd:  
 Obey, then, the summons, to Lethe repair,  
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.  
 The wife, at one draught, may forget all her  
 wants,  
 And drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;  
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,  
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day:  
 Obey, then, the summons, to Lethe repair,  
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your  
 care.

---

### ACIS AND GALATEA.

**A**S when the dove laments her love  
 All on the naked spray;  
 When he returns, no more she mourns,  
 But loves the live-long day.

Billing, cooing, panting, wooing,  
 Melting murmurs fill the grove.

---

### THOMAS AND SALLY.

**T**HE echoing horn calls the sportsmen  
 abroad;  
 To horse, my brave boys, and away!  
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !

O'er hills and o'er vallies he flies :

Then follow—we'll soon overtake him—huzza !

The trayor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning, at night, with the spoil,

Like bacchanals shouting and gay,

How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,

And lose the fatigues of the day !

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;

Dull wisdom all happiness sours :

Since life is no more than a passage at best,

Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

**W**HEN I was a young one, what girl was  
like me ?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ;

I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er

A fiddle was heard---to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;

'Twas this, fir---and that, fir---but scarce ever  
nay :

And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my  
lace,

I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !

Well, rest him---we all are as good as we can ;

Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws ;

And jealous---tho', truly, I gave him some  
cause.

He

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me--but, let me  
alone;

Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own:  
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is  
untow'rd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last  
word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;  
I'm not what I was forty summers ago:  
This time's a fore foe; there's no thunning his  
dart:

However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-  
chance:

And still love a tune, tho' unable to dance:  
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,  
I teach that to others I once did myself.

**W**HEN, late, I wander'd o'er the plain,  
From nymph to nymph, I strove, in  
vain,

My wild desires to rally:

But now they're of themselves come home;  
And, strange! no longer seek to roam;

They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,  
And cries, I court but to destroy:

Can love with ruin tally?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,  
I would all deaths, all torments bear,  
Rather than injure Sally.

Come,

Come, then, oh come, thou sweeter far  
 Than violets and roses are,  
 Or lillies of the valley;  
 O follow love, and quit your fear,  
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,  
 And make me blest in Sally.

**F**ROM ploughing the ocean and thrashing  
 the mounseer,

In Old England we're landed once more;  
 Your hands, my brave comrades, halloo, boys,  
 what cheer

For a sailor that's just come ashore?

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no  
 doubt,

And to cut us and slash us—morbliu!

But hold there—avast—they were plaguily out;

We have flic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then, courage, my hearts, your own conse-  
 quence know:

Yon invaders shall soon do you right:

The lion may rouse when he hears the cock crow,

But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars;

Your d——'d party, and idle contest;

And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,

Who shall fight for his country the best.

A seafaring spark if the maids can affect,

Bid the simpering gypsies look to't;

Sound bottoms they'll find us, in ev'ry respect,

And our pockets well laden to boot.

N

The

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,  
Have more art to persuade, and the like :

But, 'ware those false colours—for better for  
worse

Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king! may he prosperous  
reign,

Of no power, no faction, afraid :

May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,  
At all points of the compass display'd !

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,  
Steady, steady, and safe may she sail ;

No ignorant pilots e'er sit at her helm,  
Or her anchor of Liberty fail.

# M I D A S.

Tune, *A la Santé du d'Oleron.*

**S**HALL a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my  
shoes,

Dare my amours to cross ?

Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woes,  
Her nose up at him toss ?

No, I'll kidnap—then possess her.

I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in  
exchange ;

So glut, to the height of pleasure,  
My love and my revenge.

N. B.

N. B. *The following words may be sung to the same tune, as,* Whilst on thy dear bosom lying.

**L** OVELY nymph, assuage my anguish;  
 At your feet a tender swain  
 Prays you will not let him languish;  
 One kind look would ease his pain.  
 Did you know the lad who courts you,  
 He not long need sue in vain;  
 Prince of song, of dance and sports—you  
 Scarce will meet his like again.

*Tune, The Lottery.*

**O** What pleasures will abound  
 When my wife is laid in ground.  
 Let earth cover her,  
 We'll dance over her,  
 When my wife's laid in the ground.  
 O! how happy should I be,  
 Would little Nyfa pig with me!  
 How I'd mumble her,  
 Touze and tumble her!  
 Would little Nyfa pig with me!

**N** OW I'm seated,  
 I'll be treated  
 Like the Sophi on his throne;  
 In my presence,  
 Scoundrel peasants  
 Shall not call their souls their own.



*Tune, Lady Coventry's Minuet:*

My behest is,  
 He who best is  
     Shall be fix'd musician chief;  
 Ne'er, the loser  
 Shall shew his nose here,  
     But be transported like a thief.

**A** H happy hours, how fleeting  
     Ye danc'd on down away,  
 When, my soft vows repeating,  
     At Daphne's feet I lay.  
 But, from her charms when sunder'd,  
     As Midas' frowns presage,  
 Each hour will seem an hundred,  
     Each day appear an age.

---

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

**B**LOW, blow thou winter's wind!  
 Thou art not so unkind,  
     As man's ingratitude:  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
     Although thy breath be rude.  
 Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky;  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,  
     As benefits forgot:  
 Tho' thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp,  
     As friends remember'd not.

## S U M M E R.

**W**HEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
 And lady-smocks, all silver white,  
 Do paint the meadows with delight;  
 The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;  
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks;  
 The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he;  
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

## W I N T E R.

When ificles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail:  
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl;  
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry  
 merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw;  
 And birds fit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw:

Then roasted crabs his in the bowl,  
 And nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



**HUNTING**

---

HUNTING SONGS.

## RECITATIVE.

**T**HE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,  
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,  
 Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,  
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

## A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away ;  
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;  
 I'll warrant he shews us some play :  
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.  
 Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em,  
 my bloods ;  
 'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :  
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,  
 Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.  
 Each earth see he tries at in vain,  
 In cover no safety can find ;  
 So he breaks it, and scours amain,  
 And leaves us at distance behind.  
 O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we  
 fly,  
 All hazard and danger we scorn ;  
 Stout reynard we'll follow until that he die ;  
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,  
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;  
 His speed can no longer avail,  
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain  
 that he fled,

See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn;  
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,  
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

WITH

**W**ITH early horn salute the morn  
 That gilds this charming place ;  
 With chearful cries bid echo rise,  
 And join the jovial chace.  
 The vocal hills around,  
 The waving woods,  
 The chrystal floods,  
 All, all return th' enliv'ning sound.

RECITATIVE.

**H**ARK! the horn calls away,  
 Come the grave, come the gay,  
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,  
 Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

A I R.

From the east breaks the morn;  
 See the sun-beams adorn  
 The wild heath and the mountains so high ;  
 Shrilly opes the staunch hound,  
 The steed neighs to the sound,  
 And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,  
 Prov'd their greatners of blood,  
 By encount'ring the pard and the boar ;  
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,  
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,  
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence, of noble descent,  
 Hills and wilds we frequent,  
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd ;

Tho', in life's busy day,  
 Man of man makes a prey,  
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.  
 With the chace in full fight,  
 Gods! how great the delight;  
 How our mortal sensations refine!  
 Where is care? where is fear?  
 Like the winds, in the rear,  
 And the man's lost in something divine.  
 Now to horse, my brave boys,  
 Lo! each pants for the joys  
 That, anon, shall enliven the whole:  
 Then at eve we'll dismount,  
 Toils and pleasures recount,  
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

**T**HE sun, from the east, tips the mountains  
 with gold,  
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops  
 behold;  
 The lark's early matin proclaims the new day,  
 And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our  
 delay;  
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure  
 can vie,  
 While, jocund, we follow the hounds in full cry.  
 Let the drudge of the town make riches his  
 sport,  
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the  
 court;  
 No care nor ambition our patience annoy,  
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.



Mankind are all hunters, in various degree ;  
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;  
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with  
 disgrace.

The cit hunts a plum, while the soldier hunts  
 fame ;

The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;  
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to  
 refuse,

Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.  
 Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and  
 wealth,

All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;  
 With hounds and with horns thro' the wood-  
 lands to roam ;

And, when tir'd abroad, find contentment at  
 home.

**A**WAY to the field, see the morning looks  
 grey,

And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day ;  
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,  
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the  
 horn,

And join with the jovial crew,  
 While the season invites, with all its delights,  
 The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,  
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns ;

To welcome the fun, now returning from rest ;  
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.  
 Then hark, &c.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills,  
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills ;  
 While, joyous, from valley to valley resounds  
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the  
 hounds.

Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,  
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate ;  
 Borne by their bold courfers no danger they  
 fear,

And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,  
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in  
 down ;

Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,  
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and  
 health.

Then hark, &c.

**H**ARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in  
 the vale,

Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,  
 To charm us to barter, for ignoble rest,  
 The joys which true pleasure can raise in the  
 breast ;

The morning is fair, and in labour with day,  
 And the cry of the huntsman is, hark, hark,  
 away ;

Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our  
joys?

Haste, haste, let's away, so to horse, my brave  
boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,  
Where meaner delights to more noble give  
place?

While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,  
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry:

Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear;

We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old  
Care;

Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,  
Led on by the horn and the cry of the hounds.

**W**ITH horns and with hounds I waken the  
day,

And hy to the woodlands walks away;

I tuck up my robe and am buskin'd soon,

And tie to my forehead a waxen moon;

I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,

And chace the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;

With shooting and hooting we pierce thro' the  
sky,

And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

**H**ARK, hark, the joy inspiring horn,

Salutes the rosy rising morn,

And echoes thro' the dale;

With clamrous peals the hills resound,

The hounds, quick-scented, scow'r the ground;

And snuff the fragrant gale.

**Nor**

Nor gales nor sledges can impede  
The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed ;

The jovial pack pursue ;  
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,  
The distant hills with speed he gains,  
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
And to the copse for shelter makes,

There pants awhile for breath ;  
When now the noise alarms her ear,  
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,  
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,  
The hounds their trembling victim seize,

She faints, she falls, she dies :

The distant coursers now come in,  
And join the loud triumphant din,  
Till echoe rends the skies.

**H**ARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd horn  
Calls the hunters all up with the morn :  
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,  
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

And, all the day long,

This, this is our song ;

Still hollowing,

And following,

So frolic and free ;

Our joys have no bounds,

While we're after the hounds

No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,

While the hills they all echo, hillo!

With a bounce from his cover he flies,  
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies.  
 And all, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb  
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,  
 What a joy from our labours we feel!  
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.  
 And all, &c.

At night, when our labour is done,  
 Then we will go hollowing home,  
 With a hollo, hollo, and a huzza,  
 Resolving to meet the next day.  
 And all, &c.

**H**OW pleasing we find the gay sports of the field!

While through the vales we're bounding,  
 The hills our cries resounding,  
 The musical chase all its pleasure does yield.  
 How delightful the pause when the stag stood  
 at bay!

But when, his flight renewing,  
 Again we were pursuing,  
 Till we crown'd with success the sport of the day.

**C**OME, rouse brother sportsmen, the hunters  
 all cry,

We've got a good scent and a fav'ring sky;  
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early  
 song,  
 Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long:

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his  
face,

Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the  
chace;

He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
And makes the fields blush with the beams of  
his ray.

Sweet Molly may teaze you, perhaps, to lie  
down;

And, if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:  
But tell her, that love must to hunting give  
place;

For, as well as her charms, there are charms  
in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy;  
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and  
Fly;

They seize on their prey; see his eye-balls,  
they roll:

We're in at the death—now let's home to the  
bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the  
king,

From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;  
To George, peace and glory may Heavens  
dispense,

And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

*Tune, Sheelah na Guirah.*

**H**ARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile, to  
my tale,

Which to pay your attention I'm sure cannot fail.



'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs, that  
ne'er tire,

O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog,  
and briar.

A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,  
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with  
again ;

Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been  
there,

'Fore gad, he had shook like an aspin, for fear.

In seventeen hundred, forty and four,

The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,

At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,

We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.

The Laughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen  
Bray,

And 'squire Adair, sure, was with us that day ;

Joe Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so  
stout,

Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,

When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar ;

Hark to Wanton, cry'd Joe, and the rest were  
not slack ;

For Wanton's no trifle esteem'd in the pack.

Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,

And ev'ry hound join'd in the musical din ;

Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the  
life,

And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.



Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day  
When Reynard broke cover; and this was his  
way :

As, strong, from Killegar, as tho' he could  
fear none,

Away he brush'd round by the house of Kill-  
ternan ;

To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherry-wood,  
then,

Steep Shank-hill he climb'd, and to Ballyman-  
glen ;

Bray-commons he cross'd, leap'd lord Anglesey's  
wall,

And seem'd to say, " Little I value you all."

He ran Bush's grove, up to Carbury Byrn's,  
Joe Debill, Hall Preston, kept leading by  
turns.

The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,  
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to  
keep out :

To Malpas' high hills was the way then he  
flew ;

At Dalkey-stone common we had him in view ;  
He drove on by Bullock, thro' shrub Glanagery,  
And so on to Mountown—where Laury grew  
weary.

Thro' Rochestown-wood, like an arrow he  
pass'd,

And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;  
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,  
And said, in his heart, " Sure none dare follow  
me."

But soon, to his cost, he perceiv'd that no  
 bounds

Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mett'l'd  
 hounds;

His policy here did not serve him a rush,  
 Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore, then, again was his drift;  
 But, ere he could reach to the top of the cliff,  
 He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,  
 Being way-laid and kill'd by the rest of the  
 pack.

At his death there were present the lads that  
 I've sung,

Save Laury, who, riding a garran, was flung:  
 Thus ended, at length, a most delicate chace,  
 That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,  
 Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord;  
 We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the  
 health

Of the man that ne'er varied for places of  
 wealth.

Owen Bray baulk'd a leap, says Hall Preston;  
 'twas odd;

'Twas shameful, cry'd Jack, by the great living  
 —:

Said Preston, I halloo'd, "Get on, tho' you  
 fall,

Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and  
 all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,  
 For, party affairs, we consign'd to the court:

Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the  
night,

In gay flowing bumpers and social delight :

Then, 'till the next meeting, bid farewell each  
brother ;

So some they went one way, and some went  
another.

As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,

So Luna took care in conducting us home.

**D**O you hear, brother sportsman, the sound  
of the horn,

And yet the sweet pleasure decline ;

For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it is  
morn,

With me the sweet melody join :

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll  
rally,

Nor quit him till panting he lies ;

While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall  
fly,

And chase the swift hare till he dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and  
fields

Both willing and joyous repair ;

No pastime in life greater happiness yields ;

Than chasing the fox or the hare.

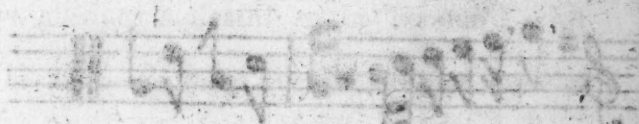
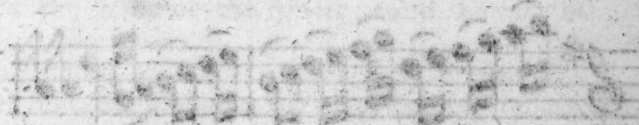
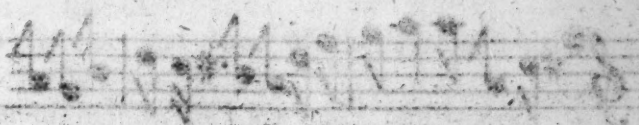
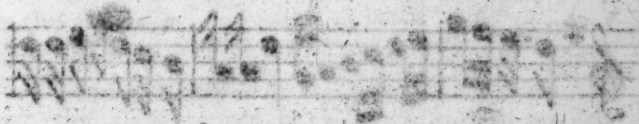
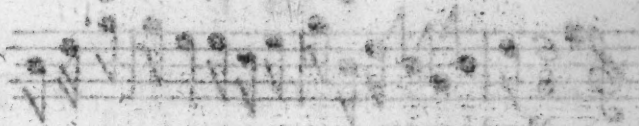
For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman  
attend,

No pleasure like hunting is found ;

For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,

Next morning we spurn up the ground.

The morning is Charming



## The morning is Charming.



Moderato



THE morning is charming, all nature looks  
gay ;

Away, my brave boys, to your horses away ;  
For the prime of our humour is in quest of the  
hare ;

We have not so much as a moment to spare.  
Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious its  
sounds,

To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd  
hounds.

O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands,  
we fly,

Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full  
cry ;

So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they  
run,

Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of  
the sun ;

Health, joy, and felicity dance in the rounds,  
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,  
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to  
decline :

A chace of two hours, or more, she has led ;  
She's down—look about you—they have her—  
she's dead.

How glorious a death! to be honour'd with  
sounds

Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.



## SAILORS SONGS.

**B**EHOLD, from many a hostile shore,  
 And all the dangers of the main,  
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,  
 Your faithful Tom's return'd again;  
 Returns, and with him brings a heart  
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,  
 How sweet to tread our native soil,  
 With conquest to return at last,  
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil!  
 No one to beauty should pretend,  
 But such as dare its rights defend.

**B**EHOLD, my brave Britons, the fair  
 springing gale;  
 Fill a bumper and tofs off your glasses,  
 Buss, and part with your frolicksome lasses;  
 Then a-board, and unfurl the wide-flowing  
 sail.

## C H O R U S.

While British oak beneath us rolls,  
 And English courage fires our souls;  
 To crown our toils, the fates decree  
 The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our



Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,  
 Life and fortunes we chearfully venture,  
 And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter,  
 Nor think of to-morrow, while sure of to-day.  
 While British, &c.

The streamers of France at a distance appear,  
 We must mind other music than catches,  
 Man our quarters, and handle our matches,  
 Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.  
 While British, &c.

Engender'd in smoke, and deliver'd in flame,  
 British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder;  
 Let the vault of the sky burst asunder;  
 So victory follows, with riches and fame.  
 While British, &c.

**H**OW little do the landmen know  
 Of what we sailors feel;  
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow;  
 But we have hearts of steel:  
 No danger can affright us,  
 No enemy shall flout;  
 We'll make the monsieurs right us,  
 So tofs the can about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates,  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink;  
 Then France have at your first-rates;  
 For Britons never shrink:  
 We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 We'll bring them in by scores,  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
 Shall roll in louis d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,  
 With our noble commodore ;  
 We'll spend our wages, freely, boys,  
 And then to sea for more :  
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys ;  
 In war we'll never fly ;  
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,  
 And the royal family.

**H**OW pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams o'er the wat'ry main ;  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But chearfully spends all his gain.  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 To honour and honesty true,  
 And wou'd not commit a base action,  
 For power, and power in view.

### C H O R U S.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys ?  
 A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,  
 Go thorough the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding ;  
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.  
 When terrible tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous billows affright,  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful industry steers right.  
 Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
 Who rules at the helm of the state,  
 Than we, who are to politics strangers,  
 Escape the snares laid for the great.  
 The various blessings of nature,  
 In various nations we try ;  
 No mortals than us can be greater,  
 Who merrily live till we die.  
 Then why, &c.

**T**HURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth  
 of May,

Recorded be for ever the famous Ninety-two,  
 Brave Russell did discern, by dawn of day,

The lofty sails of France advancing now :  
 All hands aloft; aloft, let English valour shine,  
 Let fly a culverin, a signal for the line ;

Let ev'ry man supply his gun,

Follow me, and you'll see,

That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,

To meet the gallant Russell in combat on  
 the deep ;

He led a noble train of heroes bold,

To sink the English admiral and his fleet.

Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,

The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire,

And mighty fate stood looking on,

Whist a flood, all of blood,

Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

P

Sulphur;

Sulphur, smoak, and fire, disturbing the air,  
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic  
 shore ;

Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
 To see the lofty streamers now no more :

At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,  
 To give a second blow, their fatal overthrow ;  
 Now death and horror equal reign ;

Now they cry, run or die,  
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly, amaz'd, o'er rocks and sands,  
 One danger they grasp at, to shun the greater  
 fate :

In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,  
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost  
 estate :

For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun,  
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :  
 Enough thou mighty god of war !

Now we sing, blest the king,  
 Let us drink to ev'ry English tar.

**S**INCE lost to peace of mind serene,  
 I drag my chain in fruitless hope,  
 I'll court each melancholy scene,

And give my sorrows their full scope.

My lovely, sprightly, gallant tar,

Who sports with fierce, destructive war,

Think what I feel ; where'er thou art,

Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.

Secure

Secure thy dancing castle rides  
 Upon the bosom of the deep,  
 The stormy wind and wave abides ;  
 And navigation bids thee sleep :  
 But balmy sleep and downy rest  
 Shall fly the tempest in thy breast,  
 When jealous fears, like mine, shall prove  
 The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hope, doubt, and fear, and winds, and waves,  
 More dreadful to the love-toss'd mind,  
 Than those the skilful seaman braves,  
 Who leaves pale care and grief behind.  
 Th' adventurous maid, embark'd, like me,  
 That sails on such a troubled sea,  
 The ocean's rage would gladly meet,  
 And in it's depths seek a retreat.

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,  
 Let reason whisper to thy fears,  
 My sailor may return again,  
 Crown'd with success, to dry my tears ;  
 When fame, and all her gaudy charms,  
 Shall yield him to my longing arms,  
 And one blest hour together blend  
 The lover, hero, husband, friend.

# CHORUS.

Britannia, hail! thou mighty queen ;  
 The strength, the power, the seas are thine,  
 Long may thy pow'r on justice lean,  
 To be preserv'd they must combine :

To courage, singly, ne'er resort;  
 For virtue is thy true support;  
 'Tis that, alone, can strength maintain;  
 Be virtuous, and for ever reign.

## RECITATIVE.

**W**HEN Bacchus, jolly God, invites  
 To revel in his evening rites,  
 In vain his altar I surround,  
 Tho' with Burgundian incense crown'd:  
 No charms has wine without the lass;  
 'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

## AIR.

While all around, with jocund glee,  
 In brimmers toast their fav'rite she,  
 Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,  
 My heart still whispers Chloe's name:  
 And thus, with me, by am'rous stealth,  
 Still ev'ry glass is Chloe's health.

Tune, *All ye Ladies now at Land.*

**F**ROM where the Ganges rolls along,  
 We now our loves do send,  
 To all to whom they may belong;  
 Our sweethearts and our friends;  
 Hoping these lines will find you well,  
 Tho' we are still doom'd to sweat in Hell.

To

To save our country's trade and fame,  
 And to revenge its wrong,  
 From Fort St. George we hither came,  
 With hearts all bold and strong;  
 For, when brave Watson leads the way,  
 What British tar can feel dismay?  
 In spite of sands, or shoals, or walls,  
 He, fearless, still goes on;  
 For, where his country's honour calls,  
 He fears for that alone:  
 Britannia's genius fills his sails,  
 And aids his zeal with prosperous gales.  
 The signal made, with joy we weigh  
 From Fulta, and advance  
 Towards the fort of Buzhudgia,  
 From whence we made them prance:  
 Our thundering guns the Moors surprize;  
 They thought such fire came from the skies.  
 Then strait to Tannah's fort we steer'd,  
 From whence the dastards fled,  
 And swore old Ganges ne'er had heard  
 Such thunder o'er his head.  
 We from Calcutta drove the Moors,  
 And made them fly like sons of whores.  
 To Houghly, next, we bent our course,  
 Th' Nabob to catechize,  
 And, dauntless, brav'd his utmost force;  
 Bright honour was the prize:  
 We storm'd the fort, destroy'd the town,  
 And made their walls come tumbling down.  
Whilst



Whilst we still fry in *horrid* zone,  
 Our country's wrongs to right,  
 Do you, our brother tars at home,  
 Exert your wonted might,  
 To quell monsieur's aspiring fame,  
 And raise aloft Old England's name.

FREE

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FREE MASONS SONGS.

**C**OME, let us prepare,  
We brothers that are  
Assembled on merry occasion ;  
Let's drink, laugh, and sing ;  
Our wine has a spring ;  
Here's a health to an Accepted Mason.  
Let's drink, &c.

The world is in pain  
Our secrets to gain,  
And still let them wonder and gaze on :  
They ne'er can divine  
The word or the sign  
Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.  
They ne'er, &c.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,  
They cannot tell what,  
Why so many great men of the nation,  
Should aprons put on,  
To make themselves one  
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.  
Should aprons, &c.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,  
Have laid by their swords,

Our

Our myſtry to put a good grace on,  
 And ne'er been aſham'd  
 To hear themſelves nam'd  
 With a Free and an Accepted Maſon.  
 And ne'er, &c.

Antiquity's pride  
 We have on our ſide,  
 And it maketh men juſt in their ſtation:  
 There's nought but what's good  
 To be underſtood  
 By a Free and an Accepted Maſon.  
 There's nought, &c.

Then join hand in hand,  
 T' each other firm ſtand,  
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on:  
 What mortal can boaſt  
 So noble a toaſt,  
 As a Free and an Accepted Maſon?  
 What mortal, &c.

*The following verſe is always ſung, in lodges,  
 between the fifth and ſix verſes.*

We're true and ſincere,  
 And juſt to the fair,  
 Who will truſt us on ev'ry occaſion:  
 No mortal can more  
 The ladies adore,  
 Than a Free and an Accepted Maſon.  
 No mortal, &c.

**H**AIL Masonry, thou craft divine!  
 Glory of earth, from Heav'n reveal'd;  
 Which doth with jewels precious shine,  
 From all but Mason's eyes conceal'd.

CHORUS.

Thy praises due who can rehearse  
 In nervous prose, or flowing verse?  
 As men from brutes distinguish'd are,  
 A Mason other men excels;  
 For what's in knowledge choice and rare,  
 But in his breast securely dwells.

CHORUS.

His silent breast and faithful heart,  
 Preserve the secrets of the art.  
 From scorching heat and piercing cold;  
 From beasts whose roar the forest rends;  
 From the assaults of warriors bold,  
 The Mason's art mankind defends.

CHORUS.

Be to this art due honour paid,  
 From which mankind receives such aid.  
 Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,  
 Distinctions troublesome and vain;  
 By Masons true are laid aside:  
 Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.

CHORUS.

Ennobled by the name they bear,  
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear;

Sweet

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,  
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,  
 The lodge's lasting cement be!  
 Which has, for ages, firmly stood.

## C H O R U S.

A lodge, thus built, for ages past  
 Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our song be justice done  
 To those who have enrich'd the art,  
 From Jabel down to Beaufort's duke;  
 And let each brother bear a part.

## C H O R U S.

Let noble Masons healths go round:  
 Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

**T**HUS mighty Eastern kings, and some  
 Of Abraham's race, and monarchs  
 good,

Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,

True architecture understood;

No wonder, then, if Masons join,

To celebrate those Mason kings

With solemn note and flowing wine,

Whilst ev'ry brother jointly sings.

## C H O R U S.

Who can unfold the royal art?

Or sing its secrets in a song?

They're safely kept in Mason's heart,

And to the ancient lodge belong.

'Tis

'TIS Masonry unites mankind,  
To generous actions forms the soul;  
So strict in union we're conjoin'd,  
One spirit animates the whole.

CHORUS.

Then let mankind our deeds approve,  
Since union, harmony and love,  
Shall waft us to the realms above.

Where'er aspiring domes arise,  
Wherever sacred altars stand;  
Those altars blaze up to the skies,  
Those domes proclaim the Mason's hand.  
Then let, &c.

The stone unshap'd as lumber lies,  
Till Mason's art its form refines;  
So passions do our souls disguise,  
Till social virtue calms our minds.  
Then let, &c.

Let wretches at our manhood rail;  
But those who once our judgement prove,  
Will own that we, who build so well,  
With equal energy can love.  
Then let, &c.

Tho' still our chief concern and care  
Be to deserve a brother's name;  
For ever mindful of the fair,  
Their choicest favours still we claim.  
Then let, &c.

From

From us pale discord long is fled,  
 With all her train of mortal spite,  
 Nor in our lodge dares shew her head,  
 Sunk in the gloom of endless night:  
 Then let, &c.

My brethren charge your glasses high  
 To our grand master's noble name;  
 Our shouts shall beat the vaulted sky,  
 And ev'ry tongue his praise proclaim,  
 Then let, &c.

**B**Y Mason's art th' aspiring dome  
 In various columns shall arise;  
 All climates are their native home;  
 Their godlike actions reach the skies.  
 Heroes and kings revere their name,  
 While poets sing their lasting fame.  
 Great, noble, generous, good, and brave,  
 Are titles they most justly claim;  
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,  
 Which some unborn shall loud proclaim.  
 Time shall their glorious acts inroll,  
 While love and friendship charm the soul!

**L**ET Masonry be now my theme,  
 Throughout the globe to spread its fame,  
 And eternize each worthy brother's name;  
 Your praise shall to the skies rebound,  
 In lasting happiness abound,  
 And with sweet union all your deeds, your  
 deeds be crown'd.

CHORUS.



## CHORUS.

Sing then; my muse, to Masons glory;  
 Your names are so rever'd in story,  
 That all th' admiring world do now adore ye.

Let harmony divine inspire  
 Your souls with love and gen'rous fire,  
 To copy well-wise Solomon, your fire:  
 Knowledge sublime shall fill each heart  
 The rules of geometry t' impart,  
 Whilst wisdom, strength, and beauty, crown  
 the glorious art.

Sing then, &c.

Let noble Beaufort's health go round,  
 In swelling cups all care be drown'd,  
 And hearts united, 'mongst the Craft be found:  
 May everlasting scenes of joy  
 His peaceful hours of bliss employ,  
 Which Time's all-conqu'ring hand shall ne'er,  
 shall ne'er destroy.

Sing then, &c.

My brethren, thus all cares resign,  
 Your hearts let glow with thoughts divine,  
 And veneration shew to Solomon's shrine.  
 Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,  
 That late posterity shall say,  
 We've crown'd with joy this glorious, happy,  
 happy day.

Sing then, &c.

*Tune, Greedy Midas.*

**W**ITH harmony and flowing wine,  
 My brethren all come with me join  
 To celebrate this happy day,  
 And to our master homage pay.  
 Hail! happy, happy sacred place,  
 Where friendship smiles in ev'ry face,  
 And royal art doth fill the chair,  
 Adorned with his noble square.

Next sings my muse our warden's praise,  
 With chorus loud in tuneful lays;  
 Oh! may these columns ne'er decay,  
 Until the world dissolves away.

My brethren all, come join with me,  
 To sing the praise of Masonry;  
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,  
 Whose arts shall live beyond the grave.

Let envy hide her shameful face,  
 Before us ancient sons of peace;  
 Whose golden precepts still remain  
 Free from envy, pride, or stain.

**W**E brethren, Free Masons, let's mark the  
 great name,

Most antient and loyal, recorded by fame;  
 In unity met, let us merrily sing:  
 The life of a Mason's like that of a king.

No discord, no envy, amongst us shall be,  
 No confusion of tongues, but let's all agree;

Not,

Not, like building of Babel, confound one  
 another,  
 But fill up your glasses and drink to each  
 brother.

A tower they wanted to lead them to bliss ;  
 I hope there's no brother but knows what it is ;  
 Three principal steps in our ladder there be,  
 A myst'ry to all, but to those that are free.  
 Let the strength of our reason keep the square  
 of our heart,

And virtue adorn ev'ry man in his part ;  
 The name of a Cowan we'll not ridicule,  
 But pity his blindness, and count him a fool.

Let's lead a good life, whilst power we have ;  
 And when that our bodies are laid in the grave,  
 We hope with good conscience to Heav'n to climb,  
 And give Peter the pass-word, the token, and  
 sign ;

Saint Peter he opens, and so we pass in  
 To a place that's prepar'd for all those free from  
 sin ;

To that heavenly lodge which is tyl'd most  
 secure ;

A place that's prepar'd for all those that are  
 pure.

**G**RANT me, kind Heaven, what I request ;  
 In Mas'ny let me be blest ;  
 Direct me to that happy place,  
 Where friendship smiles on every face ;  
 Where freedom, and sweet innocence,  
 Enlarge the mind, and chear the sense :

Where scepter'd Reason, from her throne,  
 Surveys the lodge, and makes us one;  
 And harmony's delightful sway  
 For ever sheds ambrosial day;  
 Where we blest Eden's pleasure taste,  
 Whilst balmy joys are our repast.

Our lodge the social virtues grace,  
 And Wisdom's rules we fondly trace;  
 Whole nature, open to our view,  
 Points out the path we should pursue;  
 Let us subsist in lasting peace;  
 And may our happiness increase.

No prying eye can view us here;  
 No fool nor knave disturb our cheer;  
 Our well-form'd laws set mankind free,  
 And gives relief to misery.  
 The poor, oppress'd with woe and grief,  
 Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

**O**N, on, my dear brethren, pursue the good  
 lecture,

And refine on the rules of old architecture;  
 High honour to Masons the craft daily brings,  
 To those brothers of princes, and fellows of  
 kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the  
 stage,

And reviv'd the old arts of Augustus' fam'd age,  
 And Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain,  
 Since so many now rise under great Beaufort's  
 reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with such art,  
Shall amaze the swift eye, and engage the  
whole heart ;

Proportion, sweet harmony, gracing the whole,  
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a  
soul.

Then, master, and brethren, preserve your great  
name ;

This lodge, so majestic, shall purchase you  
fame :

Rever'd it shall stand till all nature expire,  
And it's glories ne'er fade 'till the world is on  
fire.

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,  
Inspires our genius, and bids labour smile :

To our noble grand master let a bumper be  
crown'd ;

To all Masons a bumper ; so let it go round.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,  
Our ancient firm union cements with a glass ;  
And all the contention 'mong Masons shall be,  
Who better can work, or who better agree.

**B**Y Masons art the aspiring dome  
In various columns shall arise ;  
All climates are their native home,

Their godlike actions reach the skies.

Heroes and kings revere their name,

And poets sing their deathless fame.

Great,

Great, gen'rous, noble, wise, and brave,  
 Are titles they most justly claim ;  
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,  
 Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim :  
 Time shall their glorious acts inroll,  
 Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

**W**HEN a lodge of Free Masons are cloath'd  
 in their aprons,  
 In order to make a new brother,  
 With firm hearts and clean hands they repair  
 to their stands,  
 And justly support one another.  
 Trusty brother take care, of eve-droppers be-  
 ware ;  
 'Tis a just and a solemn occasion ;  
 Give the word, and the blow, that workmen  
 may know,  
 There's one asks to be made a Free Mason.  
 The master stands true, and his officers too,  
 While the craftsmen are plying their station ;  
 The apprentices stand right for the command  
 Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.  
 Now traverse your ground, as in duty you're  
 bound,  
 And revere the authentic oration,  
 That leads to the way, and proves the first ray  
 Of the light of an Accepted Mason.  
 Here's words, and here's signs, and here's  
 problems and lines,

And



And here's room, too, for deep speculation ;  
 Here virtue and truth are taught to the youth,  
 When first he's call'd up to a Mason.

Hieroglyphics shine bright, and here light  
 reverts light,

On the rules and the tools of vocation ;  
 We work and we sing the craft and the king ;  
 'Tis both duty and choice in a Mason.

What is said, or is done, is here truly laid  
 down,

In this form of our high installation ;  
 Yet I challenge all men to know what I mean,  
 Unless he's an Accepted Mason.

The ladies claim right to come into our light ;  
 Since the apron, they say, is their bearing :  
 Can they subject their will ? can they keep their  
 tongues still,

And let talking be chang'd into hearing ?  
 This difficult task is the least we can ask,  
 To secure us on sundry occasions ;  
 When with this they comply, our utmost we'll  
 try,

To raise lodges for Lady Free Masons.  
 Till this can be done, must each brother be mum,  
 Tho' the fair one shall wheedle or teaze on ;  
 Be just, true, and kind ; but still bear in mind,  
 At all times, that you are a Free Mason.



**T**HO' bigots storm, and fools declaim,  
 And Masons, some, thro' ign'rance blame;  
 The good, the just, the learn'd, the wise,  
 Freemasonry will ne'er despise.

### C H O R U S.

O'er all the earth let Masons join,  
 To execute one grand design,  
 And strike amazement into fools,  
 Who laugh at Masons and their tools,

On justice, truth, and charity,  
 This edifice shall founded be;  
 And will conspire to rear the whole,  
 By wisdom's just unerring rule.

O'er all, &c.

Let ev'ry Mason, then, prepare,  
 By virtue's mould his work to square,  
 And ev'ry task adjusted be,  
 By th' level of equality.

O'er all, &c.

Let jollity and freedom, then,  
 For ever in our lodge remain;  
 And still our work cemented be  
 By universal harmony.

O'er all, &c.

This structure we will fortify  
 With the barrier of secrecy;  
 A Mason-barrier we may boast,  
 Shall e'er impenetrable last.

O'er all, &c.

To mutual love and friendship rais'd,  
 This fabric shall by all be prais'd;  
 And those who strive to ridicule  
 Our craft, shall but themselves befool.  
 Then o'er the earth, &c.

**B**EHOLD, in a lodge we dear brethren are  
 met,  
 And in proper order together are set;  
 Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known.  
 Our actions to none but Free Masons be'shewn.  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd;  
 Let's stand by our laws, that are wisely contriv'd;  
 And then all the glorious creation shall see,  
 That none are so loving, so friendly as we.

Derry down, &c.

The temple, and many magnificent pile,  
 E'n buildings now standing within our own isle;  
 With wisdom contriv'd, with beauty refin'd,  
 With strength to support, and the building to  
 bind;

Derry down, &c.

Those noble grand structures will always proclaim  
 What honour is due to a Free Mason's name;  
 E'en ages to come, when our work they shall see,  
 Will strive with each other, like us, to be free.

Derry down, &c.

What tho' some, of late, by their spleen,  
 plainly show,  
 They fain wou'd deride what they gladly wou'd  
 know;

Let ev'ry true Brother these vermin despise,  
And the antient grand secret keep back from  
their eyes.

Derry down, &c.

Then, brethren, let's all put our hand to our  
heart,

And resolve from true Masonry ne'er to depart :  
And when the last trumpet on earth shall descend,  
Our lodge will be clos'd, and our secret shall  
end.

Derry down, &c.

### D U E T.

**A**RISE, gentle muse, and with wisdom  
inspire,

Each bosom that glows with an ardent desire ;  
For from glorious actions the bliss that accrues,  
Is the worth all admire, and each Mason pursues.

### S O L O.

Hence harmony springs.

### DUET and CHORUS.

Hence harmony springs ;

'Tis the cement of love ;

Fair freedom on earth,

And bright union above,

Indignant around us tho' discord is seen,  
And malice, dread power of envy, the spleen ;  
To the one we'll be deaf, to the other be blind,  
Since virtue alone is the strength of the mind.

SOLO.

( 179 )

S O L O.

Hence harmony, &c.

DUET and CHORUS.

Hence harmony, &c.

D U E T.

Thus beauty's gay charms, with a lustre divine,  
Our art shall adorn, which for ever shall shine;  
Till time, circling round, shall unfold the  
great truth,  
Which thus has united the sage and the youth.

S O L O.

Hence harmony, &c.

DUET and CHORUS.

Hence harmony springs ;

'Tis the cement of love,

Which shall teach us on earth,

The sweet raptures above.

O D E, for three voices.

**W**AKE the lute and quiv'ring strings,

Mystic truths Urania brings ;

Friendly visitant, to thee

We owe the depths of Masonry.

Fairest of the virgin choir,

Warbling to the golden lyre ;

Welcome here thy art prevail,

Hail, divine Urania ! hail.

S O L O.

( 180 )

S O L O.

Here, in friendship's sacred bow'r,  
The downy-wing'd and smiling hour,  
Mirth invites, and social song,  
Nameless mysteries among.

D U E T.

Crown the bowl, and fill the glass.

T R I O.

To ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,  
To the brotherhood resound,  
Health, and let it thrice go round.

D U E T.

We restore the times of old,  
The blooming, glorious age of gold,  
As the new creation free,  
Blest with gay Euphrosyne.  
We with godlike Science talk,  
And with fair Astrea walk;  
Innocence adorns the day,  
Brighter than the smiles of May.

T R I O.

Pour the rosy wine again,  
Wake a louder, louder strain;  
Rapid zephyrs, as ye fly,  
Waft our voices to the sky,  
While we celebrate the Nine,  
And the wonders of the Trine;  
While the angels sing above,  
As we below, of peace and love.

A MASON'S

**A** Mason's daughter, fair and young,  
 The pride of all the virgin throng,  
 Thus to her lover said:  
 Though, Damon, I your flame approve,  
 Your actions praise, your person love,  
 Yet still I'll live a maid.

None shall untie my virgin zone,  
 But one to whom the secret's known  
 Of fam'd Free Masonry ;  
 In which the great and good combine,  
 To raise, with generous design,  
 Man to felicity.

The lodge excludes the fop and fool,  
 The plodding knave, and party tool,  
 That liberty would sell :  
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,  
 No golden charms can e'er deceive  
 In slavery to dwell.

This said, he bow'd and went away ;  
 Apply was made, without delay  
 Return'd to her again ;  
 The fair one granted his request,  
 Connubial joys their days have blest ;  
 And may they e'er remain.



## ANTIGALLIC MASON'S SONG.

**T**HE wond'ring world, with curious eye,  
 Into our mystery would pry;  
 E'en men of highest stations,  
 With fond ambition long to scan  
 The well-concerted, deep-laid plan,  
 Of Antigallic Masons.

Our president, whose glorious name,  
 Stands high advanc'd by loud-mouth'd fame,  
 Has dignify'd our choice;  
 If zeal for George, if Freedom's cause;  
 If public virtue claims applause,  
 We must in him rejoice.

He bids it boldly be reveal'd,  
 The secret hitherto conceal'd,  
 The only one we've made;  
 That all we wish, or could advance,  
 Is triumph o'er the power of France,  
 And England's blessing, Trade.





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 ANTIGALLICAN SONG.

*Tune, Marquis of Granby.*

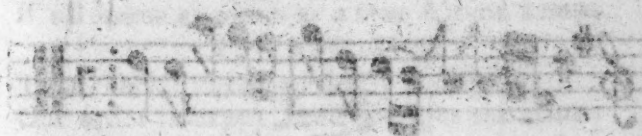
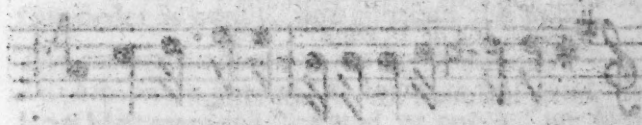
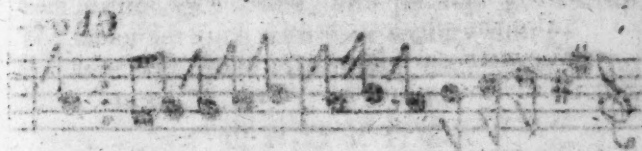
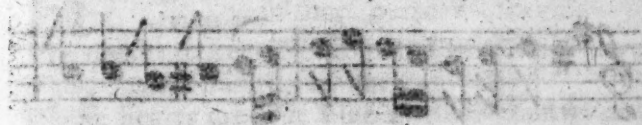
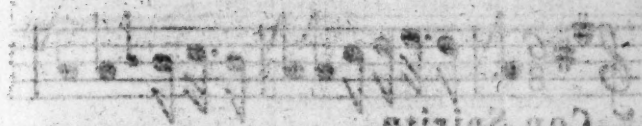
**A**TTEND to the story  
 I'll now lay before ye;  
 'Tis whimsical, faith, and its true, too:  
 And, what is yet more,  
 It was ne'er told before,  
 You may therefore conclude that 'tis new, too.  
 Let Ward, James, and Hill,  
 Boast of powder and pill,  
 I've a nostrum that's truly cephalic,  
 Which, taken with lead,  
 Cures a pain in the head;  
 It is therefore call'd Pulv. Antigallic.  
 When Galassoniere  
 Off Mahon did appear,  
 What a blunder was made thro' neglect on't!  
 Had Byng given our foes  
 Of this powder a dose,  
 He had presently seen the effect on't;  
 But he with French gold,  
 As the story is told,  
 Had been touch'd, so with-held the cephalic:  
 For which, to his head  
 Was administer'd lead,  
 By the virtue of Pulv. Antigallic.

In the year forty-five  
 Britain's arms seem'd to thrive,  
 And that year was accounted prophetic;  
 'Twas then Cumberland's duke  
 Gave the rebels a puke;  
 (For this powder acts as an emetic)  
 Hawk, Warren, and How,  
 Did its virtues well know,  
 And Granby oft' us'd this cephalic;  
 But Sackville, thro' fear,  
 When the French were so near,  
 Made no use of his Pulv. Antigallic.  
 Tho' some folks have thriv'd from't,  
 And honours deriv'd from't,  
 Yet others have dy'd in abuse on't;  
 Like the physical tribe,  
 We with care shou'd prescribe,  
 For its virtue consists in the use on't;  
 When apply'd to our friends,  
 To attain private ends,  
 It then loses its virtue cephalic;  
 Then let us beware  
 Whom we trust with the care  
 Of our glorious Pulv. Antigallic.



How glorious

Our Spirit



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How glorious.



## ALBION SONGS.

**H**OW glorious their virtue, who nobly contrive

The means to keep freedom and friendship alive;  
Who, firmly united, in harmony sing;  
Whose hearts are true blue to their country and king:

All Albions are such, hear the trumpet of Fame,  
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

Let poor thoughtless wretches repair to a club,  
Get liquor, get drunk, and perhaps get a drub;  
We ne'er let such fools our society join;  
For love and good will crown each glass of our wine.

## CHORUS.

You ne'er hear an Albion another defame;  
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

The rules we adhere to are loyal and right;  
An Albion's a patriot, to speak or to fight;  
How blest were old England, to combat her foes,  
If all knew as much as a true Albion knows.

## CHORUS.

To all social virtue we justly lay claim;  
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

The ladies confess, with a satisfy'd air,  
That none like an Albion is form'd for the fair;

A whisper, a look, and some moments chit-chat,  
Soon brings on agreement, and love, and all  
that.

## C H O R U S.

Each beauty's convinc'd that sincere is our flame,  
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

Old Time our society's worth shall enroll,  
And Albions be honour'd from pole unto pole:  
Now raise up your voices, and chearfully sing,  
Success to all Albions, and God save the king.

## C H O R U S.

As spotless as snow is our story in fame;  
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

**A**S long as our coast does with whiteness  
appear,

Still Albion stands foremost in verse;  
Whilst harmony, friendship, and joys are held  
dear,

New bards shall our praises rehearse.

## C H O R U S.

Though lodges less favour'd, less happy, decay,  
Destroy'd by old Time as he runs;

Though Masons, Gregorians, and Bucks fade  
away,

Still Albion shall live in her sons.

If Envy attempts our success to impede,

United we'll trample her down:

If factions shou'd threaten, we'll shew we're  
agreed,

And Discord shall own we are one.

Though lodges, &c.



Whilst with ardor we glow this our order to  
raise,

Promoting its welfare and peace;  
Old Albions return, our endeavours to praise,  
And new ones confirm the increase.

Though lodges, &c.

Go on, cry our parents; for Time is your friend,  
His flight shall encrease your renown;

Gay Mirth shall your guest be, and Bacchus  
attend,

And joy all your meetings shall crown.

Though lodges, &c.

**I**N strains harmonious sound the lay,  
That sings of Albion's noble race,  
Whose free-born minds will ne'er decay,  
Nor time their glorious deeds deface.

### CHORUS.

In valour matchless, heavenly brave;  
We nobly conquer, mildly save;  
Nor dangers fear, nor toils we shun;  
Honour inspires each Albion son.

In chearful ranks our bands advance,  
With warlike ardour dare the foe,  
While haughty Spain, and fickle France,  
With horror dread th' impending blow:

In valour, &c.

Our fleets triumphant ride the main,  
With Albions mann'd, unknown to fear;  
Whose fame all nations shall proclaim,

By conquest gain'd, each warring year.

In valour, &c.



See Liberty's propitious smile,  
 And Plenty's copious horn o'erflow,  
 To blest and guard our native isle,  
 Where artists flourish, science grow,  
 In valour, &c.

Illustrious sons of Albion line,  
 Who thus in legions firm unite,  
 Require the all-recording Nine,  
 To sing your deeds and martial might.  
 In valour, &c.

BUCKS

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B U C K S   S O N G S .

**B**ROTHER Bucks all attend to the theme I  
shall sing,  
And in chorus so loud make the cieling to ring ;  
From thence to the skies let the voices resound,  
While each heart glows with mirth, and the  
bumpers go round.

Sing tantara-rara, Bucks all.

But first to our grand let us due homage pay,  
And may each grateful Buck his lov'd edicts  
obey ;

May his breast, fraught with candour, be open  
and free,

And may all in high station be as honest as he.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

From sacred records our sanction we trace,  
Of old Nimrod the Buck, who was fond of the  
chace ;

But since that our order's so general become,  
Bucks are ev'ry where made, both abroad and at  
home.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Now to Bucks, of all sects, in a health let us  
join ;

Here's the Bucks of the Bell, and the Bucks of  
the Vine ;

Here's

Here's the lodge at the Platter, and likewise to  
those,

Of our order so true, at the Sun and the Rose.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Let him, therefore, who rails at our high ap-  
pellation,

Whate'er be his worth, or whate'er be his  
station,

Weigh maturely the point, and pray hard for  
good luck,

Or it's twenty to one but, incog, he's a Buck.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Here's the politic Buck, whose high antlers  
well tipt,

Shakes his purse at the world, while his Doe's  
fairly leap'd :

Here's a glass of condolance to each plodding  
cit,

That's familiarly buck'd by a lord, or a wit,

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Here's fir Gravity, too, in a bumper so clear,

Who oft at our sanction casts many a sneer ;

Tho' in public he rails, yet, in private, we  
know

He's a Buck ev'ry inch, I appeal to his Doe.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Now to Bucks of all kinds we have toasted  
success,

Here's the sweet pretty Does—for can true Bucks  
do less ?

That

That join in the chorus with accents so shrill;  
And may each jolly Buck have a Doe at his will.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

*Tune.* Sing Tantara-rara, Bucks all.

**C**OME, my Bucks, let to-night be devoted  
to drinking;

To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with  
thinking;

Inspired by Bacchus, I'll sing to his praise,  
And crown with a bumper, instead of the bayes.

Sing tantara-rara, Bucks all.

From Bacchus our name is, tho' some say from  
Jove;

For he was the first (like a Buck) who made  
love;

To a bull, for the sake of Europa, he turns,  
And bequeath'd to the man she should marry,  
his horns.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

'Tis by women each Buck at true honour arrives;  
The first race of Bucks were made Bucks by  
their wives;

When, for glory, the Greeks round the world  
us'd to roam,

Each wife, a true Buck dubb'd her hero at home.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Had the son of fair Thetis, instead of the brine,  
Been plung'd over head in a hoghead of wine,  
He'd

He'd have march'd, among mortals, secure  
from all evil—

A Buck, when he's drunk, is a match for the  
Devil.

But why should the ancients still fill up my lays?

'Tis fit that a modern a modern should praise :

With claret my rosy-crown'd temples I'll 'noint,

And a health take to him who first drank a half  
pint.

Were grapes on the mount of Parnassus but  
growing,

Or Helicon's conduit with French claret flowing;

Nay, would Phœbus but drink like an honest  
good fellow,

Like Bacchus, we'd honour his godship Apollo.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

What are misses, the muses, to nine mouldy  
casks?

Or the tea-table's splendor, to splendid full  
flasks?

What is Pegasus good for? Yes, he shall be  
mine;

I'll keep him as porter to fly for my wine.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

In daisy-deck'd meads, when the birds whistle  
round,

How shrill is their music, how simple the sound?

Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,

And a good fellow's order, Boy, fix bottles  
more.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Can

Can music or verse, love or landscape, bestow  
 A six bottle sound, or a six bottle show;  
 Cou'd I meet them at midnight, their bottoms  
     I'd try,  
 Who first shou'd give out, faith, the bottles or I.  
     Sing tantara-rara, &c.

This tuning and piping! no longer I'll bear it;  
 What's all pipes of music, to one pipe of claret?  
 By my soul, Bucks, I love it—And why, would  
     you know?

Drink only as I've done—you'll all like it too.  
     Sing tantara-rara, &c.

*Tune, Shawnbrey.*

**Y**E Bucks, far and near, to my sonnet give  
     ear,

And quit the dull trouble of thinking;  
 The sage, long ago, said, that nothing he knew,  
 Poor soul, was unstudied in drinking.

    Dull mumbling of Plato,

    Or grumbling with Cato,

Dispassionate stoics will make us;

    But the men truly wise

    Such pedantics despise,

And attend on the lectures of Bacchus.

With full wigs, in fine coach, see the doctors  
     approach,

And muscular mold up their faces,

Grave smell on the cane, apply finger to vein,

And count the slow pulse by grimaces.

S

Their

Their fees first receive,  
 Their opinions then give;  
 With potions and motions they'll quack us;  
 Their prescriptions may drain,  
 But we'll fill up each vein  
 By the nourishing nostrums of Bacchus,  
 By sycophant state, see the meanest made great,  
 Spite of plain-dealing merit endeavours,  
 That jilt, madam Fortune, is hoodwink'd, most  
 certain,  
 And scatters at random her favours.  
 Come, lads of true spirit,  
 Pay courtship to claret,  
 That power the greatest will make us :  
 Can pension, or pope,  
 No, nor ribband, or rope,  
 Lift us up like the bounties of Bacchus ?  
 Ye lads, when ye need with the fair to succeed,  
 With bumpers begin your love's trial ;  
 It emboldens the mind ; in the lady, you'll find,  
 'Twill drown all the force of denial.  
 Drink, drink, in your prime,  
 Toss a bottle to Time,  
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us ;  
 Our decay we prevent,  
 His wounds we cement,  
 By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.  
 Nem. Con. let us join in the praise of good wine,  
 Whilst misers 'midst millions dread dying ;  
 While lovers are mourning, and ladies are  
 scorning,  
 We're love and death equal defying.



Observe, tho', the toast,  
 Left our liquor be lost,  
 And Death 'midst a bottle o'ertake us;  
 To be even with him,  
 Fill each glass to the brim;  
 For we'll die with a bumper to Bacchus;



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## CHOICE SPIRITS SONGS.

*Tune, Sing Tantara-rara, Masks all.*

**Y**E well chose Choice Spirits who blazon  
this throng,  
Offended be not at this joke of a song ;  
No party, profession, nor sex I provoke ;  
No satire I sing, for I sing but in joke.  
Sing tantara-rara, joke all.

Let Stoics pretend to set jests at defiance,  
Let schoolmen pedantical preach up for science ;  
Let self-thinking wise ones on sapience call,  
What's all that they know? why a joke's worth  
it all.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

That life's like a song, preach'd the fages of  
old ;

Poets make it a tale by a poor ideot told ;  
Gay calls it a jest ; but 'tis proper each man,  
Of this song, tale, or joke, to make all that  
he can.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The lady observe, when the lover grows pressing,  
How faint she forbids his attempts at possessing ;  
With a frown, by love soften'd, she cries 'tis  
provoking ;

O, dear sir! be quiet ; yet she is but joking.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

When

When the tith-taking priest would a bishopric  
choose,

The first time 'tis offer'd, in jest, he'll refuse;  
He gravely cries no; but, tho' gravely he spoke,  
When you see him a bishop, you see 'twas a  
joke.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

When the bait of electors, in English, a bribe,  
Is offered, or thrust on the vote-selling tribe,  
They cry, O dear God! why, my lord! nay,  
I've sworn!

Yet they pocket the pelf, and are mad 'twas  
no more.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Tho' the wife may admit, in her dull husband's  
room,

The white stocking footman, or stable-bred  
groom,

She don't think that her vow at the altar is  
broke;

For she meant by her marriage no more than a  
joke.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

We are all made a joke of, by one or another;  
This drolls on his father, and that on his brother.

By every day's practice, our wits have con-  
fess'd,

That they sooner would forfeit their friend than  
their jest.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The joke thus goes on from cradle to coffin ;  
 The time fill'd between is fit only for laughing ;  
 The last joke I mention I'm sure you'll attest ;  
 For you all must allow that my singing's a jest.  
 Sing tantara-rara, &c.

*Tune*, Come, come, my good Shepherd, &c.

**C**OME, come ye Choice Spirits, together  
 resort,  
 In your holyday suits, to great Comus's court :  
 The heartiest of bloods are the joyous and free ;  
 And who are so joyous, so happy as we ?

We harbour no precepts by dull cynics taught ;  
 We practise no rules with sobriety fraught ;  
 The thoughts of our hearts you may read in our  
 eyes ;

For knowing no terror, we need no disguise.  
 By sanctify'd maxims are hypocrites sway'd ;  
 But we all the children of pleasure are bred :  
 By her dictates alone we are guided, to prove  
 The delight of the bottle, and raptures of love.

That giant the watchman we never can dread ;  
 His intrusion we punish by breaking his head ;  
 Champaign and Burgundy expel all our care,  
 And we toast the kind girl, be she black, brown,  
 or fair.

When love has possess'd us, some damsel we hire,  
 Whose eyes, like the liquor, inflame our desire.  
 So, joyous and hearty, we'll drink and be gay,  
 And leave sober cits to defraud and betray.

**CLUBS**

## CLUBS IN GENERAL.

## SONG OR DUET.

**L**ET ambition fire thy mind;  
 Thou wert born o'er man to reign,  
 Not to follow flocks design'd:  
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet;  
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread;  
 Joys encircling joys shall meet,  
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright:  
 Toils of empire pleasures are:  
 Thou shalt only know delight;  
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,  
 For the blessings I bestow,  
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,  
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

**T**HE women all tell me I'm false to my  
 lass,

That I quit my poor Chloe to stick to my glass;  
 But to you men of reason my reasons I'll own,  
 And if you don't like 'em, why let 'em alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,  
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was  
 fair;

But such goodness and charms in a bumper I see,  
 That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own,  
Yet tho' she cou'd smile, yet in truth she cou'd  
frown;

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,  
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;  
But lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;  
But in wine, from its age such a benefit flows,  
That we like it the better the older it grows.

'They tell me, in time, that my love wou'd been  
cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;  
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;  
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,  
She had left me to get an estate, or a lord;  
But my bottle, regardless of titles or pelf,  
Will stand by me, when I can't stand by myself.  
She, too, might have poison'd the joys of my  
life,

With nurses, and children, and squalling, and  
strife:

But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,  
For a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

*ANSWER to the foregoing.*

**Y**E youths be advis'd, and this doctrine  
despise;

To drink is a vice, but to love's to be wise;  
Then leave to the toper his selfish dull plan,  
For love, mighty love's the best proof of a man.

Contempt for the ladies was never yet thought  
 A recommendation, in camp or in court,  
 In law, or in phyfic, mechanics, or sea;  
 He that ceases to love, surely ceases to be.

Then why all this bouncing in praise of his  
 wine?

Had he join'd love and bottle, indeed, I could  
 chime;

But a bigot, in whatever shape he appears,  
 Has a title, I doubt, to his brother's long ears.

He fears being left, and with reason he may,  
 While his wine is his darling, what woman will  
 stay?

For whatever regard they've for titles or pelf,  
 They'll stand by the man that can stand by  
 himself.

Then let no staunch drinker, henceforward, be  
 vain

Of a foible destructive to Venus's reign;  
 But, if he's resolv'd to continue his glass,  
 Let him hug his bottle, let me hug my lass.

**S**INCE pleasure's in fashion, and life but a  
 jest,

In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the best;  
 Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,  
 Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,  
 While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
 I'll keep up the chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,  
 No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;



If Care, or Ill-nature, should come in my reach,  
And, foaming with rage, like a methodist  
preach;

While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll trip up their heels and cry ha-ha-ha-ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,  
Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll  
dance;

But sweeter the music will float in the air,  
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there;  
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,  
Will join the sweet tune of love's ha-ha-ha-ha.

I'll laugh thro' the world, in defiance of strife,  
For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;  
I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,  
Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste;  
Then, friends, while your bosoms are free from  
a flaw,

Swell round the gay chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha.

**I**N good king Charles's golden days,  
When loyalty had no harm in't.

A zealous high-church man I was;  
And so I got preferment.

To teach my flock I never miss'd,

Kings are by God appointed;

And those are damn'd that do resist,

And touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law, I will maintain,

Until my dying day, sir,

That whatsoever king shall reign,

I will be vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne;

And Pop'ry came in fashion,

The penal laws I hooted down,

And read the declaration:

The church of Rome I found would fit

Full well my constitution;

And had become a Jesuit,

But for the revolution.

And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,

To ease the nation's grievance;

With this new wind about I steer'd,

And swore to him allegiance;

Old principles I did revoke,

Set conscience at a distance;

Passive obedience was a joke,

And pish for non-resistance.

And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne ascends the throne,

The church of England's glory,

Another face of things was seen,

And I became a Tory:

Occasional conformists base!

I damn'd their moderation,

And thought the church in danger was

By such prevarication.

And this is law, &c.

When George, in pudding-time, came o'er,

And moderate men look'd big, fir,

I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,

And then became a Whig, fir;

And

And so preferment I procur'd,  
 By our new faith's defender ;  
 And always, every day, abjur'd  
 The pope and the pretender.  
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,  
 And Protestant succession,  
 To these I do allegiance swear,  
 While they can keep possession :  
 For, by my faith and loyalty,  
 I never more will faulter,  
 And George my lawful king shall be  
 Until the time shall alter.  
 And this is law, &c.

**W**HAT a blockhead is he that's afraid to  
 die poor !

We came into the world with our skins, and no  
 more :

So the matter is plain, he that worships his  
 pelf

Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himself.

I'll have women and wine ; I'll have horses and  
 hounds,

And my taste, in all shapes, shall be rul'd by  
 no bounds :

For the matter is plain, &c.

'Tis a smatch of them all must afford the true  
 joy,

In an olio of sports that the heart cannot cloy :

For the matter is plain, &c.

If a miser you prove, the whole world wish you  
dead,

And your wife, and your son, pluck the prop  
from your head :

So the matter is plain, &c.

Let me live, then, thro' life, well-belov'd, and  
at ease ;

My cash shall provide me whatever I please :

For the matter is plain, &c.

*The following SONG, is dedicated to all the  
worthy Electors, in Great-Britain.*

*Tune, Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.*

**W**HAT a noise has there been, what a  
great consternation,

About the state jockeys, that jockey the nation :

'The in's and the out's, up's and down's, a mere  
race is,

And all, jockey like, flog to get the best places :

And he that's flung off, in his fall does ha-  
rangué, fir,

And swears all before him, in justice, shou'd  
hang, fir.

The hindmost condemns what the foremost is  
doing,

And swears he wrong measures is daily pur-  
suing ;

Yet, twenty to one, were he in the same place, fir,

With him that condemns 'twou'd be just the  
same case, fir ;

T

When

'Tis nothing but jockeying, and those that  
remark it

Will find as much jockeying at court, as New-  
market.

When the Scots into places of trust got ad-  
mittance,

And favours were amply bestow'd on North  
Britons;

Then the Whigs were with anger and jealousy  
swelling,

To see those in power, who, before, were  
rebelling:

'Twas this provok'd Wilkes to that fore aggra-  
vation

For which he was jockey'd quite out of the  
nation.

There is not a statesman among the whole band,  
sir,

But tells you he acts for the good of the land, sir;

Yet plain is it seen, that some patriot pretenders,

Who call themselves Englishmen's glorious de-  
fenders,

Do talk, and talk only; for still the great plan,  
sir,

Is to put in their pockets as much as they can,  
sir.

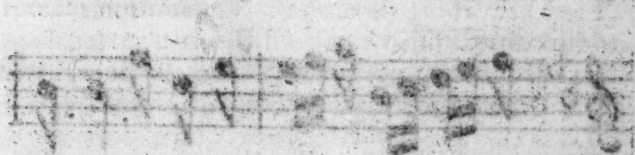
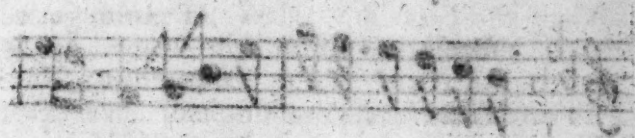
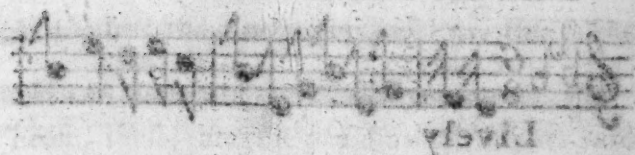
Such plausible guardians our trust we repose in,

They tell us fine stories until they are chosen;

They fawn on the ignorant, and gull the un-  
thinking,

And come on the blindside of them that love  
drinking;

With the words about





(207)

Push the Bottle about





And, after they have purchas'd us, this is the  
case, fir---

They sell us again on a seven years lease, fir.

These, these, are the maxims our rulers are  
prone to,

Which honest men wou'd be asham'd, fir, to  
own to;

Nay, even some bishops have lean'd to these  
notions,

And barter'd the Bible for worldly promotions.

Self-interest is all; so a fig for the din, fir,

It boots not to us who is out or who's in, fir.

**P**USH the bottle about, boys, our spirits  
'twill raise;

I'll sip of the juice while great Bacchus I praise;

I'm ever devoted to kneel at his shrine;

The god I adore for the sake of his wine.

And dear Venus awhile, now, our time shall  
employ;

For love with our wine is the source of our joy;

We cannot be happy completely with wine,

Unless the god Bacchus with Venus we join.

Let the dull thinking miser sigh over his pelf;

What he adds to the heap he but steals from  
himself,

While we imitate the gods Bacchus and Joye,

And dash our champagne with the pleasures of  
love;

**T 2** *Wrote*  
And come on the brink of them that love  
drinking;

*Wrote by L—d C—d, on the robbing of  
the Laundry.*

**C**OME listen to me, and I'll tell you news,  
Just lately come from court;

Its not of a peace, nor not of a truce,

But yet it will make you sport:

With a ruffledom, puffedom, frizledom, madge,

With a high rum frizledom ree;

Sing rouze about, touze about,

Search the whole court about,

Never a smock had she.

Four dozen of smocks the maids have lost,

My good lord Gr-n-h-m said;

'There's never a maid but would rather, by far,

Have lost her maidenhead.

With a ruffledom, &c.

A maid of honor, with nothing upon her!

Her m-j-s-y then cry'd;

Like mother Eve, without fig-leaf

Her nakedness to hide

Her ruffledom, &c.

Shall never wait on me, she said,

Nor in my court appear;

For nothing, like the naked truth,

Shall ever be suffer'd here.

With a ruffledom, &c.

For if, by chance, to take a dance,

Like goddesses on Ida,

These nymphs should come to drawing-room;

Good lack! what wou'd they hide-a?

Why, their ruffledom, &c.

The p-n-ce to one an apple may give,

As Paris did of old ;

But, alas, poor p-n-ce ! I fear thy dad

Won't let that apple be gold.

For a ruffledom, &c.

The k-ng (God blefs him) let us address him ;

For he's a gallant lover ;

He's frank and free, gives money with glee,

Six maidens for to cover,

Their ruffledom, &c.

But he, good man, five pounds a-piece

Unto each maid hath sent,

Of the hundred and fifty thousand pounds

He had from p——t,

For a ruffledom, &c.

**I**N penance for past folly,

A pilgrim blithe and jolly,

Sworn foe to melancholy,

Set out strange lands to see ;

With cockle-shells on hat-brim,

With staff, scrip, beads, and that trim,

As might become a pilgrim,

Begging for charity.

With feet unshod he traces,

O'er hills, o'er wilds, and chaces,

And sundry dismal places,

In hopes some roof to see :

But, when he look'd, and saw no

Kind of hut or house to go to,

Was e'er poor pilgrim plagu'd so,

Begging for charity.

At length, almost dejected,  
 Kind Heav'n, when least expected,  
 A damsel's steps directed,  
 Whence come you, sir, says she?  
 On many weary steps, sweet,  
 And all on these poor bare feet;  
 O, could I be your help-mate;  
 Lodging for charity.

With chearful voice and accent,  
 Says she, I fear you're half spent;  
 But, what I say is well meant,  
 Come lodge this night with me.  
 That favour, ma'am's excessive:  
 Don't speak on't, sir, while you live;  
 If ought I have, or can give,  
 I give for charity.

My tenement is brittle;  
 My room, I fear, too little;  
 It suits me to a tittle;  
 And in at once went he.  
 Through many a town and city  
 I've been to beg for pity,  
 But ne'er found room so pretty,  
 Or so much charity.

Nine days he liv'd in clover;  
 So well he play'd the lover,  
 She thought the time soon over,  
 And are you going, says she?  
 But, gentle pilgrim, shou'd you  
 Return this way, I would do  
 As much as woman could do,  
 And all for charity.

**O**NE evening Good Humour took Wit as  
 his guest,  
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast;  
 Their liquor was claret, and Friendship their  
 host,  
 And mirth, song, and sentiment, garnish'd each  
 toast.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their  
 design;  
 For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit, and  
 wine;  
 Alarm'd, they all heard at the door a loud knock,  
 And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past  
 twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog  
 found,  
 And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent  
 hound;  
 When brought to the light, how much were  
 they pleas'd,  
 To see 'twas the grey glutton, Time, they had  
 seiz'd.

Derry down, &c.

His glass, as his lanthorn, his scythe, as his  
 pole,  
 And his single lock dangled a-down his smooth  
 scull:

My

My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit  
to knock,

And bid you be gone; for 'tis past twelve  
o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

Says the venom'd tooth savage, on this advice  
fix,

Though nature strikes twelve, folly still points  
to fix.

He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd  
bear it;

So hid him, at once, in a hoghead of claret.

Derry down, &c.

This is right, call'd out Wit; while you're yet  
in your prime,

There is nothing like claret for killing of time:

Huzza, reply'd Love, now no more can he  
knock,

Or, impertinent, tell us 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

Since Time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,  
By this maxim we're sure of our time when we  
drink:

With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be  
prim'd

Now we're certain our drinking is always well  
tim'd.

Derry down, &c.

**O**NE morning young Roger accosted me  
thus,

Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss.



Lord! fellow, said I, mind your plough and  
your cart;

Yes! I thank you for nothing, with all my heart.

Well, then, to be sure, he grew civil enough;

He gave me a box, with a paper of snuff;

I took it, I own, yet had still so much art

To cry, Thank you, for nothing, with all my  
heart.

He said, if so be he might make me his wife--

Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my life;

Yet cou'd not help laughing, to see the fool start,

When I thank'd him for nothing, with all my  
heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,

And with him, on Sunday, to chapel I went;

But said 'twas my goodness, more than his desert,

Not to thank him for nothing, with all my  
heart.

The parson cry'd, child, you must after me say,

And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey;

But, faith, when his reverence came to that  
part,

There I thank'd him for nothing, with all my  
heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking  
would throw;

I must not tell tales; but I know what I know;

Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart;

And I thank'd him for something, with all my  
heart.

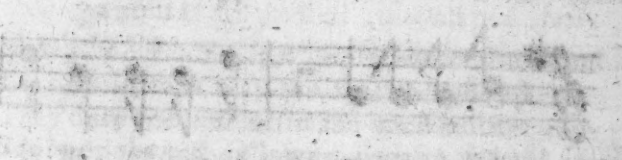
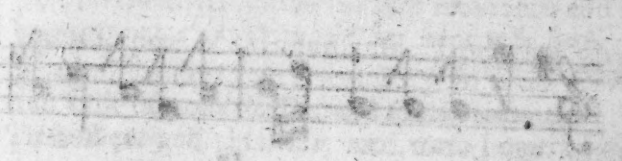
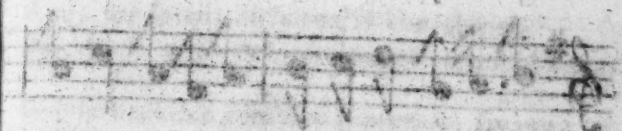
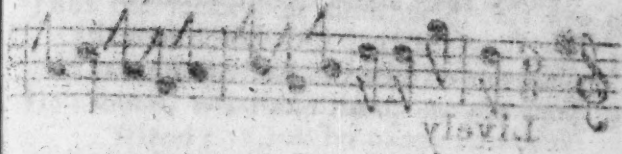
FINE



*Tune, Push about the Brisk Bowl.*

**F**INE songsters apologies too often make ;  
 When call'd on I'm ready to sing,  
 With hums, or with haws,  
 Ne'er attempt to refuse ;  
 And egad, firs, I'll give you the thing.  
 Conceited, our beaux arm in arm walk the  
 streets,  
 In idleness take their full swing ;  
 Each levels his glass when a lady he meets,  
 And, if handsome, they swear she's the thing.  
 The prude, her own person consults in her glass  
 Admiring her finger and ring :  
 Then concludes that her person all others surpass,  
 And that man must confess she's the thing.  
 With smile of self-interest the landlord imparts,  
 Butt entire I always do bring ;  
 Old stingo I draw, that will cherish your hearts ;  
 And, for flavour, indeed 'tis the thing.  
 The huntsman with joy views the hare in full  
 speed,  
 And with ecstasy hears the sky ring ;  
 With the cry of the hounds, and of each neigh-  
 ing steed,  
 Quite enraptur'd, he cries, 'tis the thing.  
 The parson, well pleas'd, trims the smoaking  
 firloin,  
 And sily leers at the pudding ;  
 Lord bless me ! he cries, how nobly I dine !  
 Oh pudding and beef is the thing.  
 Thus

The Fox-O this Mornente



## Pho Pox O this Nonsense .



Thus the jockey, at Smithfield, his nag will  
commend;

What a shape! why he's fit for the king!  
He's sound, wind and limb, on the word of a  
friend;

And, for spirit, he's really the thing.

But, blest with the charms of a good-natur'd  
fair,

Whose breath's like the flowers in spring;

That enjoyment alone can dispel ev'ry care;

Which you all must confess is the thing.

N. B. *One of the verses in the above song is  
omitted, and the last altered from the original.*

PHO, pox o' this nonsense; I pr'ythee give  
o'er,

And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;

Their face, and their air, and their mien, what  
a rout!

Here's to thee, my lad—push the bottle about.

Let finikin fops play the fool and the ape;

They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;

But we, honest fellows; death! who'd ever  
think

Of puling for love, while there's liquor to drink?

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure be-  
flows:

Our joys it encreases, and lightens our woes:

Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,

The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

IF

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks,  
 Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six;  
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul,  
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a  
 bowl.

What's life, but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?  
 My toast shall be this, while we've liquor to  
 quaff:

May mirth and good fellowship ever abound—  
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

**L**ET the tempest of war, be heard from afar,  
 While the trumpet's shrill clangor alarms;  
 Let the valleys around with echoes resound,  
 And a terrible clashing of arms.

Let rivers of blood run down in a flood,  
 While mortals are gasping for breath;  
 Let the brave, if they will, by honour and skill,  
 Seek glory and conquest in death.

To live sole, and retire, is all my desire,  
 With my flocks and my Chloe possess;  
 For with them we obtain true peace, without  
 pain,

And a lasting enjoyment of rest.

In a cottage, or cell, where shepherds do dwell  
 In innocence, freedom, and ease;

We lead peaceable lives, who are blest with  
 good wives,

That study their husbands to please.

What

What blessings below can Heaven bestow,  
 Excelling such quiet as this;  
 No afflictions come here, no griefs interfere,  
 To lessen our measure of bliss.

**O** Greedy Midas I've been told,  
 That what you touch'd you turn'd to gold;  
 O! had I but a pow'r like thine,  
 I'd turn whate'er I touch'd to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,  
 Each fish my fatal power mourn,  
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,  
 Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare t'approach  
 Unto my mantling sparkling vine,  
 But first should pay their votes to me,  
 And stile me only God of wine.

**W**INE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of  
 mirth,

Whence jollity springs and contentment has birth,  
 What mortals so happy as we who combine,  
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine;  
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,  
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not enforc'd by the crown,  
 And we stand to them fair, 'till we fairly fall  
 down;

At acts of repeal we disdain to repine,  
 Nor grudge any tax but the tax on our wine.

U

To

To Cæsar, to Bacchus, our tribute is due,  
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

His worship so grave, here may revel and roar,  
The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so before,  
The parson here strip off his priesthood's disguise,  
And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow  
wise ;

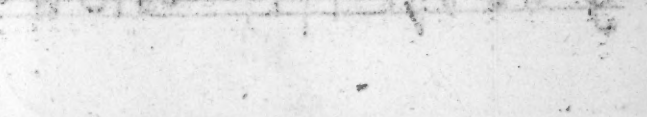
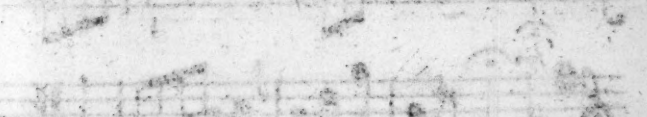
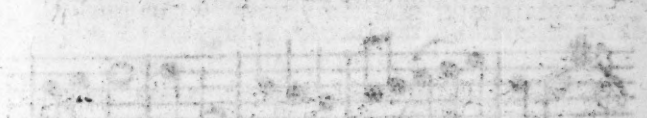
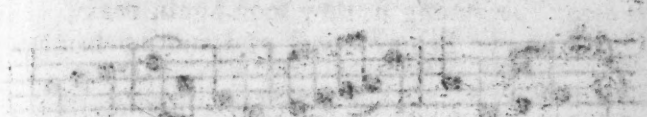
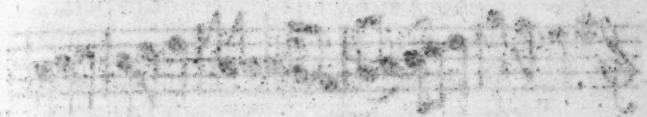
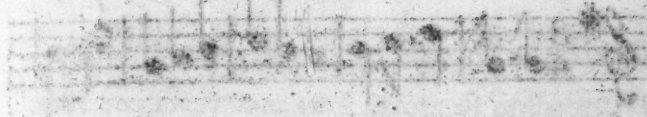
The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,  
So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,  
We seldom break necks, tho' we oft crack a pate ;  
If wars rise among us they soon again cease,  
One bumper brings truce, and another brings  
peace :

'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,  
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.



Gave the Gods of the Greeks



## Once the Gods of the Greeks.



ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial  
feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;  
Merry Momus among them was fat as a guest,  
(Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing :)  
On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,

So none could his jokes disapprove ;  
He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,  
And at last thus began upon Jove.

“ Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,  
Grows grievously tired of late ;

He says that mankind are much wore than before,  
So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.”

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,

From his shoulders commanded the ball,  
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the  
world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe  
round,

To see what each climate was worth ;  
Like a di'mond the whole with an atmosphere  
bound,

And she variously planted the earth :  
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;

France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;  
What suited each clime on each clime she  
bestow'd,

And freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,  
 As guardians to cherish the root;  
 The blossoms of liberty 'gan for to smile,  
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit:  
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,  
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n,  
 We will while we've breath; nay, we'll grasp  
 it in death,  
 Then return it untainted to heav'n.

**B**ACCHUS one day, gayly striding  
 On his never failing ton,  
 Sneaking aquapotes deriding,  
 Thus address'd each toping son:  
 Praise the joys that never vary,  
 And adore the liquid shrine;  
 All things noble, bright and airy,  
 Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.  
 Pristine heroes crown'd with glory,  
 Owe their noble rise to me;  
 Homer wrote the flaming story  
 Fir'd by my divinity:  
 If my influence is wanting,  
 Musick's charms but slowly move,  
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,  
 'Till I fill the swain with love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,  
 Mortals! this way bend your eyes;  
 From my ever flowing treasure,  
 Charming scenes of bliss arise;

Here's

Here's the charming, soothing blessing,  
 Sole dispeller of all pain,  
 Gloomy souls from care releasing,  
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

**W**HEN ever green myrtles afforded a  
 shade,  
 As Collin and Phœbe in dalliance play'd,  
 The youth unawares stole a rapturous kiss,  
 She frown'd, but he cry'd, can you blame me  
 for this?

No, no, dearest girl, e'en the goddess of love,  
 When accosted by Mars, to thwart him ne'er  
 strove,

But whisper'd him fondly, dear Mars let us kiss;  
 Other gods they will envy, not blame us for this.

Whether mortal or goddess, dear girl, 'tis the  
 same,

No brightness in either appears without flame,  
 No flame without fire; then come let us kiss;  
 Since the gods do the same, who'll blame us for  
 this?

Now Phœbe, thus tenderly yielding, reply'd,  
 I own I was wrong but no more will I chide;  
 You've leave, dearest Collin, then why don't you  
 kiss?

Since I find there's no harm I'll not blame you  
 for this.

**FILL**

**F**ILL your glasses, banish grief,  
 Laugh, and worldly cares despise;  
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,

Joy from drinking will arise:  
 Why should we with wrinkled care,  
 Change what nature made so fair?  
 Drink and set your hearts at rest,  
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,  
 Some to honour do aspire,  
 Give me freedom, give me health,  
 There's the sum of my desire;  
 What the world can more present,  
 Will not add to my content,  
 Drink and set your minds at rest,  
 Peace of mind is always best.

Busy brains we know, alas!

With imaginations run,  
 Like the sand in th' hour glass,  
 Turn'd, and turn'd, and still runs on;  
 Never knowing where to stay,  
 But uneasy ev'ry way:  
 Drink and set your hearts at rest,  
 Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth when mingled with our wine,

Makes the heart alert and free,  
 Let it rain, or snow, or shine,  
 Still the same thing 'tis with me;  
 There's no fence against our fate,  
 Changes daily on us wait,  
 Drink and set your hearts at rest,  
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

**C**ONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;  
 For what can this world more afford,  
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,  
 And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd, my brave  
 boys?

See, my vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,  
 Tap that cask, for the wine we will try;  
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye, my  
 brave boys.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and the binns  
 are well fill'd;

View that heap of champagne in the rear;  
 Those bottles of burgundy, see how they're  
 pil'd,

Like artillery, tier upon tier, my brave boys.  
 My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,  
 All gloriously rang'd in review;  
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks  
 As kingdoms I've got to subdue, my brave  
 boys.

In a piece of flit hoop I my candle have stuck,  
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand;  
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I've broke;  
 For I hate that a bumper should stand, my  
 brave boys.

'Tis



'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,

No "hic jacet" engrav'd on my stone;  
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
And say that my drinking is done, my brave boys.

**C**OME all English hearts, independant and free,  
Who stand for enjoyment of true liberty;  
To such I make bold in my verses to sing—  
Then chorus, my lads, and we'll make the air ring.

### C H O R U S.

For this is the cry of the brave country boys,  
Who liberty prizes,  
Disdains and despises

The thoughts and the threats of a gen'ral excise.  
Our strong-beer is tax'd, and we're tax'd in  
our lights,

Yet more would they tax of our natural rights;  
But, sooner than yield to the tax on our fruit,  
The trees, tho' in bloffom, shall fall at the root.

For this, is, &c.

As Britain enjoys the sweet comforts of peace,  
How shameful to tell that her burthens encrease!  
But Englishmen born, who with freedom are  
blefs'd,

Will never submit to be basely oppress'd.

For this, &c.

May

May those who persist in enforcing the deed  
 For evermore dwell on the north side the Tweed,  
 And always abridg'd of that delicate juice  
 Which Worcester-shire pippins are us'd to pro-  
 duce.

For this, &c.

Our fathers before us rejected the bill;  
 Their sons are too stubborn to swallow the pill,  
 And nobly endeavour those measures to shun,  
 Which for thirty years past was by Walpole  
 begun.

**M**Y cautious mother, t'other day,  
 Cry'd, Polly, mind me, do;

I saw young Damon come this way,

And fear he came to you:

You know he's gay, and thought a rake;

So never welcome make him:

Thus I get scolded for his sake—

I wish the deuce wou'd take him.

'Tis true, I met him in the grove;

He gently grasp'd my hand,

Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love

Than I could understand.

And who'd have thought that we were seen?

But of such tricks I'll break him;

If he won't tell me what they mean,

The deuce, sure, ought to take him.

I often feel my bosom glow

With warmth I never knew;

If this be love that haunts me so,

What can a virgin do?

Indeed, for pipe, for dance, and song,

'Gainst ev'ry swain I'll stake him;

But, if he tantalizes long,

I hope the deuce will take him.

They say, from wedlock springs delight;

Then let him speak his mind;

I've no objection to unite

With one so fond and kind.

My mother, tho' too apt to pry,

To disoblige I'm loth;

Howe'er, I'll wed; then all her cry

Will be, Deuce take 'em both.

**S**AVE women and wine there is nothing in  
life

That can bribe honest souls to endure it;

When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded  
with care,

Dear women and wine only cure it.

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women  
and wine,

And wisely to purpose employ them;

He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,

Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound, my  
dear Jack,

To heighten our am'rous fires;

Our girls young and sound, and shall kiss with  
a smack,

And gratify all our desires.

**BACCHUS**

**B**ACCHUS must now his power resign;  
 I am the only God of wine:  
 It is not fit that wretch should be  
 In competition set with me,  
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine!  
 Stock it with nothing else but wine:  
 Let wine the only product be;  
 Let wine be earth, be air, be sea;  
 And let that wine be all for me.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear  
 A tedious life in anxious care;  
 Let the ambitious toil and think;  
 Let states and empires swim or sink,  
 My soul's ambition is to drink.

*Tune.* A Cobler there was, &c.

**T**HERE was an old man, and that's not  
 uncommon;  
 But, if they say true, he was born of a woman!  
 And, tho' quite incredible, I have been told  
 He was rock'd in his cradle, but age made him  
 old.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Whene'er he was hungry, he still wanted meat,  
 And, if he could get it, was certain to eat;  
 When thirsty he'd drink, if you'd give him a  
 pot;  
 But his liquor, most commonly, ran down his  
 throat.

Derry down, &c.

He seldom, or never, cou'd see without light,  
And yet, I've heard say, he cou'd hear at dark  
night;

He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,  
Sometimes found asleep as he lay in his bed.

Derry down, &c.

His face was the strangest that ever was seen,  
For if 'twas not wash'd, it was not quite clean;  
And he shew'd all his teeth if he happen'd to  
grin,

For his mouth it was plac'd between nose and  
chin,

Derry down, &c.

'Twas observ'd that his tongue ne'er lay still  
when he talk'd,

Tho' he mov'd both his legs and his feet when  
he walk'd;

Then his gait was so odd, had you seen him  
you'd burst,

For one leg or t'other wou'd always be first.

Derry down, &c.

When this whimsical piece had a river to cross,  
If he cou'd not get over he staid where he was;  
And tho' he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry  
ground,

Yet was always so lucky as ne'er to be drown'd.

Derry down, &c.

**H**AIL England, old England, for glory re-  
nown'd,

In arms, as in arts, so transcendentally crown'd,

'Tis

'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break;  
 'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at  
 stake;  
 Then now rouse, ye brave, draw the sword,  
 point the lance,  
 And bid the bold cannon hurl thunder to  
 France.

C H O R U S.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! O ye Britons; to con-  
 quest pursue;

For the trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you.

Hark! truth speaks already, our heroes prevail,  
 The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale:  
 Thy cunning, O! France, its own fate will  
 decree;

Success, lo! dawns on us by land and by sea;  
 And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,  
 To force that submission which pride will deny.

Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see;  
 My sons, fight, she cries, 'tis for Freedom and  
 me;

Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore;  
 You've conquer'd them now, whom you've  
 conquer'd before;

And triumph these truths to all nations shall  
 sing,

The ocean is George's, and George is our king.

Huzza, &c.

X

IF



**I**F I live to grow old, as I find I go down,  
 Let this be my fate in a fair country town;  
 Let me have a warm house, with a stone at my  
 gate,  
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

CHORUS.

May I govern my passions with an absolute  
 sway,  
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears  
 away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.  
 In a country town, by a murm'ring brook,  
 With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;  
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,  
 And an easy pad nag, to ride out a mile,

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three  
 more

Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;  
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor  
 teal,

And clean, tho' coarse linen, at ev'ry meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout hamming  
 liquor,

And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;  
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,  
 To drink the king's health as oft' as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

When



When the days are grown short, and it freezes  
and snows,

May I have a coal fire as high as my nose;  
A fire, which once stirr'd up with the prong,  
Will keep the room temp'rate all the night long.

May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted, may I face my last day,  
And when I am dead may the better sort say:

In the morning, when sober, in the evening,  
when mellow,

He's gone, and han't left behind him his fellow;  
For he govern'd his passions with an absolute  
sway,

And grew wiser and better as his strength wore  
away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

**W**HEN Orpheus went down to the regions  
below,

Which men are forbidden to see,  
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,  
To set his Eurydice free.

All Hell was astonish'd, a person so wise

Should so rashly endanger his life,

And venture so far; but how vast their surprize,

When they found that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to the fault,

Old Pluto had puzzled his brain;

But Hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,

So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding, soon vanquish'd his heart,  
 And pleas'd with his playing so well;  
 He took her again, in reward of his art—  
 Such power has musick in Hell.

*Tune,* If he has but sense to balance a straw.

**T**O think on one's follies, sometimes, is  
 but right;  
 And reflection is good, tho' there's nothing  
 got by't:

How many ways mortals pursue after bliss!  
 But still the genteelest is keeping a Miss:  
 The prudent are constant to one, and no more;  
 But I, like a blockhead, must dabble with four;  
 I'll tell you their names, tho' you'll call me a  
 rake:

Miss-fortune, Miss-conduct, Miss-chance, and  
 Miss-take.

Four jilts so destructive, four brimstones so bad,  
 By Jove, were sufficient to drive a man mad:  
 Tho' Jealousy oft' makes the fair disagree,  
 Yet these all united in kindness to me;  
 In life's wanton paths they seduc'd me to stray,  
 And seem'd to spread flowers of delight on the  
 way:

So simple was I, I'd have dy'd for the sake  
 Of Miss-fortune, Miss-conduct, Miss-chance,  
 and Miss-take.

At length, fair Discretion, with Reason com-  
 bin'd,

Thus whisper'd advice, and it dwelt on my mind:  
 You've

You've surely not got 'em for better for worse;  
 Get at once into bus'ness, you'll get a divorce.  
 I thought 'twas my duty to part with 'em, too;  
 Because they so long had detain'd me from you:  
 And now, do but smooke, and I'll ever forsake  
 Miss-fortune, Miss-conduct, Miss-chance, and  
 Miss-take.

**Y**E bucks, and ye bloods; who love tippling  
 and smoaking,  
 Who season each moment with laughing and  
 joking;  
 Awhile be but silent, attend what is spoke,  
 And I'll make it appear that the world is a  
 joke.

Sing tantara-rara, joke all.

The patriot so grave, from plain fir, to his  
 grace,  
 For his country will bawl—till he gets a good  
 place;  
 Then he lays down the mask, and he throws off  
 the cloak,  
 And proves what he said was, alas! but in joke.  
 Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The gen'ral, so brave! would his post soon  
 betray,  
 If his foe would, genteelly, but double his pay;  
 No longer would venture with cannon and  
 smooke,  
 But resign and retire, and then laugh at the  
 joke.  
 Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The lawyer, who pleads that your cause is quite good,

Tho' he knows by himself it is not understood ;  
When he's drain'd all the fees that he can from  
your poke,

Your cause is neglected, and all is a joke.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The physician, so prim, with his cane and large wig,

Who lolls in his chariot, and looks very big,  
When death comes and gives you the finishing  
stroke,

You will find his prescriptions were all but a  
joke.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The next is old Spin-text, reclamer of evil,  
Who says, for your sins you will go to the Devil;  
When out of the pulpit he'll wench, drink, and  
fmoak ;

And all will conclude then his preaching's a  
joke.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The ladies, so virtuous, so charming, and  
pretty,

Who rail against lovers, and cast away pity ;  
Such railing, we know, is no more than a  
cloak ;

For ladies were always all fond of a — joke.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The

The flattering fops, and the tradesmen, who  
cheat,

Will joke at each other when passing the street;  
Nay, he that can't joke we a ninny should call;  
So let us sing tantara-rara, joke all.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

*To the Tune of Rag-Fair.*

**O**LD bards have sung how we could boast  
Of places much renowned,  
For bloody battles won and lost,  
And royal monarchs crowned:  
But all those deeds his age exceeds,  
They are not worth regarding,  
Some have declar'd, when once compar'd,  
With famous Covent-Garden.

First here's a church fam'd Jones did build,  
For people to be good in;  
Where sermons, you may hear, are fill'd  
With reasons like a pudding;  
Though with his clack, the man in black  
Is sometimes very clever;  
Yet I've been told, both young and old  
Return as wise as ever.

And not far off great Shakespear's shade  
His court is always keeping;  
Where comedy is laughing made,  
And tragedy is weeping.  
Here Romeo sighs, and Hamlet dies,  
And brave Othello's undone;  
To please the folks, here's Shuter's jokes,  
Or else the cries of London.

The Bedford next, my muse has found,  
 A fight that's worth our taking ;  
 Where Hobster cries with pleasing sound,  
 " Fresh coffee, sir, is making."  
 Here buskin'd beaus, in rich lac'd cloaths,  
 Like lords and 'squires bluster,  
 Bards, quacks, and cits, knaves, fools, and wits,  
 An odd surprising cluster.

Now further let us steer our course,  
 The Auction-Room invites us,  
 Where Langford talks till he grows hoarse,  
 And gapes as if he'd bite us.  
 " Lot number one, 'tis finely done,  
 The head of Card'nal Fleury ;  
 Guineas a score, I ask no more,  
 'Tis worth it I'll assure you."

Round Hunter's door young surgeons stand,  
 Like crows for carrion waiting ;  
 Within behold the butch'ring band,  
 On blood and bones debating.  
 The doctor thus you here discuss,  
 " A larger vein here seen is,  
 Which from the root begins to shoot,  
 And runs quite through the penis."

Here Venus' sons, more nice than wife,  
 To Douglas's retire ;  
 Who often from love's banquet rise,  
 As sparks ascend from fire.  
 Here Justice too, appears in view,  
 With bandage o'er her peepers,  
 And sword held out, both long and stout,  
 To guard the brothel-keepers.

Here's bullies, gamblers, bawds, and whores,  
 Who daily do ensnare men;  
 Thief-takers, vintners, pimps by scores,  
 With Welch and Irish chairmen;  
 And travellers, who the world go through,  
 Have given attestation;  
 So strange a place, you cannot trace,  
 In any other nation.

## THE RIDDLE.

I'M a hole that's too narrow when first I am try'd,  
 Yet the thing I am made for can stretch me  
 out wide;  
 Tho' at the first entrance perhaps I may teaze ye,  
 Soon after I commonly prove for to please ye.  
 I'm long in my shape, and my depth can't be  
 found,  
 But when I'm stretch'd open, my form is more  
 round;  
 Tho' I'm nothing but mouth, yet no teeth can  
 you find.  
 I am chiefly before, tho' I'm sometimes behind.  
 And as for my colour; if e'er you have seen  
 The whimsical coat of the stage Harlequin,  
 It's white and it's red, and it's black and it's  
 brown,  
 Not a colour on that but on me may be found.  
 Some wimsical fools, who quite bare chose to  
 have me,  
 An act in their favour, petition'd there might  
 be :



Then the k—g and the state took me into their  
care,  
And declared with one voice they would choose  
me with hair.

I was form'd in an instant, but was not com-  
pleat;

There was something still wanting they found  
out not yet;

Then the members rose up, all like creatures  
bewitch'd,

And cry'd, it's worth nothing, if 'tis not well  
stitch'd.

To modest folks ears I would give no offence;

Tho' the meaning is double you may draw from  
hence,

You may think what you will, but my song's  
not obscene,

For 'tis nought but a button-hole, troth, that I  
mean.

*Tune the Abbot of Canterbury.*

**I**N Holland we're told, but I know not how  
true,

The people are all such a niggardly crew,

Tho' blest in abundance with nature's rich gifts,

Both sexes they say, lie without shirts or shifts,

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

It happen'd one night, as in bed a fond pair,

Embracing each other, love's blisses did share;

Dame

Dame Fortune, who always is playing some  
frolic,

Caus'd ma'am to be suddenly seiz'd with the  
cholic,

Derry down, &c.

The husband arose, being greatly afraid

His deary would die, went and call'd up the  
maid :

And finding her pains come on faster and faster,  
Without more delay bade her run for a pastor.

Derry down, &c.

The girl half awake, when she heard master  
knock,

Forgot in the hurry to put on her smock ;

But over her body a jacket did throw,

A petticoat cover'd her beauties below.

Derry down, &c.

With lanthorn in hand, to the pastor she flies,  
Bids him haste home with her—the doctor com-  
plies ;

But scarce got half way, when a shower there  
fell,

Enough to have drown'd all the devils in hell.

Derry down, &c.

His reverence wrapp'd himself safe in his cloak ;

The damsel unthinking, observe well the joke,

To guard 'gainst the rain, by necessity led,

With care flung he petticoat over her head.

Derry down, &c.

Through thick and through thin they trudg'd  
 on together,  
 Like Irish chairmen, ne'er minding the weather;  
 To enlighten his way so officious was she,  
 Now and then to cry out, "Pray, fir, can you  
 see?"

Derry down, &c.

The good man as yet no discovery made,  
 But gravely walk'd after the light's glimm'ring  
 aid;  
 How great his surprize! when at last he discry'd,  
 The *thing* Kitty F<sup>i</sup>sher to man ne'er deny'd.  
 Derry down, &c.

Not a word did he mention concerning the case,  
 Tho' he saw it as plain as the nose in your face;  
 Till again she cry'd out, "Pray, fir, can you  
 see?"

With a shake of the noddle, "Aye, too well,  
 said he,"

Derry down, &c.

Let W——d and W——y, those whining old  
 fools,

Hold forth about virtue, and such squeamish  
 rules;

Had I been so happy to see such a fight,  
 My dame might to heaven have taken her  
 flight.

Derry down, &c.

**A**S Wit, Joke, and Humour, together were  
fat,

With liquor a plentiful stock,  
Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,  
The watchman bawl'd, Past twelve o'clock.

At that hour, I've read, oft' spirits do come,  
And poor timid mortals affright :  
Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,  
An ancient, pale-face meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd, and the candles burnt  
blue,

Wit and Humour began for to stare ;  
Cries out Joke—Look'e, friends, this is nothing  
new,

Behold!—see, 'tis only old Care.]

I know he would tell us, 'twas Time sent him  
here,

And tell us 'tis time to be gone ;  
But we'll tell him this, let him think what he  
dare,

We'll finish him ere it be one.

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,  
Resolving of Care to get free ;  
Wit mov'd it—and strait they all join'd in con-  
sent

To lay the ghost in the Red Sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,  
 And fav'rite toasts they went round;  
 When Humour, well pleas'd, thus set up a  
 laugh :

Quoth he, How Care looks now he's drown'd.  
 When loud shouting began, huzza they all  
 cry'd,

We're rid of this troublesome guest;  
 Fill your bumpers around, let this be our pride,  
 To sing, laugh, and drink to the best.

Now their blood running high, at a conquest  
 so great,

To singing and drinking they fix;  
 With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,  
 And decently parted at fix.

*Tune, A Soldier and a sailor, &c.*

**A** Statesman, and a Doctor,  
 A Justice, and a Proctor,  
 Four creatures now in being,  
 To plunder all agreeing,

And very much in vogue :  
 One evening, very late, fir,  
 Had got in high debate, fir,  
 And were in doubtful strife, fir,  
 Who led the happiest life, fir,

And was the greatest rogue.  
 With countenance most meagre,  
 On disputation eager,  
 With cane up to his nose, fir,  
 The Doctor first arose, fir,

And

And thus the flame revives ;  
 When patients say they're worse, fir,  
 I feel their pulse and purse, fir;  
 And then with launce and pill, fir,  
 I make dispatch to kill, fir,  
 And cheat 'em of their lives.

The lawyer talk'd like fury,  
 And said he'd call a jury,  
 And then they soon would find, fir,  
 He cheated all mankind, fir,  
 And led a life of ease ;  
 With pleas and replications,  
 Long briefs, and declarations,  
 He had, for many years, fir,  
 Set people by the ears, fir,  
 And gull'd 'em of their fees.

The statesman, in a passion,  
 A man of rank and fashion,  
 G—— d—— me, loudly thunder'd,  
 I'll bett you one cool hundred,

I greater proofs can bring :  
 With taxes and conventions,  
 With fine cures and pensions ;  
 With having gain'd a seat, fir,  
 In parliament, I cheat, fir,  
 My country and my king.

Then up the justice started,  
 And thus his mind imparted :  
 'Tis I'm the greatest knave, fir,  
 More skill than all I have, fir,

And mine's the better trade;  
 For, with my brave thieftaker,  
 I cheat you, and your Maker;  
 By swearing black is white, fir,  
 I prove that wrong is right, fir,  
 You swing, and I am paid.

But while these rogues were raving,  
 And one another braving,  
 The candle strait burnt blue, fir,  
 Old Nick appear'd in view, fir,  
 Which caus'd a horrid smell;  
 And quickly, in a crack, fir,  
 Clapp'd all four on his back, fir;  
 Then soon was out of sight, fir,  
 And with them that same night, fir,  
 He got safe into Hell.

*Tune, Black Joke.*

**P**RAY who that was so fond of a joke or a  
 whim,  
 Could laughter forbear at the comical scheme,  
 Of scrubbing and washing the black-a-moor  
 white?  
 The girls of the town 'gan to giggle and grin,  
 And swore d---n his eyes, that they'd never  
 go in;  
 And the pious, good matrons so virtuous, and  
 old,  
 Declar'd 'twas a hum---they'd not part with  
 their gold,  
 Was it even to recover the schemer his fight.  
 Thus



Thus foil'd, his wife w——p enrag'd, soon  
 began,  
 With a new vamt up title, to alter his plan;  
 And the Hercules inn was yclip'd an Asylum;  
 But his scheme of reforming---he soon laid  
 aside it,  
 As all who had heard of it were sure to deride it;  
 And for girls under twelve years of age, but  
 no more,  
 He again advertis'd, and with cant as before,  
 By way of preventive---for fear men should  
 spoil 'em.

**T**OM Ramble, a rake of true catholic  
 hope,

Who relied on salvation by faith in the pope;  
 With some qualms of contrition one morning  
 was taken,  
 And his conscience declar'd it was high time to  
 reckon.

His steps to a convent our gallant address'd,  
 To pour his transgressions in Dominic's breast;  
 He tore his lac'd ruffles, disgrac'd his toupee,  
 He broke his couteau, and he dropp'd on his  
 knee.

R A K E.

O father! lost peace to a sinner restore;  
 These pieces are many, my trespasses more;  
 Thus saying, a purse from his pocket he loos'd;  
 Which, ey'd by the father, this answer produc'd:

Y 3

FRIAR.

F R I A R.

Son, trust our good mother, she'll always confer  
 Indulgence to those who're indulgent to her;  
 Let indigent wretches be scar'd for their souls;  
 The church has remission while you have pistoles.

R A K E.

A shepherdes, harmless and young, I betray'd;  
 I found her, ah! wish I had left her a maid:  
 This brought the repentance, this brought the  
 delight; [shaking the purse]  
 Take, take, holy father, this fiend from my  
 sight.

The friar obey'd, and took charge of the booty;  
 Obedience, you know, was a branch of his duty;  
 So was poverty, too, but (aurum accepit)  
 I hope you don't think his intent was to keep it.  
 But lest a bad tale, by its length, be made worse,  
 The friar well weighing the case---and the purse,  
 I find not, said he, any cause of alarm;  
 You instructed the ignorant---where was the  
 harm?

R A K E.

The charms of a widow my soul did surprize;  
 How gloomy her grief, but how bright were her  
 eyes!  
 No second enjoyments she'd swore to allow;  
 I kiss'd off her tears, and, oh! cancell'd her  
 vow.

F R I A R.

Mere charity, sir, had oblig'd you to this,  
 To comfort the widow can ne'er be amiss;

R A K E.

An hugonot's consort next fell to my share ;  
 In short, sir, I ravish'd the obstinate fair :  
 Her husband intruded, and fell in the strife :  
 I robb'd her of her honour, and him of his life.

F R I A R.

Pish ! let not such trifles your mind incommode ;  
 To take from the heretic's giving to God.

R A K E.

To a beautiful nun I my love did reveal ;  
 She open'd her breast, and I open'd her cell :  
 She open'd, O Heavens !—

F R I A R.

Dampation and Hell !

Mark, mark it in black, ye sacred recorders ;  
 What ! lie with a nun, and not be in orders !  
 No prayers, no alms, can atone for this evil ;  
 Down, down to damnation, down, down to the  
 Devil :

Tom took up his purse, and away crept the  
 monk :

One sneak'd to his gruel, and one to his punk.

*Tune, Black Joke.*

**A**S Chloë was bathing one hot summer's day,  
 The arch god of love went a shooting  
 that way,

With his fly looks, and malice so deep :  
 Were his weapons in order, so naked he found  
 her,

He surely had laid her as flat as a sounder ;

But

But when with his dart he attempted to sting,  
He drew with such force that he broke the bow-  
string,

And then the best he could do was to peep.

The lilies so fair, when as she stood by 'em,  
Were nothing but daffodils when she came nigh  
'em,

So fair was her face, her skin was so white:  
Altho' but a blinker, he plainly discovers  
Such charms as would vanquish the stoutest of  
lovers :

He view'd her behind, and he view'd her before;  
Had he seen his own mother he cou'd not see  
more ;

Oh ! what wou'd a mortal give for the sight.  
Whatever was beautiful, surely was there.  
But nothing so pleas'd the young God as her  
hair,

For never were locks so finely display'd ;  
To name to perfection is hard for my song,  
The colour so bright, and the buckle so strong:  
When she stretch'd 'em at length, they gave  
such a spring,

Which made him conclude one wou'd make a  
bow-string ;

And for it an artful project he laid.

The god from his ambush quickly arose,  
And suddenly stepp'd up the bank to her cloaths,  
And stood, as in arms, confess'd to her sight;  
In what a sad taking was then the poor maid,  
To run to her petticoats she was afraid :

Dear Chloe, says Cupid, for one single hair  
You may purchase my friendship, 'tis what you  
can spare;

Then give it, and there's an end to the fright.

The request was so small she was loth to refuse it;  
But what he insisted on, was, that he'd chuse it,

To which the poor girl was oblig'd to consent;  
He rummag'd her head behind and before,  
Her eye-brows, her eye-lids, and search'd 'em  
all o'er;

He chose one, at length, but from which of the  
three,

The critics dispute it, yet all do agree,

That Cupid was pleas'd, and Chloe content.

His bow then he strung, and his string did so  
fit it,

That he never aim'd at a heart but he hit it:

What havock he made is hard to declare;

Whoever has felt the power of his bow,

It wou'd---blefs his majesty---make him lie low;

Then Chloe, dear Cloe, pray send for a barber,

It may be high treason such locks for to harbour;

For love will get at 'em wherever they are.

**A** Taylor there was, and he liv'd in a garret,  
Who ne'er in his days tasted champaigne  
or claret;

With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,

But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry down, down, &c.

His

His work he pursu'd without any repining,  
When blest'd with a pint of three threads for  
his lining ;

Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,  
With a semstrefs's bodkin destroy'd his quietus.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure,  
His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure :  
His bills he contrives not with items to swell ;  
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them  
to hell.

Cupid pitying his case, at length flew to his  
aid,  
And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had  
made ;

He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute--  
Who e'er finish'd without first beginning his suit!

He visits the semstrefs with awkward address,  
Protests on her kindness hung his happiness ;  
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and  
wheedle,

For she, lack-a-day ! was as sharp as a needle.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,  
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his  
doom ;

Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,  
The fates shears would soon cut off his remnant  
of life.

Do ye think, cry'd the semstrefs, I'll take for  
a spouse,  
One whom no one esteems at three skips of a  
louse ?



Advance in your favour whatever you can,  
A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

The taylor proceeded with lying, intreating;  
And making such speeches which scarce bear  
repeating;

A woman unmarried, was useless, he said;  
Was just like a needle without any thread.

When the priest should have tack'd them to-  
gether, he cry'd,  
For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely pro-  
vide;

Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aspire,  
She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so  
nimble!

And swore that her eyes were more bright than  
her thimble.

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,  
That (I know not how 'twas) he cabbag'd her  
heart.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went;  
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent;  
None but death could the conjugal knot have  
untied;

For cross-legg'd together they sat till they dy'd.  
Derry down, &c.

IN



**I**N story we're told,  
 How our monarchs, of old.  
 O'er France spread their royal domain;  
 But no annals can shew  
 Their pride laid so low,  
 As when brave George the Second did reign,  
 brave boys!

Of Roman and Greek  
 Let Fame no more speak,  
 How their arms the old world did subdue;  
 Thro' the nations around  
 Let our trumpets now sound,  
 How Britons have conquer'd the new, brave  
 boys!

East, west, north, and south,  
 Our cannons' loud mouth  
 Shall the rights of our monarch maintain:  
 On America's strand  
 Amherst limits the land!  
 Boscawen gives law on the main, brave boys!

Each port, and each town,  
 We still make our own,  
 Cape Breton, Crown-Point, Niagar,  
 Guadaloupe, Senegal;  
 Quebec's mighty fall,  
 Shall prove we've no equal in war, brave boys!

Though Conflans did boast  
 He'd conquer our coast,  
 Our thunder soon made monsieur mute:  
 Brave Hawke wing'd his way,  
 Then bounc'd on his prey,  
 And gave him an English salute, brave boys!

At Minden, you know  
 How we conquer'd the foe,  
 While homeward their army now steals ;  
 Tho' they cry British bands  
 Are too hard for our hands,  
 Begar we can beat them in heels, morblieu!

While our heroes from home  
 For laurels now roam,  
 Should the flat-bottom boats but appear ;  
 Our militia shall shew  
 No wooden-shoe foe  
 Can with freemen in battle compare, brave  
 boys!

Our fortunes and lives,  
 Our children and wives,  
 To defend is the time now or never ;  
 Then let each volunteer  
 To the drum-head repair—  
 King George and Old England for ever, brave  
 boys!

**C**OME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we  
 steer,  
 To add something more to this wonderful year ;  
 'Tis to honour we call you, not prefs you like  
 slaves ;  
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves ?

Z

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our  
men ;

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady ;

We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay ;

They never see us, but they wish us away ;

If they run, why we follow, and run them  
ashore ;

For, if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,

They frighten our women, our children, and

beaus :

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get  
o'er,

Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make  
them sweat,

In spite of the Devil, and Brussels Gazette ;

Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us  
sing,

Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and  
king.

Heart of oak, &c.

*Tune, Derry down, &c.*

**W**HEN Bacchus, the patron of Love, Wit,  
and Mirth,  
With vineyards had planted the face of the  
earth,  
Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his  
sway,  
Some, drunk with his bounties, deny'd to obey.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

He harness'd his tygers, he marshall'd his force;  
Silenus was sutler, lord Pan led the horse;  
The Ganges they pass'd, came in sight of the  
foe,  
And struck them all dead, without striking a  
blow.  
Derry down, &c.

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a  
fright;  
For he silyly stole into their camp over night,  
And while they lay sleeping, not dreaming such  
matter,  
He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up with  
water.  
Derry down, &c.

Next morn, when they 'woke, and their bottles  
pull'd out,  
The first gulp they took put them all to the  
rout;

They trembled from monarch to the meanest  
 mechanic;  
 From whence came the phrase, to put men in a  
 panic.

Derry down, &c.

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade  
 Attracts the soft sense of each dress-tempted  
 maid,

Well judge of this scheme, and impartial de-  
 clare,

Could you, with mere water, march fearless to  
 war?

Derry down, &c.

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,  
 As much by his drinking, as fighting, got fame;  
 He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,  
 Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to  
 drink,

Derry down, &c.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank  
 water,

Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate-house  
 slaughter;

Had they drank what they ought, they'd have  
 dropp'd their design,

And no more spilt his blood, than we bucks spill  
 our wine.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our  
 youth;

Kept constant to claret, they're constant to truth;

On the virtues of wine you may safely depend—  
He who sticks to his bottle, will stick to his  
friend.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis wine (like the sun) that invigorates our  
hours;

Wine blooms our complexion, as Sol blooms  
the flowers;

And, as birds grateful sing when he spreads his  
bright rays,

So we bucks, in full chorus, chant bright claret's  
praise.

Derry down, &c.

Mark each rose, when the sun's from our horizon  
fled,

Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy  
his head;

When his wine's gone, each buck thus as sad  
will become,

Fold his arms, give a sigh, hide his head, and  
skulk home.

**A** Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,  
and hall;

No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,

No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself  
happy,

If at night he could purchase a jug of brown  
nappy;

How he'd laugh, then, and whistle, and sing,  
too, most sweet!

Saying, just to a hair I have made both ends  
meet.

Derry down, &c.

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,  
That shoots at the peasant, as well as the beau,  
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the  
heart;

I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;  
Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose, ev'ry  
day,

That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs, as he sat at his work,  
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:  
Whenever he spake she would flounce and would  
flee,

Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;  
He pierc'd thro' his body, instead of the sole;  
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

And now in good will, I advise as a friend,  
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end:

Keep



Keep your hearts out of love; for we find, by  
 what's past,  
 That love brings us all to an end at the last,  
 Derry down, &c.

*The Frenchman's Song.*

**U**NE copler there vas, and he live in vone  
 stall;

It serve him for kitchin and—dining-room too;  
 He'd no coin in his pocket, no care in his head,  
 No ambition had he, nor no dun in his door.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Content he vas live, and vas tink himself happy,  
 If at night he cou'd purchase vone mug of  
 brown beer;

All the day he vou'd vistle, and sing, too, most  
 sweet;

Saying, just to vone hair me bro't bote ends  
 togeder.

Derry down, &c.

But Lose, de disturber of high and of low,  
 Who shoot at de peasant, as vel as de—gentle-  
 man,

He shot de poor copler quite torough de art;  
 And I vish he had shot him in vone oder place.

Derry down, &c.

It vas from vone sellar dis archer did play;  
 A buxome young damsel liv'd---toder side de  
 street;

Her eyes shone so bright, as she rose, ev'ry day,  
 Dat she shot de poor copler quite into his stall.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love song, as he sat at his work ;  
 But she was more hard as vone Turk or vone  
 Jew ;  
 For venever he speak, she vou'd flounce and  
 you'd fleer,  
 And put de poor copler quite out of his sence.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl dat he had in de varld,  
 And to make away vit himself he was determine ;  
 He pierce tro his body, instead of de sole ;  
 So dis copler he dy'd, and de bell it did ring.

Derry down, &c.

And now, in good vill, I advise as vone friend,  
 All coplers take care by dis copler's death ;  
 Keep your hearts out of lose, for ve find by  
 vat's past,

Dat lose brings us all to our end vone time or  
 toder.

Derry down, &c.

**H**E comes, he comes, the hero's come !  
 Sound, sound the trumpet, beat, beat  
 the drum ;  
 From port to port let cannons roar ;  
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare ;  
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air ;  
 From pole to pole your joys resound ;  
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

**I**F gold could lengthen life, I swear,  
 It then should be my chiefeſt care  
 To get a heap, that I might ſay,  
 When Death came to demand his pay,  
 Thou ſlave, take this, and go thy way.

But ſince life is not to be bought,  
 Why ſhould I plague myſelf for nought,  
 Or fooliſhly diſturb the ſkies  
 With vain complaints, or fruitleſs cries ?  
 For if the fatal deſtinies

Have all agreed it ſhall be ſo,  
 What good will gold, or crying do ?

Give me, to eaſe my thirſty ſoul,  
 The joys and comforts of the bowl,  
 Freedom, and health ; and, whiſt I live,  
 Let me not want what Love can give ;  
 Then ſhall I die in peace, and have  
 This conſolation in the grave,  
 That once I had the world my ſlave.

*Tune,* If love's a ſweet paſſion.

**I**F wine be a cordial, why does it torment ?  
 If a poiſon, oh ! tell me whence comes my  
 content ?

Since I drink it with pleaſure, why ſhould I  
 complain ?

Or repent, ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain ?  
 Yet ſo charming the glaſs is, ſo deep is the  
 quart,

That, at once, it both drowns and enlivens the  
 heart ;

I take it off briskly, and, when it is down,  
 By jolly complexion I make my joy known;  
 But oh! how I'm blest! when so strong it does  
     prove  
 By its sovereign heat to expel that of love!  
 When in quenching the old I create a new flame,  
 And am wrapt in such pleasures that still want  
     a name.

*Tune, Let's be jovial, &c.*

**J**OLLY mortals, fill your glasses;  
     Noble deeds are done by wine;  
 Scorn the nymph, and all her graces,  
     Who'd for love or beauty pine?  
 Look within the bowl that's flowing,  
     And a thousand charms you'll find,  
 More than Phillis has, tho' going  
     In a moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,  
     Drank about at council-board:  
 He subdu'd the world by drinking,  
     More than by his conqu'ring sword.

**L**ET's be jovial, fill our glasses,  
     Madness 'tis for us to think  
 How the world is rul'd by asses,  
     And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Let not such vain thoughts oppress us,  
     Riches are to them a snare;  
 We are all as rich as Cræsus---  
     Drink away, and drive off Care.

Wine will make us fresh as roses,  
 And our sorrows quite forget;  
 Come, let's fuddle all our noses,  
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.  
 When grim Death is looking for us,  
 We're carousing o'er our bowls;  
 Bacchus joining in the chorus,  
 Cries, Death begone! here's none but souls.  
 Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,  
 Trembling Death away shall fly,  
 Ever after understanding,  
 Drinking souls can never die.

**W**herever I'm going, and all the day long,  
 Abroad or at home, alone, in a throng,  
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,  
 That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in  
 my song.

Sing balinamone ora, balinamone ora,  
 Balinamone ora, a kiss of your sweet lips for  
 me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose;  
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes:  
 So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,  
 By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.  
 Sing balinamone ora, balinamone ora,  
 Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,  
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will have,  
 And

And grant the petition your lover does crave,  
 Who never was free till you made him your slave,  
 Sing balinamone ora, balinamone ora,  
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,  
 With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and  
 I'll stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,  
 As before you I walk to the church by your side.  
 Sing balinamone ora, balinamone ora,  
 Your little white fist for me.

**T**HO' Austria and Russia, France, Flanders  
 and Prussia,

Have heroes who claim Truth's attention,  
 In the roll of fair Fame, as he took down each  
 name,

Some Britons I said he shou'd mention;  
 And since we have men who are worthy his pen,  
 Who for England act nobly as can be:

When he saw me persist, then he open'd his list,  
 And in front stood the marquis of Granby.

Old Time shook his scythe, as he tottering  
 stood by,

His iron teeth dreadfully grated;  
 But the sad looking crone clear'd his brow from  
 a frown,

When Fame had my errand related:  
 The cheeks of the churl with a smile seem'd  
 to curl,

And



And answer'd me pleasant as can be :  
 Says the single-lock'd seer, friend, this point's  
 pretty clear,  
 We all love the marquis of Granby.

Let curs in the manger, let malecontents rave,  
 And talk how enfeebled our race is,  
 That our fathers were manly, were vig'rous and  
 brave,

And their hearts we might read in their faces.  
 What our ancestors were, at present we are ;

I can prove it as plainly as can be :  
 Let them that would see what a Briton should be,  
 Behold but the marquis of Granby.

Had the cynic Diogenes liv'd to this day,  
 He'd thrown down his lanthorn to view him ;  
 He's esteem'd by the good, and ador'd by the  
 gay,

And fox-hunters hark away to him :  
 By his monarch sent over, to break the French  
 cover,

With bold pack, as staunch as staunch can be,  
 Of British true-blues, to hunt the French Jews,  
 When led by the marquis of Granby.

Bigot Spain has vast wealth ; fickle France has  
 rich wines ;

The Italians shew marvellous banners ;  
 The Indians may boast of their emerald-fill'd  
 mines ;

But Lincolnshire boasts of its Manners ;

A a

The



The di'monds, when worn, the wearer adorn,  
And sparkle as brilliant as can be!

But a flash from such toys is momentary joys;  
For the jewel of Grantham is Granby.

Now the hazards of war for a season subside,  
His country commands not his duty:

Blow, winds, to his wishes; be safety his guide  
To England, love, friendship, and beauty.

From——what-d'ye call——Paderborn, may he  
happy return;

Aye, quickly too, quickly as can be;  
What shall we say, then? why there's Granby  
again;

And again to the marquis of Granby.

**Y**E medly of mortals who make up this  
throng,

Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my  
song;

What you would not expect here, my wit shall  
be new,

And, what is more strange, every word shall be  
true.

Sing tantara-rara, truth all, truth all.

Not a toy in the shop you'll buy cheaper than  
mine;

Send your lasses to me, and you'll spare all your  
coin;

The ladies alone will pay dear for my skill—  
For, if they will hear me, their tongues must  
lie still.

Sing tantara-rara, mute all, &c.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the grave and  
the wife,

Yet they practise all day what they seem to  
despise.

Examine mankind from the great to the small,  
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The parson, brim-full of October and grace,  
With a long taper pipe, and round ruddy face,  
Will rail at our doings; but, when it is dark,  
The parson's disguis'd, and led home by the  
clerk.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and  
cock'd hat,

With, blood! he'll do this; and, zounds! he'll  
do that:

When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,  
And shews that his looks are but masks to his  
heart.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,  
Shews letters from wives, and appointments  
from whores;

But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace;  
For how would he blush, should he come face  
to face!

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

A a 2

The

The courtier, and patriot, 'mongst other fine  
 things,  
 Will talk of their country, and love to their  
 kings;  
 But the mask will drop off, if you shake but the  
 pelf,  
 And shew king and country all center'd in self.  
 Sing tantara-rara, &c.

With an outside of virtue, miss Squeamish, the  
 prude;  
 If you touch her, she faints; if you speak, you  
 are rude:  
 'Thus she's prim, and she's coy, tho' virtue she's  
 none;  
 And perhaps she's caress'd by the coachman, or  
 John.

With a grave mask of wisdom, say Physic and  
 Law,  
 In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's  
 no flaw;  
 'Till Death and the judge have decreed they  
 look big,  
 And you find you have trusted a full bottom'd  
 wig.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,  
 Each neighbour will find that his next is a  
 cheat;  
 But if, O ye mortals! these tricks you pursue,  
 You'll first cheat yourselves, then the Devil  
 cheats you.

Sing tantara-rara, that's all.

**T**WO gossips were merrily met,  
 At nine of the clock before noon;  
 And they were resolv'd for a whet,  
 To keep their sweet voices in tune.  
 Away to the tavern they went;

Quoth Nell, I do vow and protest,  
 That I have a crown yet unspent;  
 Come, let's have a cup of the best.

And I have another, perhaps,  
 Another piece of the same sort;  
 Why need we sit thrumming of caps;  
 Come Harry, and draw us a quart,  
 And let it be liquor of life;

Canary, that generous wine;  
 For I am a buxom young wife,  
 And love to go gallant and fine.

The drawer, as blyth as a bird,  
 Came skipping with hat in his hand;  
 Dear ladies, I'll give you my word,  
 The best shall be at your command.

A quart of Canary he drew;  
 Joan fill'd up her glass and began,  
 Come, gossip, a bumper to you:

I'll pledge thee, girl, were it a tun.

But, neighbours, pray did ye not hear

The common report of the town;

A man of five hundred a year

Is marry'd to Doll, of the Crown;

A a 3 A draggle.

A draggle-tail flut, o' my word;  
 Her cloaths they hang ragged and foul;  
 And wou'd he not fain have a bird,  
 That wou'd give a groat for an owl?  
 And she had a sister, last year,  
 Her name it was Galloping Peg,  
 Could pick up a straw with her ear,  
 And she was as tight as my leg,  
 A brewer he got her with child;  
 But e'en let them brew as they bake;  
 I know she was wanton and wild,  
 But I will ne'er meddle nor make.  
 Nor I, gossip Joan, o' my word;  
 Altho' I have often been told,  
 She stole five yards of broad cloth,  
 A ring, and a locket of gold;  
 A shirt, and a new pair of shoes;  
 And a flourishing madam was she.  
 'Twas Margery told me the news;  
 But it ne'er shall go further for me.

**B**Y Chreesht and shaint Patrick, going home  
 late last night,  
 About two in the morning, I was put in a  
 fright;  
 Comes a dog in a doublet, stripp'd all to his  
 shirt,  
 And throws down poor Teague very clean in  
 the dirt.  
 Then firing his pisttol direct on me faith,  
 Stand still; you damn'd dog, or you're dead on  
 the plaish:

De'el tauke him for me, for his favour and  
 graith,  
 For ne'er was dear joy in more sorrowful caish.  
 Confounded, and speechless, bold as hero, I  
 cry'd,  
 Your rogueship, one day, will at Tyburn be  
 try'd:  
 If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks  
 as these,  
 He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's  
 peash.  
 Thus threaten'd, he civilly cry'd, my dear  
 honey,  
 I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me thy  
 money:  
 My money! dear joy, 'tis Teague's soul—he's  
 undone;  
 Well, e'en take it all--for, by Creeshit, I have  
 none.

**S**HE tells me, with claret she cannot agree,  
 And she thinks of a hogshead when'er she  
 sees me:  
 For I smell like a beast; and, therefore, must I  
 Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny:  
 Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always  
 my friend,  
 And I hope will continue so to my life's end?  
 Must I leave it for her! 'tis a very hard task;  
 Let her go to the devil--here, bring t'other  
 full flask.  
 Had

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me  
 forbear,  
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear;  
 Had she found out my Chloris up three pair of  
 stairs,  
 I had baulk'd her and got to St. James's to  
 pray'r's;  
 Had she bade me read homilies three times a  
 day,  
 She perhaps had been humour'd with little to  
 say;  
 But at night to deny me a flask of dear red,  
 Let her go the devil, there's no more to be said.

**R**AIL no more, ye learned asses,  
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;  
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,  
 Wisdom at the bottom lies:  
 Fill 'em higher still, and higher,  
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;  
 Sipping quenches all our fire,  
 Bumpers light it up again.  
 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,  
 Enter jollity and joy;  
 We for thinking have no leisure,  
 Manly mirth is our employ:  
 Since in life there's nothing certain,  
 We'll the present hour engage;  
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,  
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

WHAT



**W**HAT torrents of party dispute  
Have stream'd in our taverns of late,  
Concerning the treasurer Bute,  
And settling th' affairs of the state.

O Britons, to reason attend,  
O say what this pother's about;  
In taxes your money you'll spend  
What minister's in or what's out.

All along you've deserted her cause,  
And been guided by Discord's sad rules,  
Till by sticking too close to her laws  
You've behav'd like a parcel of fools.

If a Bute is in place of a Pitt,  
What matters the bus'ness to you?  
Your duty you know's to submit  
To their wills and authority too.

For arguments ransack your wit,  
To finally end the dispute,  
If you and your friends are for Pitt,  
There are others as strenuous for Bute.

Herein let me end the debate,  
And quiet the whole of the clatter,  
By leaving th' affairs of the state  
To those who know more of the matter.

Shall I get a halfpenny by't,  
If he, I give voice for, is in?  
No, not an additional doit,  
Nor even the worth of a pin.

For

For them e'en a dinner should lack,  
 And for vict'als go beg in the street,  
 Without e'er a coat to my back,

Or ever a shoe to my feet.

Let us each to our calling attend,

Nor presume to be guides of the great,

We never the matter shall mend,

Which ever we love, or which hate.

Let the shoemaker stick to his last,

And the barber attend on his block,

Th' historian think on what's past,

And the jobber consider his stock.

Let the lover his mistress adore,

And spy out new charms in her face,

Let the publican look to his score,

Thus each honest man to his place.

Let mine be the task to attend,

And prescribe to the vulgar their rules,

That henceforth their manners they mend,

And behave not like so many fools.

**W**ITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,  
 For life without these is a bubble of air;  
 For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,

And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.

Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,

I never shall alter my conduct for them;

I care

I care not how much they my measures decline,  
Let 'm have their own humour, and I will have  
mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,  
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;  
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,  
As when Mars bound his head with a branch  
from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half  
divine,

First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with  
wine;

Then giving and taking, in mutual return,  
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine dis-  
approve,

My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;  
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,  
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

'T WAS in the land of cyder,  
At a place call'd Brampton Bryon,

Such a prank was play'd

'Twixt a man and maid,

That all the saints cry'd fie on—

For gentle John and Susan

Were oft at recreation—

To tell the truth,

This am'rous youth

Caus'd a dreadful conflagration.

Both

Both morning, noon, and night, fir,  
Brisk John was at her crupper,

He got in her geers,  
Five times before pray'rs,  
And six times after supper.

John being well provided,  
So closely did solace her,

That Susan's waist,  
So slackly lac'd,

Shew'd signs of babe of grace fir,

But when the knight perceived  
That Susan had been sinning,

And that his lass,  
For want of grace,

Lov'd kissing more than spinning;

To cleanse the house from scandal,

And filthy fornication ;

Of all such crimes

To shew the times

His utter detestation ;

He took both bed and bolster,

Nay, blankets, sheet, and pillows ;

With Johnny's frock,

And Susan's smock,

And burnt them in the kiln-house.

And every vile utensil

On which they had been wicked,

As chairs, joint-stools,

Old trunks, close-stools,

And eke the three-leg'd cricket.

But

But had each thing defiled,  
 Been burnt at Brampton-Bryon,  
 We all must grant,  
 The knight would want  
 Himself a bed to lie on.

**T**HE fine brims of late were so drest,  
 Who each night along Fleet-street do  
 stray ;

By reformers and patroles distress'd,  
 Are oblig'd to keep out of the way :  
 Alas ! cries the chandler in fear,  
 At this rate I shall lose all my score,  
 There's my neighbour for small-coal and beer,  
 Owes me twenty good shillings and more.

Must our smocks at Pawn-broker's be laid,  
 With tea-cups and punch-bowls scarce flav'd,  
 Be all sold, 'cause the coal is not paid ?

Forbid it each strumpet and bawd :  
 Shall the bloods of the Temple renown'd,  
 E'er reform'd, their old pastime deride ;  
 Or shall J——e in Bow-lane be found,  
 Or honesty near him reside ?

**A**S I and Polly maying went,  
 Along the green wood side ;  
 With some soft words we did consent,  
 That she should be my bride.

My instrument was well in tune,  
 And she in chearful key ;  
 And frankly then we did presume  
 To pipe a roundelay.

B b

Each

Each part did well in consort move,  
 How brisk the tune did beat!  
 Our notes such melting strains did move,  
 That she cry'd out Repeat.

Our music was so charming sweet,  
 We play'd it three times o'er:  
 But when I could no more repeat,  
 She laugh'd and cry'd Encore!

ONE summer eve, as Strephon rov'd,  
 Wrapt up in thoughts profound;  
 Surpris'd, he saw his best belov'd  
 Lie sleeping on the ground.

Awake, my pretty sleeper, 'wake,  
 Awake to Strephon's call;  
 Be careful, for thy lover's sake,  
 'Tis eve, the dew drops fall.

Then to her cheek his lips he laid,  
 And gently stole a kiss;  
 She still slept on, he, not dismay'd,  
 Repeats the transient bliss.

She wakes, and thus, in angry tone,  
 Away, away she cries;  
 Then, fault'ring, bid the swain be gone;  
 Then sigh'd, and clos'd her eyes.

Tho' cruel are thy words, fair maid,  
 Can sighs proceed from hate?  
 My doubts are gone, then down he laid,  
 Resolv'd to share her fate.

Defended

Defended from the noxious air,  
 Within his arms she lay;  
 And tho' he often wak'd the fair,  
 She said no more 'till day.

*Tune, In story we're told, &c.*

**I**N wimsical lays,  
 Permit me to praise.

The colour that bears most renown;  
 While life I enjoy,  
 And pleasures ne'er cloy,  
 Let me have a bit of the brown,  
 Brave boys, &c.

Some people delight  
 In bread that is white,  
 And greedily swallow it down;  
 So odd is my taste,  
 You may think it ill plac'd,  
 Let me have a bit of the brown,  
 Brave boys, &c.

When Englishmen dine  
 On smoaking fir loin,  
 Some with inside their palates will crown;  
 Like poor Jerry Sneak,  
 So patient and meek,  
 Let me have a bit of the brown,  
 Brave boys, &c.

Of all the bright toasts,  
 That Great Briton boasts,  
 And



And inflame the gay sparks of the town;  
 The red, black and fair,  
 Their hearts may ensnare,  
 Let me have a bit of the brown,  
 Brave boys, &c.

With wines in great store,  
 From Gallia's proud shore,  
 The wealthy their senses will drown;  
 Let me, a poor bard,  
 My country regard,  
 Contented with beer nice and brown,  
 Brave boys, &c.

**A** Pretty French miliner ow'd me some money,  
 Which she promis'd to pay in a manner  
 quite funny;

She told me one day in a manner bewitching,  
 Monsieur, me will pay you your money in  
 stitching.

Derry down, &c.

Me can make you some shirts alamode de Paris,  
 Wid de ruffel so fine as you never did see;  
 Mine trade is to hem and to whip and to stitch.  
 Repondez, monsieur, why you look black as pish.

Derry down, &c.

I told her, I wanted not ruffles nor shirts,  
 And resolv'd not to deal any more with such  
 flirts:

She quickly reply'd, den Monsieur if you won't,  
 Begar den I never can settle my conte.

Derry down, &c.

NOT

**N**OT far from town a country squire,  
 An open hearty blade,  
 Had long confess'd a strong desire  
 To kiss the chamber maid.

To kiss, to kiss the chamber maid,  
 One summer's noon, quite full of glee,  
 He led her to the shade,  
 And all beneath the mulb'ry tree,  
 He kiss'd the chamber maid,  
 He kiss'd the chamber maid,

The parson's spouse, from window high,  
 The am'rous pair survey'd,  
 And softly wish'd, none can deny,  
 She'd been the chamber maid ;  
 When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,  
 Kind sir, I'm much afraid,  
 That woman there will tell your bride,  
 You've kiss'd her chamber maid.

The squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,  
 That she might not upbraid,  
 And instantly the lady brought,  
 Where he had kiss'd her maid ;  
 Then all beneath the mulb'ry tree  
 Her ladyship was laid,  
 And three times sweetly kiss'd was she,  
 Just like her chamber maid.

Next morning came the parson's wife,  
 For scandal was her trade,  
 I saw your squire, ma'm, on my life,  
 Great with your chamber maid :

When, cry'd the lady, where and how?

I'll soon discharge the jade:

Beneath the mulb'ry tree, I vow,

He kiss'd your chamber maid.

This falshood, cry'd her ladyship,

Shall not my spouse degrade,

'Twas I chanc'd there to make a slip,

And not my chamber maid;

Both parties parted in a pet,

Not trusting what was said,

And Betty keeps her service yet,

The pretty chamber maid.

**W**HEN mighty roast beef was the English-  
man's food,

It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;

Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were  
good:

O the roast beef of Old England!

And O the Old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conquering  
France

To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,

We're fed up with nothing—but vain complai-  
sance:

O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,

And kept open house with good cheer all day  
long,

Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this  
song:

O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?  
 A sneaking poor race, half begotten,—and tame,  
 Who sully those honours that once shone in  
 fame:

O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
 Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,  
 The world was in terror, if e'er she did  
 frown:

O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,  
 They seldom or never return'd back again;  
 As witness, the vaunting armada of Spain.

O the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat, and to fight,  
 And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do them-  
 selves right;

But now we're a pack of—I could—but good-  
 night:

O the roast beef of Old England!

And O the Old English roast beef!

**W**HEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung the strain:  
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 For Britons never will be slaves.

The

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great  
 and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom sound,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
 Blest'd isle! with beauties, with matchless  
 beauties crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 For Britons never will be slaves.

W H O

WHO has e'er been at Paris, must needs  
know the Greve.

The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave :  
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute,  
To ease heroes pains by a halter or gibbet.

Derry down, down, hay derry down.

There death breaks the shackles, which force  
had put on,

And the hangman compleats, what the judge  
but begun ;

There the squire of the pad, and the knight of  
the post,

Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their  
hopes no more cross'd.

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets  
are known ;

And the king, and the law, and the thief has  
his own :

But my hearers cry out, what a duce dost thou  
ail ?

Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,  
And for want of false witness to back a bad  
cause,

A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear :  
And who to assist, but a grave cordelier.

Derry down, &c.

The

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,

Seem'd not in great haste that the shew should begin ;

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart, And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son ? says the priest ;

You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd. Oh father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon ; For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough ! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies ;

Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis : If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,

You have only to die : let the church do the rest. Derry down, &c,

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ! It reflects upon me, as I know not my trade ?

Courage, friend ; to-day is your period of sorrow ;

And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ! our hero reply'd in a fright :

He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.



Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly  
tuck'd up,

For you surely to-night in Paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the  
treat,

Parbleu ! I shall have little stomach to eat :

I should therefore esteem it great favour and  
grace,

Wou'd you be so kind as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you  
to boot,

But our actions, you know, with our duty must  
suit :

The feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste ;

For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a  
fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,

Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade :

For thy cord and my cord both equally tie ;

And we live by the gold for which other men die.

Derry down, &c.

**W**HEN first to Cambridge we do come,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

From mamma's dear beloved home,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

First, we must have a cap and gown,

And next, the prettiest girl in town.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then next, a tutor we must have,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

'Tis ten to one he proves a knave,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Who minds not what we do all day,

So we come home at night to pray.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then strait he buys us Aristotle,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Which we pawn often for a bottle ;

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

And Euclid's Elements must pack,

For a better element, good sack.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then he writes home unto our friends,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

For money, to serve his own ends,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Which he keeps safe lock'd up in trunk,

Whilst we abroad are ticking drunk.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

There's Item, from Homer, that blind poet,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Be sure your tutor does not know it :

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

We'll smoak, and drink, and merry be,

Until we are as blind as he.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then hang all studying to no end,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Enjoy your bottle, and your friend,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

We'll drink, and smoak, and take our fill,  
We may be parsons when we will.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

**S**YLVIA, on her arm reclining,  
In a shady grove's retreat,  
Lay in loose attire, designing, fal, la, la, &c.  
To avoid the sultry heat.

Tho' unveil'd, she thought no Stander  
By could view the lonely fair,  
While young zephyrs came and fann'd her, fal,  
la, &c.

Beauteous face with fragrant air.

There the blooming nymph lay panting,  
Sighing for her absent swain,  
There extended she lay wanting, fal, la, &c.  
Him to ease her love-sick pain.

Soon the happy youth, who won her,  
To the kind retreat drew near;  
And in transport gaz'd upon her fal, la, &c.,  
Charms repos'd in slumber there.

Love perswaded, 'twas no sin to  
Vent his flames without debate,  
So he boldly enter'd into, fal, la, &c.  
Tales of love with Sylvia strait.

**T**HE stone, that all things turns at will,  
To gold, the chymist craves;  
But gold, without the chymist's skill,  
Turns all men into knaves:  
And a cheating they will go, &c.

The merchant would the courtier cheat,

When on his goods he lays

Too high a price—but, faith he's bit,

For a courtier never pays:

And a cheating, &c.

The lawyer, with a face demure,

Hangs him who steals your pelf;

Because the good man can endure

No robber but himself.

And a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the quack and highwayman,

What difference can there be?

Tho' this with pistol, that with pen,

Both kill you for a fee:

And a cheating, &c.

The husband cheats his loving wife,

And to a mistress goes;

While she at home, to ease her life,

Carouses with the beaus:

And a cheating, &c.

The tenant doth the steward-nick,

(So low this art we find)

The steward doth his lordship trick,

My lord tricks all mankind:

And a cheating, &c.

One sect there are, to whose fair lot

No cheating arts do fall;

And those are parsons call'd, God wot,

And so I cheat you all;

And a cheating, &c.

A H!

Adagio Die Zeit

A handwritten musical score on eight staves. The notation is in a historical style, featuring a treble clef on the first staff and a common time signature 'C' on the second staff. The notes are written in a cursive, somewhat faded hand. The staves are numbered 1 through 8 on the left margin. The paper is aged and shows some staining.

V  
So  
W  
L  
M  
V  
T  
H  
T  
O  
S  
A  
B  
M  
S  
B  
H!

Ah why Did Jockey.



**A** H! why did Jockey gang away,  
 And leave his love behind him;  
 So far in distant climes to stray,  
 Where Jane could never find him;  
 Where thund'ring cannons they do roar,  
 And drums so loudly rattle;  
 Where verdant fields are all in gore,  
 By some most furious battle.  
 Ye guardian powers! my Jockey save,  
 When danger's fix'd around him,  
 For, oh! in arms 'tis known how brave  
 His lairds have always found him;  
 There's ne'er a lad in aw the town  
 Can boast his equal merit,  
 He'll ever fight for England's crown  
 With loyalty and spirit.  
 Oh! had I known the cruel war  
 So long had kept my laddy,  
 I'd gang with him, tho' e'er so far,  
 In aw my best of pladdy:  
 But, hark! I hear the fifes, the drums,  
 Oh! joy beyond expressing!  
 My lovely soldier, see, he comes!  
 I'll fly for to carefs him.

C c 2 DEAR



**D**EAR Chloe, how blubber'd is thy pretty face;

Thy cheek's all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd;

Pr'ythee quit this caprice, and, as Old Falstaff says,

Let's e'en talk a little like folks of this world:

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy

The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?

Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy,

More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle, or two, that I writ,

Your judgment, at once, and my passion, you wrong;

You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit—

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

The god of us versemen, you know, child, the sun,

How, after his journey, he sets up his rest;

If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,

At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when, wearied with wand'ring all day,

To thee my delight, in the ev'ning I come;

No matter what beauties I met in my way;

They were but my visits, but you are my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe! this pastoral war,

And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree;

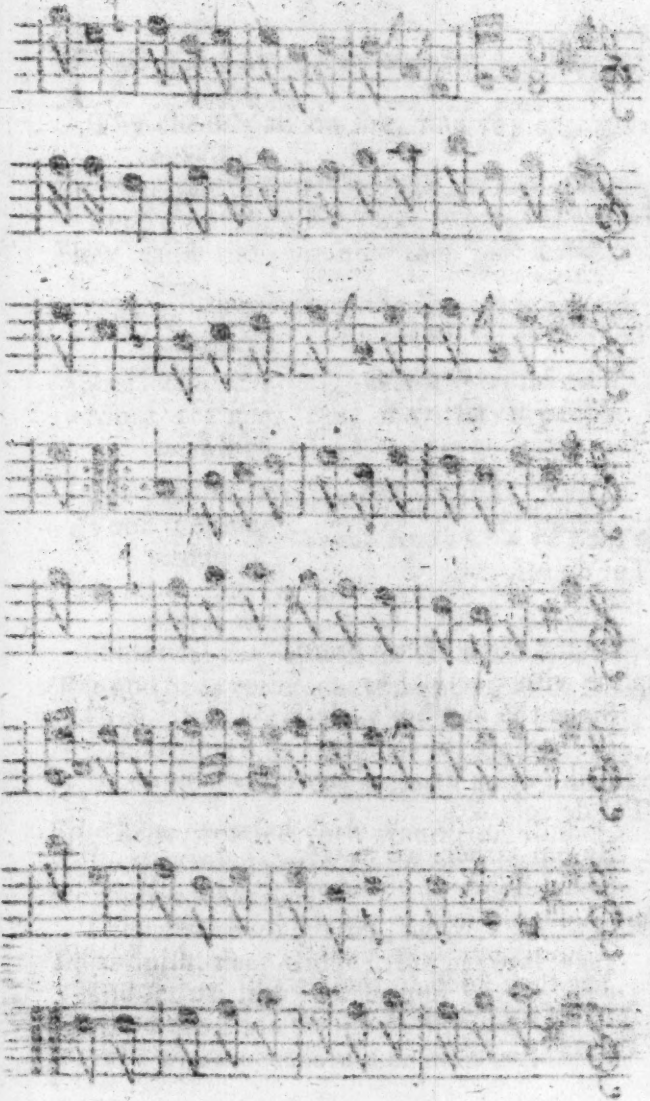
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,

As he was a poet sublimer than me.

## Dear Chloe how Blubber'd.



Dear Child how Blubbered



*We were favoured with the following song, which  
has been sung only in a select society.*

**Y**E Muses divine,  
To the number of Nine,  
Who convey us the language of Heav'n;  
Inspire my rude lays,  
Which aim at the praise  
Of this number, consisting of Seven.  
Tol de rol lol de rol lol.

The Muses reply'd,  
We're all satisfy'd  
At this social appearance; for why?  
We see ev'ry face  
Which honours this place,  
Are such as we cannot deny.  
Tol de rol, &c.

May the loftiest strain  
Be the birth of my brain,  
Replete with poetical fire;  
Since the number's select,  
I'll begin with respect,  
And strike ev'ry string o' my lyre.  
Tol de rol, &c.

By our fathers we're told,  
Seven bishops, of old,  
Were suddenly sent to the Tow'r;  
Tho' slander'd and vext,  
Yet they stood to their text,  
In spite of all tyrannic pow'r.  
Tol de rol, &c.

Let's honour each name,  
 And dwell on their fame  
 Who stood for the Protestant cause;  
 May all, in like manner,  
 Support the true banner  
 Of Freedom, Religion, and Laws.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

The seven stars, high,  
 That bespangle the sky,  
 They drink, dance, and sing, night and day:  
 Let us do the same;  
 For higher we came,  
 To rival 'em in their own way.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Let no grave prigg's speeches,  
 Or wives that wear breeches,  
 Our late sitting sessions abuse;  
 For if such high pow'rs  
 Keep much later hours,  
 Then who can our conduct accuse?  
 Tol de rol, &c.

# C H O R U S.

May honour and wealth,  
 Wit, humour, and health,  
 Await on this united band;  
 That our bright example  
 May serve as a sample  
 To follow quite thorough the land.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly thro' the night,  
 To wanton in the winding stream,  
 And kifs reflected light ;  
 To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,  
 Where you've so seldom been,  
 Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,  
 In primrose chaplets gay ;  
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,  
 And gives the promis'd May :  
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,  
 And rouse yon nodding grove,  
 'Till new wak'd birds distend their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love :  
 At her approach the lark mistakes,  
 And quits the new-dress'd green—  
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks ;  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithsome, o'er the dewy mead,  
 Where elves disportive play,  
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,  
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;

Till

Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,  
 And claims a virgin queen;  
 The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,  
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

*On lord D——n's altering his chapel at Grove  
 to a kitchen.*

*Tune, A Cobler there was, &c.*

**B**Y Ovid, 'mongst many more wonders, we're  
 told,

What chanc'd to Philemon and Baucis, of old;  
 How their cot to a temple was changed by Jove,  
 So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at Grove.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

The lord of the mansion, most rightly, conceiting,

That his guests lov'd good prayers much less  
 than good eating;

And, possess'd by the devil, as some folks will  
 tell ye,

What was meant for the Soul, he assign'd for  
 the belly.

Derry down, &c.

The word was scarce given, but, down dropp'd  
 the clock,

And strait was seen fix'd in the form of a jack;  
 Then, shameful to say, pulpit, benches and  
 pews,

Form'd cupboards and shelves for plates, sauce-  
 pans, and stews.

Derry down, &c.



Pray'r-books turn'd into platters; nor think it  
a fable.

A dresser sprung out of the communion-table;  
Which, instead of the usual repast, bread and  
wine,  
Is stor'd with rich soup, and good English sir-  
loin.

Derry down, &c.

No fires but what pure devotion cou'd raise,  
'Till now, had been known in this temple to  
blaze;  
But, good lord! how the neighbours around  
did admire,  
When a chimney rose up in the room of a spire.

Derry down, &c.

For a Jew many people the master mistook,  
Whose Levites were scullions, whose high-priest,  
a cook;  
And thought that he meant our religion to  
alter,  
When they saw the burnt-offerings smoak at  
the altar.

Derry down, &c.

The bell's solemn sound, which was heard far  
and near,  
And oft' rous'd the chaplain, unwilling, to  
pray'r;  
No more to good sermons now summons the  
sinner;  
But, blasphemous! rings in the county to dinner.

Derry down, &c.

When

When my good lord the bishop had heard the  
 strange story,  
 How the place was prophan'd that was built for  
 God's glory;  
 With zeal he cry'd out, O! how impious the  
 deed!

To cram Christians with pudding, instead of  
 the Creed.

Derry down, &c.

Then away to the Grove hy'd the church's pro-  
 tector,

Resolving to read his lay-brother a lecture;

But he scarce had begun, when he saw plac'd  
 before 'em,

A haunch, piping hot, from the Sanctum  
 Sanctorum.

Derry down, &c.

Troth, quoth he, I find no great sin in the plan,

What was usefess to God, to make useful to man:

Besides, 'tis a true Christian duty, we read,

The poor and the hungry with good things to  
 feed.

Derry down, &c.

Then again on the walls he bestow'd conse-  
 cration,

But reserv'd the full rights of a free visitation:

Thus still 'tis the Lord's, only varied the treat;

Now there's meat without grace, where was  
 grace without meat.

Derry down, &c.

THE

THE tales of your loves, fellow-shepherds,  
I've heard,  
How one has been slighted, while t'other de-  
spair'd;

But your griefs, and your transports, to me  
were the same :

To the passions a stranger, I laugh'd at the  
flame.

My flocks, or my flute, was my only employ ;  
The first claim'd my care, and the latter my joy ;  
Each minute was jocund, each sentiment free--  
Cou'd a swain upon earth be more happy than  
me ?

I ne'er, till this morn, felt a pain at my heart ;  
What should be the cause of it, Thyrsis, im-  
part ;

Unpleasant my meals are, my slumbers un-  
sound,

And, wherever I wander, no rest can be found ;  
To conquer my anguish, I've ev'ry way strove---  
Ah me ! but I fear it is what they call love ;  
Since the blest are less happy when Harriot is  
by,

And, when absent, the slave feels less torment  
than I.

What crimes am I guilty of, tell me, O Fate !  
That you doom me to love, where I rather  
should hate ?

For Harriot's a friend, and I must not complain,  
Lest a victim I fall to a prudent disdain ;

Approach

Approach, Resolution, and lend me thy aid,  
 I ne'er had occasion so great, I'm afraid,  
 What in fact I can't be, yet, O teach me to  
 seem,  
 That tho' she can't love me, she yet may  
 esteem.

PHILLIS

Psalm 100

A handwritten musical score for Psalm 100, consisting of ten staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef. The notation includes various note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, along with rests. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

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1001  
Phillis to whom .



**P**HILLIS, to whom none dare be rude,  
 Whose modest looks conceal'd the prude,  
 By chance was seen, the other day,  
 Alone in shady groves to stray;  
 Perhaps you'll ask what she was at;  
 I dare not tell; but mum for that.

She saw a lovely youth appear;  
 Fearless, where virgins ought to fear:  
 Well, and what then—suppose she did;  
 We know that Scandal's apt to fib;  
 Perhaps you'll ask what they were at;  
 I dare not tell; but mum for that.

Ye fair ones, let this instance prove  
 There's no concealing lawless love;  
 In secret lurks the busy spy—  
 Nay trees have, oft', an unseen eye;  
 Would you conceal what you'd be at,  
 Be more reserv'd; but mum for that.

Since Love must, then, each bosom rule,  
 His precepts learn from Virtue's school;  
 Let wedlock authorize the youth  
 Who burns with honour and with truth:  
 And, should you ask what he'd be at,  
 I dare not tell; but mum for that.

D d

L E T



**L**ET the slave of ambition and wealth  
 On the frolic of fortune depend,  
 I ask but old claret and health,  
 A pack of good hounds, and a friend,  
 In such real joys will be found,  
 True happiness centers in these;  
 While each moment that dances around,  
 Is crown'd with contentment and ease.  
 Old claret can drive away Care;  
 Health smiles on our days as they roll;  
 What can with true friendship compare?  
 And a tally, a tally, I love with my soul;  
 Then up with your bumpers, my boys,  
 Each hour that flies we'll improve;  
 A heel tap's a spy on our joys;  
 Here's to Foxhunting, Friendship, and Love.

WHEN

Two of the most important

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Source: *U.S. Census Bureau, Current Population Reports, 1990, 1995, 2000, 2005, 2010, 2015, 2020, 2025, 2030, 2035, 2040, 2045, 2050, 2055, 2060, 2065, 2070, 2075, 2080, 2085, 2090, 2095, 2100, 2105, 2110, 2115, 2120, 2125, 2130, 2135, 2140, 2145, 2150, 2155, 2160, 2165, 2170, 2175, 2180, 2185, 2190, 2195, 2200, 2205, 2210, 2215, 2220, 2225, 2230, 2235, 2240, 2245, 2250, 2255, 2260, 2265, 2270, 2275, 2280, 2285, 2290, 2295, 2300, 2305, 2310, 2315, 2320, 2325, 2330, 2335, 2340, 2345, 2350, 2355, 2360, 2365, 2370, 2375, 2380, 2385, 2390, 2395, 2400, 2405, 2410, 2415, 2420, 2425, 2430, 2435, 2440, 2445, 2450, 2455, 2460, 2465, 2470, 2475, 2480, 2485, 2490, 2495, 2500, 2505, 2510, 2515, 2520, 2525, 2530, 2535, 2540, 2545, 2550, 2555, 2560, 2565, 2570, 2575, 2580, 2585, 2590, 2595, 2600, 2605, 2610, 2615, 2620, 2625, 2630, 2635, 2640, 2645, 2650, 2655, 2660, 2665, 2670, 2675, 2680, 2685, 2690, 2695, 2700, 2705, 2710, 2715, 2720, 2725, 2730, 2735, 2740, 2745, 2750, 2755, 2760, 2765, 2770, 2775, 2780, 2785, 2790, 2795, 2800, 2805, 2810, 2815, 2820, 2825, 2830, 2835, 2840, 2845, 2850, 2855, 2860, 2865, 2870, 2875, 2880, 2885, 2890, 2895, 2900, 2905, 2910, 2915, 2920, 2925, 2930, 2935, 2940, 2945, 2950, 2955, 2960, 2965, 2970, 2975, 2980, 2985, 2990, 2995, 3000, 3005, 3010, 3015, 3020, 3025, 3030, 3035, 3040, 3045, 3050, 3055, 3060, 3065, 3070, 3075, 3080, 3085, 3090, 3095, 3100, 3105, 3110, 3115, 3120, 3125, 3130, 3135, 3140, 3145, 3150, 3155, 3160, 3165, 3170, 3175, 3180, 3185, 3190, 3195, 3200, 3205, 3210, 3215, 3220, 3225, 3230, 3235, 3240, 3245, 3250, 3255, 3260, 3265, 3270, 3275, 3280, 3285, 3290, 3295, 3300, 3305, 3310, 3315, 3320, 3325, 3330, 3335, 3340, 3345, 3350, 3355, 3360, 3365, 3370, 3375, 3380, 3385, 3390, 3395, 3400, 3405, 3410, 3415, 3420, 3425, 3430, 3435, 3440, 3445, 3450, 3455, 3460, 3465, 3470, 3475, 3480, 3485, 3490, 3495, 3500, 3505, 3510, 3515, 3520, 3525, 3530, 3535, 3540, 3545, 3550, 3555, 3560, 3565, 3570, 3575, 3580, 3585, 3590, 3595, 3600, 3605, 3610, 3615, 3620, 3625, 3630, 3635, 3640, 3645, 3650, 3655, 3660, 3665, 3670, 3675, 3680, 3685, 3690, 3695, 3700, 3705, 3710, 3715, 3720, 3725, 3730, 3735, 3740, 3745, 3750, 3755, 3760, 3765, 3770, 3775, 3780, 3785, 3790, 3795, 3800, 3805, 3810, 3815, 3820, 3825, 3830, 3835, 3840, 3845, 3850, 3855, 3860, 3865, 3870, 3875, 3880, 3885, 3890, 3895, 3900, 3905, 3910, 3915, 3920, 3925, 3930, 3935, 3940, 3945, 3950, 3955, 3960, 3965, 3970, 3975, 3980, 3985, 3990, 3995, 4000, 4005, 4010, 4015, 4020, 4025, 4030, 4035, 4040, 4045, 4050, 4055, 4060, 4065, 4070, 4075, 4080, 4085, 4090, 4095, 4100, 4105, 4110, 4115, 4120, 4125, 4130, 4135, 4140, 4145, 4150, 4155, 4160, 4165, 4170, 4175, 4180, 4185, 4190, 4195, 4200, 4205, 4210, 4215, 4220, 4225, 4230, 4235, 4240, 4245, 4250, 4255, 4260, 4265, 4270, 4275, 4280, 4285, 4290, 4295, 4300, 4305, 4310, 4315, 4320, 4325, 4330, 4335, 4340, 4345, 4350, 4355, 4360, 4365, 4370, 4375, 4380, 4385, 4390, 4395, 4400, 4405, 4410, 4415, 4420, 4425, 4430, 4435, 4440, 4445, 4450, 4455, 4460, 4465, 4470, 4475, 4480, 4485, 4490, 4495, 4500, 4505, 4510, 4515, 4520, 4525, 4530, 4535, 4540, 4545, 4550, 4555, 4560, 4565, 4570, 4575, 4580, 4585, 4590, 4595, 4600, 4605, 4610, 4615, 4620, 4625, 4630, 4635, 4640, 4645, 4650, 4655, 4660, 4665, 4670, 4675, 4680, 4685, 4690, 4695, 4700, 4705, 4710, 4715, 4720, 4725, 4730, 4735, 4740, 4745, 4750, 4755, 4760, 4765, 4770, 4775, 4780, 4785, 4790, 4795, 4800, 4805, 4810, 4815, 4820, 4825, 4830, 4835, 4840, 4845, 4850, 4855, 4860, 4865, 4870, 4875, 4880, 4885, 4890, 4895, 4900, 4905, 4910, 4915, 4920, 4925, 4930, 4935, 4940, 4945, 4950, 4955, 4960, 4965, 4970, 4975, 4980, 4985, 4990, 4995, 5000, 5005, 5010, 5015, 5020, 5025, 5030, 5035, 5040, 5045, 5050, 5055, 5060, 5065, 5070, 5075, 5080, 5085, 5090, 5095, 5100, 5105, 5110, 5115, 5120, 5125, 5130, 5135, 5140, 5145, 5150, 5155, 5160, 5165, 5170, 5175, 5180, 5185, 5190, 5195, 5200, 5205, 5210, 5215, 5220, 5225, 5230, 5235, 5240, 5245, 5250, 5255, 5260, 5265, 5270, 5275, 5280, 5285, 5290, 5295, 5300, 5305, 5310, 5315, 5320, 5325, 5330, 5335, 5340, 5345, 5350, 5355, 5360, 5365, 5370, 5375, 5380, 5385*

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## When I Drain the Rosy Bowl.



WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,  
Joy exhilarates my soul:

To the Nine I raise my song,  
Ever fair, and ever young;  
When full cups my cares expel,  
Sober counsel, then, farewell;  
Let the winds that murmur sweep,  
All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull Time away,  
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,  
Leads me to delightful bow'rs,  
Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs.  
When I quaff the sparkling wine,  
And my locks with roses twine;  
Then I praise life's rural scene,  
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,  
Richest fragrance flowing round,  
And some lovely nymph detain,  
Venus, then, inspires the strain.  
When, from goblets deep and wide,  
I exhaust the gen'rous tide,  
All my soul unbends—I play,  
Gamesome with the young and gay.

CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

**T**HE festive board was met, the social band  
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent  
stand :

My sons, began the sage, be this the rule,  
No brow austere must dare approach my school,  
Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within;  
Old Care begone; here sadness were a sin.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait  
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great;  
Wealth and wisdom I despise;  
Cares surround the rich and wise:  
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,  
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,  
Me their friend and fav'rite own,  
And I was born for them alone.

RECITATIVE.

Business, title, pomp, and state,  
Give them to the fools I hate.

AIR.

But let love, let life be mine;  
Bring me women, bring me wine;  
Speed the dancing hours away,  
Mind not what the grave ones say;  
Gaily let the minutes fly,  
In love and freedom, wit, and joy.

So shall love and life be mine;  
 Bring me women, bring me wine:  
 Speed the dancing hours away,  
 Mind not what the grave ones say.

*Tune, Geho Dobbin.*

**C**OME, Roger, and listen to where I have  
 been;

Ize tell thee what wonderful sights I have zeen,  
 Such places, for pastime, as now bear renown,  
 In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

O brave London! O sweet London!

In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

*Tune, John and Betty.*

First, you must know,

That we did go

Into the zity;

And zaw, not far

From Temple-bar,

The wax-work pretty.

*Tune, I made love to Kate.*

Then they carried me

To church built by St. Paul;

Tho' thousands I did zee,

'Twas bigger than 'em all:

And up the winding stairs,

Amaz'd, we did ascend;

So many, wounds! I thought

We ne'er should zee an end,

But how I gap'd and star'd,  
 When to the top we came ;  
 Had you been in my place,  
 Why, you'd have done the same.

*Tune,* Tom loves Mary passing well.  
 To Guildhall next we did repair,  
 That we might view the giants ;  
 They told me they stood always there,  
 To bid the French defiance :  
 That when they heard the clock strike one,  
 They would come down and greet me ;  
 P'cod I did not like such vun ;  
 I was afraid they'd eat me.

*Tune,* Stick a pin there.  
 And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,  
 The lions, the armour, and crown to behold ;  
 When the shew-man, at last, bid the lasses so fair,  
 In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there.

*Tune,* My fond shepherds, of late, &c.  
 Back to Westminster Abby we stray'd,  
 Where are zeen all the kings, queens, and  
 tombs ;  
 But I never zaw zince I was made,  
 Such a number of deadly high rooms.  
 Then the organs play'd up too so fine ;  
 What the boys sung I understood not ;  
 But the people in chorus did join,  
 That in Heaven I thought I was got.

*Tune,*



*Tune, The Attic Fire.*

At playhouse, too, I did admire  
 A man who walk'd upon a wire,  
 As tho' it was the ground ;  
 And then, the sails of our mill,  
 When mov'd, compar'd with him, stand still ;  
 So fast he did turn round.

*Tune, Kitty Fell.*

But now the time, alas! was come,  
 When I must think of going home ;  
 Ah me! unhappy clown ;  
 I dreamt of what I'd seen all night,  
 And, early by the morning light,  
 I left dear London town.  
 Charming London ! happy London !  
 Adieu ! dear London, London town.

*RECITATIVE.*

**S**YLVIA, whose eyes are fatal as a gun,  
 Sat basking in the sun,  
 One stocking off, the other on :  
 One stocking off, for why, the gentle fair,  
 Just then was minded to repair  
 A breach her fragrant foot had made.  
 The faithful Damon, at her side  
 Intent, the neat performance ey'd,  
 And thus, in plaintive numbers, sung or said.

*A I R.*

Nymph, possess'd of ev'ry grace ;  
 Nice in finger, as in face,

See

See thy swain, all pale and shocking,  
Worn as thin as any stocking:  
Think, ah! think on what he feels,  
And darn a heart that's out at heels.

## RECITATIVE.

Around the careless maid,  
To mortal eyes  
Resembling flies,  
A swarm of buzzing Cupids play'd.

## A I R.

Happy insects! Damon cry'd,  
Who at wanton leisure sip  
Balmy blifs, to me deny'd,  
On my Sylvia's pouting lip.  
See, from ev'ry pore distils  
Liquid essence of the rose;  
Pearly drops, in ruby rills,  
Each exuding feature shows.

## RECITATIVE.

Fair Sylvia, as she sat,  
Simper'd attention underneath her hat;  
Fond love came on a-pace;  
A gracious grin  
Prolongs her chin,  
And open flew the portal of her face.  
Quick, down the rosy road,  
A little subtle god explores the dark abode.  
And, spite of all her coyness, all her art,  
Pervades the soft meanders of her heart.

## A I R.

Heigh, ho! Damon, what's come to me?

Damon, now's your time to woo me;

If you woo me now you'll win me—

Sure, I think the devil's in me;

I can neither stay nor go—

Damon, now's your time—heigh ho!

## RECITATIVE.

**A**S tink'ring Tom the streets his trade did  
cry,

He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;

In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was  
plac'd,

With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:

Tom, with uplifted hands, the occasion bless'd,

And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address'd,

## A I R.

Oh! Sylvia, while you drive your carts

To pick up dust, you steal our hearts;

You take our dust, and steal our hearts:

That mine is gone, alas! is true,

And dwells among the dust with you.

Oh! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain,

Give me the heart you stole, again;

Give me my heart, out of your cart;

Give me the heart you stole, again.

## RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,

Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about;

She

She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,  
 And look'd disdain on little folks below :  
 To Tom she nodded as the cart drew on,  
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop,  
 John.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,  
 Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd ?  
 Ambition now my soul does fire ;  
 The youths shall languish and admire,  
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart.

RECITATIVE.

**A**S porter Will along St. Paul's did move,  
 Depress'd by weighty load, but more by  
 love ;

By chance the fair Cerissa there he found,  
 Crying her fine heart cherries, round and sound :  
 Will, joyous, instant pitch'd, then strait caress'd  
 her,  
 And, leaning o'er her barrow, thus address'd  
 her.

A I R.

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far  
 Than those which in the barrow are ;  
 With such a store of charms, 'tis well  
 You may have stolen hearts to sell :  
 Mine, dear Cerissa, too, you know  
 You stole it from me long ago ;  
 And now I stop to ask of thee  
 To give it back, or marry me.

## RECITATIVE.

Cerissa, archly leering as he spake,  
While all the cherry blush'd upon her cheek,  
The mellowest fruit, unnotic'd, cull'd a-pace,  
And sent, like thunder, at his doleful face:  
Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,  
And, looking round at Will, triumphant sung:

## A I R.

Shall I, possess'd of all these charms,  
Sleep, nightly in a porter's arms?  
M'ambitious soul detests such scum,  
And sighs for conquests yet to come.

Fair youths my sovereign pow'r shall feel;  
Ten thousand hearts I'll daily steal,  
And beauteous nymphs shall, envious, see  
Crown'd heads, and dukes, submit to me,

## RECITATIVE.

**B**RITONS attend, I sing in merry lay,  
The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's  
day;

What surfeits caught, what feeding when they  
dine;

What sober citizens get drunk by nine:

What fights are seen, what rattling, fufs, and  
noise,

Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls and boys;

Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses  
throng,

To view his lordship pass in state along.

## A I R.

## A I R.

*Tune*, Oh ! London is a fine town.  
 Oh ! Lord-mayor's shew, so brave and gay, does  
 honour to the city,  
 And old and young, and rich and poor, must  
 own 'tis vastly pretty  
 To see the gilded coach-and-six, and man in  
 armour ride,  
 In pomp and splendor, from Guildhall unto the  
 water-side :  
 And, when in barges closely pent, such plenty  
 of good cheer ;  
 What pity 'tis so fine a sight should come but  
 once a year !

## RECITATIVE.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,  
 The mob dispers'd, to dinner's all the cry.  
 With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,  
 The starv'd mechanics seek their diff'rent halls,  
 At the full groaning board each takes his seat,  
 With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

## A I R.

*Tune*, Ghosts of ev'ry occupation,  
 Cits of ev'ry occupation,  
 Ev'ry age, and ev'ry station,  
 Parsons, justices of quorum,  
 All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,  
 Press to have their plates fill'd first :  
 With the victuals here such work is,  
 Snatching turtle, geese, and turkies ;

Hares, with puddings in their bellies;  
Cheefecakes, custards, tarts, and jellies,

Bawling, swearing,

Cutting, tearing,

Sweating, puffing,

Licking, stuffing,

Just as if they all would burst.

RECITATIVE.

Their prowess, now, in eating having prov'd,  
The dishes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd;  
Again the table smiles with wine and ale,  
And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail.

Some talk, some laugh, some smoke, some  
snoring lie;

And some, with jovial songs, old Care defy.

A I R.

*Tune.* Come hither my country 'squire.

Come, fill the glass to the brink,

Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives;

Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink

Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

C H O R U S.

Such soaking, such smoaking, and joking,

Such guzzling here you see;

The buck and furr'd gown together sit down,

And all are good company.

E c

A I R.



A I R.

To enjoy life while we may,  
I'll prove from the scriptures is right;  
Old Lot us'd, they say, to fuddle all day,  
And lie with his doxy all night.  
Such foaking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the luscious grape so potent grows,  
'Mirth and good humour's' turn'd to words and  
blows;  
Now rogue and cuckold thro' the hall resound,  
And wigs, and canes, and cravats, strew the  
ground;  
Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head,  
And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

A I R.

*Tune,* There was a jovial beggar.  
Let heroes, both by land sea,  
Their deeds in battle boast;  
They only fame acquire now,  
Who eat and drink the most.  
Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go.  
Then a guttling we will go.  
In story we are told of one,  
An ox slew with his fist;  
Then, at a meal, he eat him up—  
Gods! what a glorious twist!

If, then, good eating's so renown'd,  
 Be this each Briton's pray'r:  
 God blefs the court of Aldermen,  
 The Sheriffs, and Lord Mayor,  
 When a guttling they do go, do go, do go,  
 When a guttling they do go.

## RECITATIVE.

**S**OME courtly youth, whom Love inspires,  
 May sing of flames, and soft desires,  
 Or string Apollo's tuneful lyre,  
 To move in melting strain:  
 But I Parnassus ne'er have seen,  
 The god of Love, or Cyprian queen;  
 I know not what those fancies mean;  
 A poor and homely swain.

## A I R.

I know that I went to the fair,  
 The miller's daughter Moll was there;  
 Her beauty made me gape and stare;  
 A woeful sight for John.  
 I fell in love upon the place;  
 I told her my unhappy case,  
 Yet still she turn'd away her face,  
 And bid me get me gone.

My heart went bumping in my breast,  
 It broke a score of ribs at least;  
 The live-long day I take no rest,  
 Nor close my eyes at night.

I am so bad at times, that I,  
 For aught I know, may come to die:  
 If she keeps on her cruelty,  
 I am in doleful plight.

## RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth  
tells,

Where sad Despair and Famine always dwells,  
A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandfire's  
cook,

As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took.  
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd sir-loin,  
On whom he often wish'd, in vain, to dine.  
Good father Dominick by chance came by,  
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;  
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,  
His benediction on it he bestow'd;  
And, as the solid fat his fingers press'd,  
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight ad-  
dress'd.

## A I R.

*Tune,* A lovely lass to a friar came.  
Oh rare roast beef, lov'd by all mankind,  
If I was doom'd to have thee,  
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,  
And swimming in thy gravy,  
Not all thy country's force combin'd  
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd sir-loin, oft' times decreed  
The theme of English ballad;  
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,  
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:  
Then how much more thy taste doth exceed  
Soup-meagre, frogs, and fallad.

## RECITATIVE.

## RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale and lean,  
 Who such a sight before had never seen,  
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,  
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.  
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,  
 And, in small streams, along the pavement stole.  
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,  
 And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

## A I R.

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,  
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?  
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londre;  
 Oh! grant to me von letel bite.  
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,  
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;  
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,  
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

## RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,  
 Whose brazen front his country did betray;  
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,  
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.  
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,  
 In blubbering accents dolefully he cry'd:

## A I R.

*Tune, Ellen a Roon.*

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,  
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,  
 So taking thy sight is,  
 My joy that so light is,  
 To view thee, by pailfuls, run out at my eyes,

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,  
While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,

Ah, hard-hearted Lewy!

Why did I come to ye?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me  
from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground, hard by, poor Sawney fate,  
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;  
But, when old England's bulwark he espy'd,  
His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:  
With lifted hands he blest his native place,  
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his  
case.

A I R.

*Tune,* The broom of Cowdeknows.

How hard, O Sawney! is thy lot,

Who was so blithe of late,

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great.

O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,

When roasted nice and brown;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down!

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,

This ne'er had happ'd to me:

I wou'd the de'el had pick mine ey'n,

Ere I had gang'd with thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

## RECITATIVE.

But see, my muse to England takes her flight,  
Where Health and Plenty socially unite;  
Where smiling Freedom guards great George's  
throne,

And whips, and chains, and tortures, are not  
known.

That Britain's fame in loftiest strains should  
ring,

In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

## A I R.

As, once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,  
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,  
He boasted, his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,

And O the old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,  
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old  
dame,

Cry'd, Son, to attempt it you're surely to  
blame.

O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,  
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,  
Till swelling and straining too hard, made him  
burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear;  
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur;  
Whose puffs and bravadoes we never need fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while, by our commerce and arts, we are  
able

To see the fir-loin smoaking hot on our table,  
The French may e'en burst, like the frog in the  
fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

**A**S on cricket low, by fire-side, sat John,  
To turn the spit, and baste the meat  
thereon,

Oily emission did his face o'erflow,  
Dropping at chin, as house with thawing snow;  
Cumber'd with love of Doll, who sat hard by  
Culling salub'rous fruit, to make a pye;  
His flame emerg'd, which long in embryo laid,  
Neglects the spit, and thus address'd the maid:

A I R.

Inferior sweets the bees exhale,  
From fertile lawn, or flow'ry dale,

To thy unequal charms:

Thy luscious lips, and cheeks, disclose

The blooming pink, and blushing rose;

O fold me in thy arms!

Then what mortal on earth can our pleasures  
divide,

When John is a bridegroom and Doll is my bride;

Whatever's thy humour, I'll never say nay,

Our nights spend in pleasure, nor discord by  
day.

RECITATIVE.



## RECITATIVE.

Dol, with indignant rage, assaults the swain;  
 Confus'd her passion, like the rapid main;  
 At length, imperious, to the scull'ry flies,  
 The ladle wields, and thus exulting cries:  
 Presumptuous fool, no longer sing, elate,  
 Nor with such music woo me for thy mate;  
 Blyth as the feather'd race, born to be free,  
 I'll live—then listen to my will's decree:

## A I R.

Were men as scarce as diamonds are,  
 But seldom to be found,  
 The maiden's state I'd calmly bear,  
 Ere to such lout be bound;  
 Shall I, whom footmen often woo,  
 Stoop to a clumsy wretch, like you!

## RECITATIVE.

John stood aghast, his head despondent hung,  
 While fear confin'd the efforts of his tongue:  
 But, soon as Reason had resum'd her reign,  
 He took his seat, and turn'd the spit again;  
 Resolv'd no more the maiden to invoke;  
 With mimic accent thus his mind he broke.

## A I R.

The kids that crop the verdant lawn,  
 The larks that climb the sky,  
 The bleating lamb, the dapple fawn,  
 Are not more blythe than I:  
 Henceforth, Content shall crown my brow,  
 Releas'd from ev'ry nuptial vow.

SELECT

## SELECT OLD SONGS.

*Tune, Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.*

**W**HENCE comes it, neighbour Dick,  
That you, with youth uncommon,  
Have serv'd the girls this trick,  
And wedded an old woman?

Happy Dick!

Each Belle condemns the choice,  
Of a youth so gay and sprightly;  
But we your friends rejoice,  
That you have judg'd so rightly:  
Happy Dick!

Though odd to some it sounds,  
That on threescore you ventur'd;  
Yet, in ten thousand pounds,  
Ten thousand charms are center'd:  
Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,  
As doth the short-liv'd flower;  
Nor can the fairest maid,  
Insure her bloom an hour:  
Happy Dick!

Then wisely you resign,  
For sixty, charms so transient;  
As the curious value coin  
The more for being ancient.  
Happy Dick!

With

With joy your spouse shall see,  
The fading beauties round her,  
And she herself still be,  
The same that first you found her.  
Happy Dick !

Oft is the married state,  
With jealousies attended ;  
And hence through foul debate,  
Are nuptial joys suspended.  
Happy Dick !

But you, with such a wife,  
No jealous fears are under ;  
She's yours alone, for life,  
Or much we all shall wonder.  
Happy Dick !

Her death would grieve you sore,  
But let not that torment you ;  
My life, she'll see fourscore,  
If that will but content you.  
Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,  
For the pains you took to win her,  
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,  
Unless the d——l's in her.  
Happy Dick !

Some have the name of Hell,  
To matrimony given ;  
How falsely you can tell,  
Who find it such a Heaven.  
Happy Dick !

With

With you, each day and night  
 Is crown'd with joy and gladness;  
 While envious virgins bite  
 The hated sheets for madness:  
 Happy Dick!

With spouse long share the bliss,  
 Y'had miss'd in any other;  
 And when you've bury'd this,  
 May you have such another.  
 Happy Dick!

Observing hence, by you,  
 In marriage such decorum,  
 Our wiser youth shall do,  
 As you have done before 'em:  
 Happy Dick!

**T**HREE nymphs contending for my hear  
 With diff'rent charms and grace;  
 The first sold puddings, pies, and tarts,  
 The second, pins and lace;  
 The third employ'd herself to cry  
 The news three times a week,  
 Besides, each night, 'twas her delight,  
 To cry hot bak'd ox-cheek.

Look, gods, from your celestial bowers,  
 And guide me to the best;  
 And may my faculties and powers  
 Of heart and mind be blest.  
 Whilst thus I cry'd, the gods reply'd,  
 Thy fate can't be revers'd:  
 The nymph we have chosen for thy bride,  
 Sifts cinders from the dust.

**T**HE wheel of life is turning quickly round,  
And nothing in this world of certainty is  
found :

The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels  
us out :

Good lack ! good lack ! how we are wheel'd  
about !

Some few aloft on Fortune's wheel do go,  
And, as they mount up high, the others tumble  
low :

In this we all agree, that Fate at first did will,  
That this great wheel should never once stand  
still.

The courtier turns, to gain his private ends,  
Till he so giddy grows he quite forgets his  
friends ;

Prosperity, oft' times, deceives the proud and  
vain,

And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.

Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry way,  
And cheat, and scrape, for what can't purchase  
one poor day ;

But this is far below the generous hearted man,  
Who lives, and makes the most of life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in life's short  
farce,

Till we, at last, are wheel'd off in a rumbling  
hearse :

F f

The

The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us  
out :

Good lack! good lack! how we are wheel'd  
about!

**A**T Winchester there was a wedding,  
The like was never seen,  
'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,  
And bonny black Bess of the Green.  
The fiddlers were crowding before ;  
Each lass was as fine as a queen ;  
There was a hundred, or more,  
For all the country came in :  
Brisk Robin led Rosy so fair,  
She look'd like a lily o' th' vale ;  
And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary ;  
And Roger led bouncing Nell.  
With Tommy came smiling Katy,  
He helpt her over the stile,  
And swore there was none so pretty  
In forty and forty long mile.  
Kit gave a green-gown to Betty,  
And lent her his hand to rise ;  
But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,  
For looking blue under the eyes :  
Thus merrily chatting all,  
They pass'd to the bride-house along,  
With Johnny and pretty-fac'd Nancy,  
'The fairest of all the throng.  
The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,  
Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,  
And usher'd 'em in, to treat 'em,  
With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.

The lads were frolic and jolly,  
 For each had his love by his side;  
 But Willy was melancholy,  
 For he had a mind to the bride:  
 Then Philip begins her health,  
 And turns a beer glass on his thumb;  
 But Jenkin was reckon'd, for drinking,  
 The best in Christendom.

And, now they had din'd, advancing,  
 Into the midst of the hall,  
 The fiddlers struck up for dancing,  
 And Jeremy led up the ball:  
 But Margery kept a quarter;  
 A lass that was proud of her pelf,  
 'Cause Arthur had stol'n her garter,  
 And swore he would tie it himself:  
 She struggled, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
 And ready with anger to cry,  
 'Cause Arthur, in tying her garter,  
 Had slipp'd his hand too high.

And now for throwing the stocking,  
 The bride away was led;  
 The bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking,  
 For candles to light him to bed:  
 But Robin finding him silly,  
 Most friendly took him aside,  
 The while that his wife, with Willy,  
 Was playing at Hooper's-hide.  
 And now the warm game begins,  
 The critical minute was come,  
 And chatting, and billing, and kissing,  
 Went merrily round the room.



Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,  
 And blith as a bird in the spring;  
 And Tommy was so to Kitty,  
 And wedded her with a rush-ring.  
 Sukey, that danc'd with the cushion,  
 An hour from the room had been gone;  
 And Barnaby knew, by her blushing,  
 That some other dance had been done.  
 And, thus, of fifty fair maids,  
 That came to the wedding with men,  
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,  
 That so did return again.

**L**ET us a' away to the bridal,  
 For there will be liting there;  
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair;  
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,  
 And bannocks of barley-meal;  
 And there will be good sawt herring,  
 To relish a cog of good ale.  
 Let us a' away to the bridal, &c.  
 And there will be Saney the suitor,  
 And Will wi' the meikle mou;  
 And there will be Tam the blutter,  
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;  
 And there will be bow-legged Robbie,  
 With thumbless Katie's good man;  
 And there will be blue-cheek'd Dowbie,  
 And Lawrie, the laird of the land.  
 Let us, &c.

And

And there will be sow-lipper Patie,  
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,  
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,  
 That wins in the how of the hill:  
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 Wha in with black Bessy did mool,  
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibbie,  
 The las that stands aft on the stool.  
 Let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Stenie,  
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,  
 Who after was hangit for stealing;  
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe.  
 And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,  
 And Kirsh with the lilly-white leg,  
 Wha gade to the South for manners,  
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.  
 Let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Maclawrie,  
 And blinking daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' flae-lugged sharny-fac'd Lawrie,  
 And shangy mou'd halucket Meg.  
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nanfy,  
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Maddie, and fat-hippit Grisy,  
 The las with the gowden wame.  
 Let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,  
 With his glakit wife Jenny Bell,  
 And misle-shin'd Mungo Macapie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsel.

There lads and lasses in pearlings,  
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',  
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.  
 Let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachen,  
 With fourth of good gabbocks of skate,  
 Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,  
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.  
 And there will be partans, and buckies,  
 And whytens and spaldings enew;  
 With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,  
 And scadlips to sup till you spew.  
 Let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbucks,  
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,  
 With swats, and well scraped paunches,  
 And brandy in stoups, and in caps:  
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,  
 With skink to sup till you rive,  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of flowks that were taken alive.  
 Let us, &c.

Scrypt haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle,  
 And a mull of good snishing to prie;  
 When we're weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up, and dance till we die.  
 Then let us, &c.

**I**N my triumphant chariot hurl'd,  
 I range around the world:  
 'Tis I mad Tom, drive all before me,

While to my royal throne I come ;  
 Bow down ye slaves and adore me,  
 Your sovereign lord mad Tom.  
 What though the sceptre that I bear,  
 Is all but dream and air ?

I've the pleasure of crowns,  
 Without the care.

And tho' I give law,  
 From beds of straw,  
 And dress'd in a tatter'd robe ;  
 The madman can be  
 More a monarch than he  
 That commands the vassal globe.

**Y**OUNG Bacchus, when merry bestriding  
 his tun,  
 Proclaimed a neighbourly feast ;  
 The first that appear'd was a man of the gowr,  
 A jolly parochial priest ;  
 He fill'd up his bowl, drank a health to the  
 church,

Preferring it to the king ;  
 Altho' he long since left both in the lurch,  
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative blade, whom we call  
 A Doctor of the Civil Law,  
 He guzzl'd and drank up the devil and all,  
 As fast as the drawer could draw :  
 But a health to all nobles he stiffly deny'd,  
 Though lustily he cou'd swill ;  
 Because, still the faster the quality dy'd,  
 It brought the more grist to his mill.

The

The next, a physician to ladies and lords,  
 Who eases all sickness and pain,  
 And conjures distempers away with hard words,  
 Which he knows is the head of his gain:  
 He stepp'd from his coach, fill'd his cup to the  
 brink,  
 And, quaffing, did freely agree,  
 That Bacchus, who gave us such cordial to  
 drink,  
 Was a better physician than he.

The next was a justice, who never read law,  
 With twenty informers behind;  
 On free-cost he tippl'd, and still bid them draw,  
 'Till his worship had drank himself blind:  
 Then, reeling, away they rambld, in quest  
 Of drunkards and jilts of the town,  
 That they might be punish'd, to frighten the  
 rest,  
 Except they would drop him a crown.

The fifth was a tricking attorney at law,  
 By tallymen chiefly employ'd,  
 Who lengthen'd his bill with co-hy and maw-  
 daw,

And a thousand such items beside;  
 The healths that he drank were, to Westminster  
 hall,

And to all the grave dons of the gown;  
 Rependum in Petro, durementum in Paul;  
 Such Latin sure never was known.

The last that appear'd was a soldier in red,  
 With his hair doubled under his hat,  
 Who was by his trade a fine gentleman made:

He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,  
 Or the help of some impudent punk,  
 That he would not depart till he made the  
 butt sing,  
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.

## D I A L O G U E.

*She.* **G**O, go, you vile sot,  
 Quit your pipe and your pot,  
 Get home to your stall and be doing :  
 You puzzle your pate  
 With whimsies of state,  
 And play with edge-tools to your ruin.

*He.* Keep in that shrill note,  
 Or I'll ram down your throat  
 This red-hot black pipe I am smoaking ;  
 Thou plague of my life !  
 Thou gipsy ! thou wife !  
 How dar'st thou thy lord be provoking ?

*She.* You riot and roar  
 For Babylon's whore,  
 And give up your Bible and Psalter :  
 I pr'ythee, dear Kit,  
 Have a little more wit,  
 And keep thy neck out of the halter.

*He.* Nay, pr'ythee, sweet Joan,  
 Now let me alone,  
 To follow this princely vocation :  
 I mean to be great  
 In spite of my fate,  
 And settle myself and the nation.

## DUETT.

*She.* Go, go, you vile sot ;

*He.* I matter thee not.

*She.* Was ever poor woman so slighted ?

*He.* Thy fortune is made !

*She.* Go, follow your trade.

*He.* I tell thee, I mean to be knighted.

*She.* A whipping-post ! knight !

*He.* Get out of my sight !

*She.* Thou traytor, thou ! mark thy sad ending.

*He.* I'll new vamp the state,

The church I'll translate ;

Old shoes are no more worth the mending.

## DIALOGUE.

H E.

**S**INCE times are so bad, I must tell thee,  
sweetheart,  
I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my  
cart,

And to the fair city a journey I'll go ;

To better my fortune as other folks do.

Since some have, from ditches, and coarse  
leathern breeches,

Been rais'd to be rulers, and wallow'd in riches.

Pr'ythee come, come, come from thy wheel ;

For, if the gypsies don't lye,

I shall be a governor, too, e'er I die.

S H E.

Ah, Collin ! by all thy late doings, I find,

With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy  
mind ;



Our sheep they at random disorderly run,  
 And now Sunday's jacket goes ev'ryday on :  
 Ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost  
 thou mean ?

H E.

To make my shoes clean,  
 And foot it to court to the king and the queen ;  
 Where, shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

S H E.

Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin :  
 For, as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,  
 Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou  
 can'st buy ;

For money, the devil, the devil and all's to be  
 found,

But no good part's minded without the good  
 pound.

H E.

Why, then, I'll take arms, and follow alarms,  
 Hunt honour, that, now-a-days, plaguily charms.

S H E.

And so lose a limb, by a shot or a blow,  
 And curse thyself after, for leaving the plough.

H E.

Suppose I turn gamester ?

S H E.

So cheat, and be bang'd.

H E.

What think'st of the road, then ?

S H E.

The highway to be hang'd.

H E.

Nice pimping, however, yields profit for life;  
I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

S H E.

That's dangerous, too, among the town-crew,  
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you;  
And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in :  
Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

H E.

Will nothing prefer me? What think'st of the  
law?

S H E.

Oh! while you live, Collin, keep out of that  
paw.

H E.

I'll cant, and I'll pray.

S H E.

There's nought got that way;  
There's no one minds, now, what those black  
gentry say.

Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

H E.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees  
bear.

S H E.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can shew ;  
So I'll to my distaff.

H E.

And I'll to my plough.

BOTH.

BOTH.

Let all our whole care be our farming affair,  
To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees  
bear.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show;

SHE.

So I'll to my distaff.

HE.

And I'll to my plough.

**G**OD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all :  
A woful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn;  
Earl Piercy took his way ;  
The child may rue, that is unborn,  
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer's days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace  
To kill and bear away.

The tidings to earl Douglas came  
In Scotland, where he lay :

Who sent earl Piercy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.

The English earl, not fearing this,  
Did to the woods resort,

G g

With

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,  
 All chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well, in time of need,  
 To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
 To chase the fallow-deer :  
 On Monday they began to hunt,  
 When day-light did appear :

And, long before high-noon, they had  
 An hundred fat bucks slain ;  
 Then, having din'd, the drovers went  
 To rouse them up again.

The bow-men muster'd on the hills,  
 Well able to endure ;  
 Their backsides all, with special care,  
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,  
 The nimble deer to take ;  
 And, with their cries, the hills and dales  
 An echo shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,  
 To view the tender deer ;  
 Quoth he, earl Douglas promised  
 This day to meet me nere :

If that I thought he would not come,  
 No longer would I stay.  
 With that, a brave young gentleman  
 Thus to the earl did say :

Lo!

Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come,  
 His men in armour bright;  
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
 All marching in our fight;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
 Fast by the river Tweed.  
 Then cease your sport, earl Piercy said,  
 And take your bows with speed:

And now, with me, my countrymen,  
 Your courage forth advance;  
 For never was there champion yet,  
 In Scotland, or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,  
 But, since my hap it were,  
 I durst encounter, man for man,  
 With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,  
 Most like a baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the company,  
 Whose armour shone like gold:

Shew me (he said) whose men you be,  
 That hunt so boldly here,  
 That, without my consent, do chase  
 And take my fallow deer?

The man that first did answer make  
 Was noble Piercy, he,  
 Who said, we list not to declare,  
 Nor shew whose men we be;

Lo!

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
Thy chiefest hart to slay.

Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus, in rage, did say ;

Ere thus I will out-braved be  
One of us two shall die :  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Piercy ; so am I.

But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,  
And great offence, to kill  
Any of these our harmless men ;  
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside.  
Accurs'd be he, earl Piercy said,  
By whom this is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant 'squire forth ;  
With'rington was his name,  
Who said, I would not have it told  
To Henry, our king, for shame,  
That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on :  
You be two earls, said With'rington,  
And I a 'squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have pow'r to stand :  
While I have pow'r to wield my sword,  
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,  
 Their hearts were good and true;  
 At the first flight of arrows sent  
 Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deer, with hound and horn,  
 Earl Douglas had the bent;  
 A captain, mov'd with mickle pride,  
 Their spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,  
 No slackness there was found,  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,  
 And likewise for to hear  
 The cries of men lying in their gore,  
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last, these two stout earls did meet,  
 Like captains of great might;  
 Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,  
 And make a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,  
 With swords of temper'd steel,  
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, lord Piercy, Douglas said;  
 In faith I will thee bring  
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,  
 By James our Scottish king:



Thy ransom I will freely give,  
 And thus report of thee,  
 Thou art the most courageous knight  
 That ever I did see.

To Douglas quoth earl Piercy, then,  
 Thy proffer I do scorn;  
 I will not yield to any Scot  
 That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an arrow keen  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which struck earl Douglas to the heart;  
 A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spoke more words than these;  
 Fight on, my merry men all;  
 For why, my life is at an end;  
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.

Then leaving life, earl Piercy took  
 The dead man by the hand,  
 And said, earl Douglas, for thy life  
 Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake;  
 For, sure, a more renowned knight  
 Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,  
 Which saw earl Douglas die;  
 Who strait, in wrath, did vow revenge  
 Upon the earl Piercy;

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,  
 Who, with a spear most bright,  
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
 Ran fiercely thro' the fight ;

And pass'd the English archers all,  
 Without all dread or fear,  
 And thro' earl Piercy's body, then,  
 He thrust his hateful spear :

With such a veh'ment force and might  
 He did his body gore,  
 The spear went through the other side  
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
 Whose courage none could stain,  
 An English archer then perceiv'd  
 The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
 Made of a trusty tree ;  
 An arrow, of a cloth-yard long,  
 Up to the head drew he :

Against sir Hugh Montgomery  
 So right his shaft he set,  
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon  
 In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last till break of day,  
 Till setting of the sun ;  
 For, when they rung the evening-bell,  
 The battle scarce was done.

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With

With the earl Piercy there was slain  
 Sir John of Ogerton,  
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and fir John,  
 Sir James, that bold baron.

And with fir George, and good fir James,  
 Both knights of good account,  
 Good fir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
 Whose prowess did surmount.

With With'rington needs must I wail,  
 As one in doleful dumps ;  
 For when his legs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery ;  
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field  
 One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliffe, too,  
 His sister's son was he ;  
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd :  
 They saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in likewise,  
 Did with earl Douglas die :  
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred English men,  
 Went home but fifty-three ;  
 The rest were slain in Chevy-chase,  
 Under the greenwood-tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
 Their husbands to bewail;  
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears;  
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,  
 They bore with them away;  
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
 When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,  
 Where Scotland's king did reign,  
 That brave earl Douglas, suddenly,  
 Was with an arrow slain.

Oh, heavy news! king James did say,  
 Scotland can witness be,  
 I have not any captain more,  
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,  
 Within as short a space,  
 That Piercy, of Northumberland,  
 Was slain in Chevy-chace.

Now, God be with him, said our king,  
 Sith 'twill no better be;  
 I trust I have, within my realm,  
 Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scot, nor Scotland, say,  
 But I will vengeance take,  
 And be revenged on them all,  
 For brave earl Piercy's sake.

This

This vow full well the king perform'd  
 After, on Humbledown ;  
 In one day, fifty knights were slain,  
 With lords of great renown :

And of the rest, of small account,  
 Did many thousands die :  
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chase,  
 Made by the earl Piercy.

God save the king, and bless the land  
 In plenty, joy, and peace ;  
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

**I**N Tyburn-road, a man there liv'd  
 A just and honest life ;  
 And there he might have lived still,  
 If so had pleas'd his wife :

But she, to vicious ways inclin'd,  
 A life most wicked led ;  
 With taylor, and with tinkers, too,  
 She oft' defil'd his bed.

Full twice a-day to church he went,  
 And so devout would be ;  
 Sure never was a saint on earth,  
 If that no saint was he.

This vex'd his wife unto the heart ;  
 She was of wrath so full,  
 That, finding no hole in his coat,  
 She pick'd one in his skull.



But then her heart 'gan to relent,  
 And griev'd she was full fore,  
 That quarter to him for to give,  
 She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of night,  
 These quarters she convey'd,  
 And, in a ditch, at Marybone,  
 His marrowbones she laid.

His head at Westminster she threw  
 All in the Thames so wide ;  
 Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,  
 And you may have the tide.

But Heav'n, whose pow'r no limit knows,  
 On earth, or on the main,  
 Soon caus'd this head for to be thrown  
 Upon the land again.

This head being found, the justices  
 Their heads together laid,  
 And all agreed there must have been  
 Some body to this head.

But, since no body could be found  
 High mounted on a shelf,  
 They e'en set up this head to be  
 A witness for itself.

Next, that it no self-murder was,  
 The case itself explains ;  
 For no man could cut off his head,  
 And throw it in the Thames.

Ere

Ere many days had gone and past,  
 The deed, at length, was known;  
 And Kath'rine she confess'd, at last,  
 The fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble king,  
 Our lives and safeties all,  
 And grant that we may take advice  
 By Kath'rine Hays's fall.

'T WAS at the silent midnight hour,  
 When all were fast asleep;  
 In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,  
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
 Clad in a wintry cloud;  
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
 When youth and years are flown;  
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
 When Death has 'rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
 That sips the silver dew;  
 The rose was budded in her cheek,  
 Just op'ning to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,  
 Consum'd her early prime:  
 The rose grew pale and left her cheek:  
 She dy'd before her time.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true-love calls;  
 Come from her midnight grave;  
 Now let thy pity hear the maid  
 Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour  
 When injur'd ghosts complain;  
 Now yawning graves give up their dead,  
 To haunt the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
 Thy pledge, and broken oath;  
 And give me back my maiden vow,  
 And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,  
 And not that promise keep?  
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,  
 And yet that face forsake?  
 How could you win my virgin heart,  
 Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
 And made the scarlet pale?  
 And why did I, young witless maid,  
 Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;  
 These lips no longer red;  
 Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
 And ev'ry charm is fled.

H h

The

The hungry worm my sister is ;  
 This winding-sheet I wear ;  
 And cold and weary, lasts our night,  
 Till that last morn appear :

But, hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence !  
 A long and last adieu !  
 Come, see, false man, how low she lies,  
 That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd,  
 And rais'd her glitt'ring head :  
 Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,  
 And, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place  
 Where Marg'ret's body lay,  
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf  
 That wrapt her breathless clay :

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore ;  
 Then laid his cheek to the cold grave,  
 And word spake never more.

**W**HAT beauties does Flora disclose !  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !  
 Yet Moggy's, still sweeter than those,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed :  
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,  
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;  
 The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
 Does Moggy not tend a few sheep;  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While, happily, she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces all round her do dwell:  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

'T WAS on a river's verdant side,  
 About the close of day,  
 A dying swan with music try'd  
 To chase her cares away.

H h 2

And,

And, though she ne'er had strain'd her throat,  
 Or tun'd her voice before,  
 Death, ravish'd with so sweet a note,  
 Awhile the stroke forbore.

Farewel, she cry'd, ye silver streams ;  
 Ye purling waves, adieu ;  
 Where Phœbus us'd to dart his beams,  
 And bless both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whistling reeds,  
 Soft scenes of happy love ;  
 Farewel, ye bright enamell'd meads,  
 Where I was wont to rove.

With you I must no more converse ;  
 Look, yonder setting sun  
 Waits, while I these last notes rehearse,  
 And then I must be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and constant mate,  
 We'll meet again below ;  
 It is the kind decree of fate,  
 And I with pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a tree  
 Within th' adjacent wood,  
 To hear her mournful melody  
 A stork attentive stood :

From whence, thus to the swan she spoke :  
 What means this song of joy ?  
 Is it, fond fool, so kind a stroke  
 That does thy life destroy ?

Turn

Turn back, deluded bird, and try  
 To keep thy fleeting breath ;  
 It is a dismal thing to die,  
 And pleasure ends in death.

Base stork, the swan reply'd, give o'er ;  
 Thy arguments are vain :  
 If, after death, we are no more,  
 Yet we are free from pain.

But there are soft Elysian shades,  
 And bowers of kind repose,  
 Where never any storm invades,  
 Nor tempest ever blows.

There, in cool streams and shady woods,  
 I'll sport the time away ;  
 Or, swimming down the crystal floods,  
 Among young halcyons play.

Then, pr'ythee cease, or tell me why  
 I have such cause to grieve ;  
 Since 'tis a happiness to die,  
 And it's a pain to live ?

**T**HE last time I came o'er the moor  
 I left my love behind me ;  
 Ye pow'rs, what pain do I endure  
 When soft ideas mind me,  
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met, betimes, my lovely maid,  
 In fit retreats for wooing.

H h 3

Beneath



Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
 Gazing, and chafly sporting;  
 We kiss'd, and promis'd time away,  
 'Till night spread her black curtain.  
 I pity'd all beneath the skies,  
 E'en kings, when she was nigh me:  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal's steel may wound me;  
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me;  
 Yet, hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter;  
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,  
 In her my love shall center.  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover;  
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,  
 She shall a lover find me;  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Though I left her behind me:  
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom;  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

**I** AM a poor shepherd, undone,  
 And cannot be cured by art;  
 For a nymph, as bright as the sun,  
 Has stole away my heart;  
 And how to get it again  
 There's none but she can tell,  
 To cure me of my pain,  
 By saying she loves me well.  
 And alas, poor shepherd! and alack, and a-well-  
 a-day!  
 Before I was in love, Oh! every month was  
 May.

If to love she should not incline,  
 I told her I'd die in an hour.  
 To die, says she, 'tis in thine;  
 But to love, 'tis not in my power.  
 I ask'd her the reason why  
 She could not of me approve?  
 She said 'twas a task too hard,  
 To give any reason for love.  
 And alas, &c.

She ask'd me of my estate:  
 I told her a flock of sheep;  
 The grafs whereon they graze,  
 Where she and I might sleep;  
 Besides a good ten pound,  
 In old king Harry's groats,  
 With hooks and crooks abound,  
 And birds of sundry notes.  
 And alas, &c.

**COME**

COME, follow, follow me,  
 Ye fairy elves, that be  
 Light tripping o'er the green,  
 Come, follow Mab your queen;  
 Hand in hand we'll dance around,  
 For all this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest;  
 Unheard, and unespied,  
 Through key-holes we do glide,  
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul,  
 With platter, dish, or bowl,  
 Up-stairs we nimbly creep,  
 And find the sluts asleep;  
 Then we pinch their arms and thighs:  
 None us hears, nor none us spies.

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept,  
 We praise the household maid,  
 And surely she is paid:  
 Every night, before we go,  
 We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then, o'er a mushroom's head  
 Our table-cloth we spread;  
 A grain of rye, or wheat,  
 The diet that we eat;  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
 In acorn cups, fill'd to the brink.

The

The brains of nightingales,  
 With unctious fat of snails,  
 Between two nutshells stew'd,  
 Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd ;  
 And brains of worms, and marrow of mice,  
 Do make a feast that's wond'rous nice.

The grasshopper, knat, and fly,  
 Serve for our minstrelsy ;  
 Grace said, we dance a-while,  
 And so the time beguile :  
 But if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed ;

O'er tops of dewy grass]  
 So nimbly we do pass,  
 The young and tender stalk  
 Ne'er bends when we do walk :  
 Yet in the morning may be seen  
 Where we the night before have been.

**F**AREWEL to Lochaber, and farewell my  
 Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony a day  
 been :

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on Weir ;  
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my  
 mind ;

Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on the  
shore;

To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd,  
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd.  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jenny, maun plead my excuse;  
Since Honour commands me how can I refuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And, without thy favour, I'd better not be!  
I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

**H**OW happy a state does the virgin possess,  
Whose innocent bosom no troubles distress,  
She's ever brisk, airy, good-humour'd, and gay,  
No cares to molest her by night or by day.

Uncontroul'd by an husband her actions are free,  
Of herself and her fortune sole mistress is she,  
In freedom and pleasure she passes her life;  
If so happy a virgin, then who'd be a wife.

No bantlings to tease her or break her night  
rest,

With peace and contentment her moments are  
blefs'd;

She sleeps till its time in the morning to rise,  
And ev'ry new day some new pleasure supplies,  
Surrounded, abroad, with a croud of smart beaus,  
Who are proud to attend her wherever she goes,

About her they swarm, like the bees to their  
hives:

If so happy when virgins, then who would be  
wives?

Let the wife boast of conjugal bliss, if she please,  
Which is bought at th' expence of her freedom  
and ease;

Confin'd by her cares, still at home she must  
stay,

While abroad we can range to the Park or the  
play.

Thro' a maze of soft pleasure our actions we  
steer,

And, when we come home, we've no husband to  
fear,

To tease us, and vex us, and tire our lives :  
If so happy when virgins, then who would be  
wives?

**T**HE lawland-lads think they are fine,  
But O they're vain and idly gawdy !  
How much unlike that graceful mien,

And manly looks of my highland laddie ?  
O my bonny bonny highland laddie,

My handsome, charming highland laddie !

May Heaven still guard, and Love reward,

Our lawland lass, and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse

To be the wealthiest lawland lady,

I'd take young Donald without trows,

With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.

O the bonny, &c.

If I were free at will to chuse  
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,  
 I'd take young Donald without trews,  
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy,  
 O the bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Borrows-town,  
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,  
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;  
 He's finer far in's Tartan plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hill with him I'll run,  
 And leave my lawland kin and dady  
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,  
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,  
 May please a lawland laird and lady :  
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,  
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.  
 O the bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass ;  
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,  
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,  
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While Heaven preserves my highland laddie  
 O my bonny, &c.

TEL



**T**ELL me no more I am deceiv'd,  
 That Chloe's false and common;  
 By Heav'n, I all along believ'd,  
 She was a very woman:  
 As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,  
 She still was constant, when possess'd;  
 She cou'd do more for no man.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran;  
 And that you think a hard thing:  
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the man;  
 Why, I care not one farthing:  
 You think she's false; I'm sure she's kind:  
 I'll take her body, you her mind;  
 Who has the better bargain?

**W**HILST of life we hold the span,  
 What can nature give to man,  
 Better than the flowing bow,  
 Sparkling with the luscious spoil  
 Of the ripen'd vintage toil;  
 Sight reviving to the soul?  
 Let my cup run o'er the brim,  
 In it ev'ry pleasure swim:  
 Let me gulp 'em, gulp 'em down;  
 Then I'll be a match for Care,  
 Take what shape he will, or dare,  
 Beauty, Honour, or a Crown.  
 Love's a light, fantastic god,  
 Full of vain chimeras odd;  
 Bacchus! I thy shrine adore:  
 Titles, riches, let me scape,  
 Lovely, clust'ring, purple grape,  
 Give me that, I ask no more.  
 'Twixt me and the dreary grave,  
 Not one fingle frown I'll have,  
 Daddy Time, as thou shalt see;  
 But, when pleaseth gentle Fate,  
 Call me soon, or call me late,  
 Laughing, I'll reel home with thee.

**A**NGELIC fair, beneath yon pine,  
On grassy verdure, let's recline,  
And, like the morn, be gay!

And, &c.

See how Aurora smiles on Spring!

See how the larks arise and sing,

To hail the infant day!

To hail, &c.

Musick shall waste the morn, the day

Shall roll, unheeded, as we play

In wiles impell'd by love!

When weary, we will deign to rest,

Alternate, on each other's breast,

Whilst Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boast more happiness,

Than I, possessing thee, possess?

All care is banish'd thence.

Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,

In what superior pleasure lies,

Than love and innocence?

**W**HEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!  
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:  
 The birds in livelier concert sung,  
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;  
 All look'd as joy could never fail  
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But, since the good Palemon dy'd,  
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,  
 Now Arno's sons must all give place  
 To northern men, an iron race:  
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er;  
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;  
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;  
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

STOAST

When here Lucinda .



When Love Lingers

A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring eight staves of music. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The subsequent staves continue the melody, with some staves showing more complex rhythmic patterns and accidentals. The paper is aged and shows some staining and wear.

## TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

**M**AY the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

May our representatives strenuously defend what they have wisely resolv'd.

Union, stability, and fidelity, among the sons of liberty.

May every British officer possess Wolfe's conduct and courage, but not meet with his fate.

Liberty, property, and no excise.

Health and success to the Bucks of London, &c.

May the Choice Spirits, Albions, Britons, Antigallicans, Masons, &c. always be united in true friendship.

May all true hearts never want a shilling and a good bedfellow.

May the man who will not defend the cause of his country in case of danger, be held in universal contempt by every true son of virtue and liberty.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

May all honest souls find a friend in need.



May the single be married, and the married be happy.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

A cobweb pair of breeches; a porcupine saddle; a hard trotting horse; and a long journey to the enemies of Great Britain.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave; health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

May those who love truly be ever believ'd; and those who love falsely be ever deceiv'd.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons of trade.

The fair sex, the fair of Middlesex, and the middle of the fair sex.

Money to him that has spirit to use it; and, life to him that has courage to lose it.

May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of England.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.

May

May the wings of Extravagancy be clipt by the shears of Economy.

The beggars blessing.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

Life, love, and liberty.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of England.

Confusion to those, who, wearing the mask of patriotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of Liberty in the day of trial.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, or estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

Disappointment to those who barter the cause of their country for ostentation or sordid gain.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

A speedy export to all the enemies of England, without a drawback.

Prosperity

Prosperity and success to those who prosecute such measures as have an evident tendency to secure and advance the interest of Britain.

The steady-friends of Britain.

Dejection and disappointment to those who form sanguine expectations of places and pensions on the ruin of their country.

May all those who, for sordid interest, endeavour to betray their country, meet the same fate with their predecessor, the grand traitor Judas.

Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

That prudence, moderation, and an invariable attention to the public good, may cement the people of England.

May the enemies of Britain never eat the bread thereof; or, if they do, be choaked with the second mouthful.

May the friends of England ever have access to the throne.

May those of the nobility or clergy who interfere in elections, be thought unworthy of their dignity or characters.

The king to the laws, and the church to the Bible.

That freemen may never more be considered as property to be led to market.

May

May we never want spirit and resolution to protect and defend our independency against the powerful attacks of unbridled ambition.

The honest north country smith, who refused to shoe for the man who voted against his country.

May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious constitution be frustrated and void.

May we always detest the malice of those who attempt to disunite the interest of our king and country ; which are ever inseparable.

The honest patriot and unbiass'd Briton.

May our representatives, like Free Masons, be elected by ballot.

Those upright patriots who, in contempt of all inferior considerations, have, with signal constancy, defended the rights and privileges of Britain.

The man that loves and esteems his country and his liberty.

That all private views and selfish considerations may be laid aside, when they fall in competition with the safety and honour of our country.

May our endeavours be always successful when engaged under the banner of justice.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

May

May our conscience be sound, though our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

Frugality without meanness.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit, rather than money.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May we, as Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness; as subjects, loyal without servility; and, as citizens, free without faction.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May our representatives gain their elections by merit, and our parliaments be triennial.

May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth, deserve it by their lives.

May Fortune be always an attendant on Virtue.

May

May we never swear a tradesman out of his  
right, or a credulous girl out of her virtue.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

Community, unity, navigation, and trade.

More friends, and less need of them.

May the man we love be honest, and the land  
we live in free.

May we always have a friend, and know his  
value.

May we never want one of the present family to  
sit on the throne of Great Britain.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

The two H. H.'s; or the strangers at c—t.

The agreeable rubs of life.

The losing gamesters:

May he that made the d—I take us all.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to  
give him.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

The friend we love, and the woman we dare  
trust.

Provision to the unprovided.

May we have in our arms what we love in our  
hearts.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

The



The art of making feet for children's stockings.  
Horses strong, foxes plenty; men stout, and  
women healthy.

Love for love.

Gaiety and innocence.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

May we be ever blest with able headed and  
honest-hearted ministers; and may they meet  
with their due reward from their king and  
country.

Love without fear.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without  
deceit.

Peace and plenty.

Health, love, and ready-rino, to all those whom  
you and I know.



*An exact List of all the Lodges of Free  
Masons, under the Authority of the Grand-  
Master of England, with the Days of  
Forming in each Month.*

**First Monday.**

**S**UN, Ludgate-street  
Windmill, Rosemary-Lane  
Salutation and Car, Newgate-street  
Boar's Head, East-cheap  
Princess of Wales's Arms, Cranborne-alley,  
Leicester-fields  
King's Arms, Tower-street, Seven-dials  
Sun, at Shadwell

**First Tuesday.**

Pon's Coffee-house, Castle-street  
Chapman's Coffee-house, Sackville-street  
Talbot-inn, Strand  
Sun, Mill-street  
Crown and Ball, Playhouse-yard, Black-friars  
King's Head, Fenchurch-street, Sea-captains  
George, Corner of Maggot-court, Piccadilly

**First Wednesday.**

Fox and Goose, King-street, Seven-dials  
Fish and Bell, Charles-street, Soho-square

Red-Cow, West-Smithfield  
 Red-Cross, Barbican  
 East-India-arms, John-street, Horseley-down  
 Bell-Inn, opposite Fetter-lane, Holborn  
 Granby's-head, near St. George's-street, South-  
 wark  
 Jack of Newbury, Chiswell-street  
 White-hart, St. James's-street  
 Queen's head, Bath-street, Cold-bath-fields  
 King's-arms, New Bond-street

## First Thursday.

Feathers, Cheapside, the Caledonian Lodge  
 Sun and Punch-bowl, High-holbourn, third in  
 Rank  
 Sampson and Lion, East-Smithfield  
 Fountain, Snow-hill  
 Swan, Old French Lodge, Grafton-street  
 White-horse, Corner of New Burlington-street

## First Friday.

St. Andrew, the Mariners Lodge, near the Her-  
 mitage  
 Globe, Hatton-Garden  
 Anchor and Hope, Aldgate-ward Coffee-house,  
 Leaden-hall-street  
 Pewter-Platter, White-Lion-yard, Norton-fal-  
 gate  
 Green-Man, Berwick-street

## Second Monday.

Feathers, Cheapside, late the Mourning-Buff  
 White-Lion, Cornhill  
 Old

Old Magpye, Bishopgate-street  
 Rainbow, Fleet-street  
 Black-lion, Nottingham-court, Seven-dials  
 Ship, Leadenhall-street  
 Lion and Goat, Grosvenor-street  
 Angel, Piccadilly  
 Bacchus and Grapes, Bloomsbury-market

Second Tuesday.

Crown and Rolls, Chancery-lane, fourth in  
 Rank  
 Albermarle, Dover-street  
 Turk's-head, Gerrard-street, Soho  
 King's-arms, Marybone-street  
 Crown, Leadenhall-street  
 George, Ironmonger-lane  
 Vine, High-holborn, Winter Half-year  
 Mitre, Union-street, Westminster  
 Chequers, Charing-crofs

Second Wednesday.

Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Church-yard, the  
 West India and American Lodge, first in  
 Rank  
 St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell  
 Sun, St. Paul's Church yard  
 King's-head, High-holborn  
 Caveac-tavern, Finch-lane  
 King's-arms and one Tun, Hyde-park-corner  
 Crown and Horse-shoe, corner of Bartlet's  
 buildings, Holborn  
 King's-head, Princes-street, Cavendish-square  
 White-hart, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields

## Second Thursday.

King's-arms, New Bond-street  
 Dundee-arms, a private Room, Red-lion-street,  
 Wapping  
 Anchor and Baptist's-head, Chancery-lane  
 Pewter Platter, Cross-street, Hatton-garden  
 Red-Cross Inn, Southwark  
 Three Compasses and Punch-bowl, Silver-street,  
 Golden-square  
 Fountain, Shoreditch  
 Horn, Palace-yard, Westminster, second in  
 Rank

## Second Friday.

Mourning-bush, Aldersgate  
 Half-moon, Cheapside  
 Three Tons, Spital-fields  
 Crown and Anchor, Strand  
 Turk's head, King-street, Bloomsbury, Winter  
 and Summer  
 The Crown, East-Smithfield

## Third Monday.

Sun, Ludgate-street  
 St. Alban's, St. Alban's-street  
 Salutation and Cat, Newgate-street  
 King's-arms, St. Margaret's-hill  
 Queen's-head, Gray's-inn-gate  
 Boar's-head, Eastcheap  
 Princess of Wales's arms, Cranborne-alley, Lei-  
 cester-fields  
 King's-arms, Tower-street, Seven-dials  
 Sun, at Shadwell  
 Queen's-head, Bath-street, Cold-bath-fields

## Third Tuesday.

Pon's Coffee-house, Castle-street  
 Cock and Lion, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill  
 Blue-posts, Southampton-buildings, Holborn  
 Chapman's Coffee-house, Sackville-street  
 Sun, Milk-street  
 Ship, James-street, Covent-Garden  
 King's head, Fenchurch-street, Sea-captains  
 George, Corner of Maggot-court, Piccadilly

## Third Wednesday.

Fox and Goose, King-street, Seven-dials  
 Fish and Bell, Charles-street, Soho-square  
 Red Cow, West-Smithfield  
 Red-cross, Barbican, a Master's Lodge  
 East-India arms, John-street, Horsley-down  
 Horn in Fleet-street, Stewards Lodge, publick  
 Nights in March and December  
 White-hart, St. James's-street  
 Jack of Newbury, Chiswell-street  
 King's arms, New Bond-street

## Third Thursday.

Feathers, Cheapside, the Caledonian Lodge  
 Sun and Punch-bowl, High-holborn, third in  
 Rank  
 Sampson and Lion, East-Smithfield  
 Horn, Fleet-street  
 Swan, old French Lodge, Grafton-street  
 White-horse, Corner of New Burlington-street

Third Friday.

King's head, Poultry  
Green man, Berwick-street  
Lebeck's head, Strand  
St. Andrew, the Mariners Lodge, near the  
Hermitage

Fourth Monday.

White-lion, Cornhill  
Black-lion, Nottingham-court, Seven-dials  
Ship, Leadenhall-street  
Lion and Goat, Grosvenor-street  
Angel, Piccadilly  
Feathers, Cheap-side, late the Mourning-bush

Fourth Tuesday.

Crown and Rolls, fourth in Rank, Chancery-  
lane  
Albermarle, Dover-street  
Turk's-head, Gerrard-street, Soho  
King's-arms, Marybone-street  
George, Ironmonger-lane  
Vine, High-holborn, Winter Half-year

Fourth Wednesday.

Queen's-arms, St. Paul's Church-yard, West-  
India and American Lodge, Master's Night  
Running-horse, David-street, Grosvenor-square  
St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell  
Sun, St. Paul's Church-yard  
King's-head, High-holborn  
Rising-sun, Fashion-street

King's

King's-arms and one Tun, Hyde-park-corner  
King's-head, Princes-street, Cavendish-square  
White-hart, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields

Fourth Thursday.

Dundee-arms, a private Room, Red-lion-street,  
Wapping  
Swan, White-cross-street  
Pewter Platter, Cross-street, Hatton-garden  
Vine, High-holborn, Summer  
Crown and Anchor, Strand

Fourth Friday.

Mourning-bush, Aldersgate  
Half-moon, Cbeapside  
Three Tuns, Spital-fields  
Turk's-head, King-street, Bloomsbury, Winter  
Hermione and Active Frigate, Corner of Comp-  
ton-street, St. Anne's, the Royal Mecklen-  
burg Lodge

Last Wednesday.

Caveac Tavern, Finch-lane

Last Thursday.

King's-arms, New Bond-street  
Anchor and Baptist's-head, Chancery-lane  
No certain Day of forming.  
Union Lodge, private Room, Bell-lane, Spital-  
fields.



*A List of the Lodges in different Parts of England.*

- G**LOBE, in Globe-lane, Chatham, 1st and 3d Monday  
 King's-arms, Wandsworth, 1st Tuesday  
 Golden-anchor, Ballast-key, East-Greenwich, 2d and 4th Tuesday  
 Thatch'd-house, Norwich, 1st Thursday  
 Three-tuns, Portsmouth, 1st and 3d Friday, four o' Clock  
 Queen's head, at Stöckton upon Tees in the County of Durham, 1st and 3d Friday  
 White-lion, Lynn Regis, Norfolk, 1st Friday  
 Castle at Putney, 3d and 4th Tuesday  
 Angel, Macclesfield, Cheshire  
 King's-arms, Leight, in Lancashire  
 New Inn, at Exeter  
 Royal-oak, Derby, 1st and 3d Tuesday  
 Bolton Lee-more, Lancashire, next Wednesday to every Full Moon  
 Cornish Cough, Salisbury, 1st and 3d Wednesday  
 West Cowes, Isle of Wight, 2d and 4th Monday  
 Swan, Chelsea, 2d and 4th Tuesday  
 Bear, Bath, 1st and 3d Tuesday  
 Red-lion, Bury, Lancashire, next Thursday to every Full Moon  
 Talbot, in Stourbridge, Worcester  
 Swan, Birmingham, last Monday
- Barn-

Barnstaple-Inn, Plymouth-dock, 1st and 3d  
Friday

Fencers, near Newcastle upon Tyne, 1st Monday

Angel, Colchester, 2d and 4th Monday

Fountain, Gateshead, Bishoprick of Durham, 2d  
and 4th Wednesday

Green Man, Shrewsbury, 1st Monday

King's-head, Norwich, every other Thursday

The Custom-house, by the Old Dock, Liver-  
pool, 1st Wednesday

Rose, Edgbaston-street, Birmingham, 2d and  
last Thursday

Angel, Shipton-mallet, Somersetshire, 1st and  
3d Monday

Swan, Gloucester, 1st and 3d Friday

Halifax, Yorkshire, 1st and 3d Thursday

The Fox, near the Square, Manchester, 1st and  
3d Monday

Swan, Watergate-street, Chester, 2d Tuesday

Red-lion, Horn-church, in Essex, 1st Friday

Three Lions, Banbury, Oxfordshire

Bush-tavern, Corn-street, Bristol, 2d and 4th  
Wednesday

George, Whithaven, Cumberland, 1st Monday

Ship and Castle, Haverford-west

Three Horse-shoes, Leominster, Herefordshire

Angel, Dolgelly, Merionethshire, 1st Tuesday

Bull, High-street, Bristol, 1st and 3d Tuesday

The Bear, Norwich, 2d and 4th Tuesday

Maid's-head, Norwich, 3d Tuesday

Prince George, Plymouth, 1st and 3d Monday,

Sun,

- Sun, Cambridge, 2d Monday**  
**Sun, St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich, 2d and 4th**  
**Wednesday**  
**Key, St. Peter's, Mancroft, Norwich, 2d and**  
**4th Monday**  
**King's Arms, Falmouth, 2d and last Thursday**  
**Angel, Great Yarmouth in Norfolk**  
**King's-head, Gravesend, 1st and 3d Thursday**  
**King's-arms, Helston in Cornwall**  
**Mason's-arms, Truro in Cornwall, 2d and last**  
**Tuesday**  
**Black-moor's-head, Nottingham**  
**Nag's-head, Wine-street, Bristol, 2d and 4th**  
**Tuesday**  
**Red-lion, Market-street, Carmarthen, 1st and**  
**3d Monday**  
**Church-Hyle, St. Peter's, Mancroft, Norwich,**  
**3d Wednesday**  
**Rose and Crown, at Prescott, Lancashire, Wed-**  
**nesday next before Full Moon**  
**Redruth in Cornwall, 1st and 3d Thursday**  
**Three-tuns, North Cornsford, Norwich, 1st and**  
**3d Monday**  
**Barnley-hall, Lancashire, every Saturday nearest**  
**the Full Moon**  
**Swan, Ramsgate, Thanet, 2d and 4th Monday**  
**Parrot, Cow-lane, in Leeds, 1st Wednesday**  
**Pelican, Leicester, 1st and 3d Tuesday**  
**Red-house, Cardiff, Glamorganshire, 2d Monday**  
**Bear, Cow-bridge, Glamorganshire, last Mon-**  
**day**  
**Queen's-head, Leostoffe, in Suffolk, 2d Monday**  
**Crompton's Coffee-house, Manchester, 1st and**

Crompton's Coffee-house, Manchester, 1st and 3d Thursday

No. 8, the King's own Regiment, 1st and 3d Tuesday

Ship and Castle, Penzance, 1st and 3d Wednesday

Shoulder of Mutton, St. Augustine's, Norwich, 1st and 3d Monday

Golden-lion, Foregate-street, Chester, every other Monday

White-lion, Beccels in Suffolk

Rose, St. Augustine's, St. Mary, Norwich, 1st and 3d Friday

Sunderland, near the Sea, Durham, 1st Friday

Feathers, Bridges-street, Chester

Capt. Bell's Troop, in Lord Ancram's Dragoons

Merlin's-cave, Old-shambles, Liverpool

Marquis of Caernarvan's, at Sunderland near the Sea, 1st and 3d Tuesday

Three Kings, at Bristol, 2d and 4th Thursday

Star, Lynn Regis, 4th Wednesday

Dove and Olive-branch, St. Lawrence's, Norwich, 2d Wednesday

Cock, Head of the Side, Newcastle, 1st Monday

Cock, St. Mary's Norwich, every other Wednesday

Three Crowns, Southside-street, Plymouth, 2d and 4th Monday

Bell, Broad-street, Bristol, 2d and 4th Monday

Swan, Sea Captains Lodge, Yarmouth, Norfolk

Three Crowns, 2d Division of Marines, Plymouth

Sun, Newton-Abbot, Dorset, 1st and 3d Thursday  
 day  
 Meadway's Wine-vaults, West Town of Crediton, Devon, 1st Monday  
 Royal-oak, Portsmouth-common, 2d and 4th Friday  
 Square and Compasses, Barnard Castle, 1st Monday  
 day  
 Mermaid, Windsor, 3d Monday  
 The Temple Lodge, Bristol, 1st and 3d Monday  
 Black-bull, Mighton's gate, Hull, 2d and last Thursday  
 King's-head, Canterbury, 1st and 3d Wednesday  
 On board his Majesty's Ship Vanguard  
 Talbot, Leeds, 2d and 4th Wednesday, a Master's Lodge  
 Punch-bowl, Stonegate, York, 1st and 3d Monday  
 day  
 Square and Compasses, White-haven, 2d Monday  
 day  
 Granby's-head, Dover, 1st and 3d Thursday  
 Bay-horse and Jockey, Darlington  
 Spread-eagle, Wisbech, Isle of Ely, 1st and 3d Tuesday  
 Three Black-birds, Union-street, Portsmouth-common  
 Kingston upon Hull, 2d and 4th Thursday  
 All-saints Lodge, Wooler, Northumberland  
 St. George's Lodge, Exeter, 2d and 4th Friday  
 Green-man, Ipswich  
 George, Digbeth-street, Birmingham  
 Private Room, Appledore, Devonshire

Hole in the Wall, Colne, Lancashire  
 Bell, Portsmouth-common  
 Fox-Inn, Salop, 1st and 3d Wednesday  
 On Board his Majesty's Ship, at Plymouth  
 Fleece, Barnstable, 1st and 3d Monday  
 Three-King's, Deal  
 Duke's-head, Lynn Regis  
 Half-moon, Othley, Yorkshire, 1st Monday  
 Workington in Cumberland, 1st Monday  
 White-hart, Hereford, 1st Thursday  
 Vine, Portsmouth  
 Punch-bowl, Peck-lane, Nottingham  
 Sun-Inn, Cambridge, 2d Thursday  
 Black-bull, Hexham, 1st and 3d Wednesday  
 White-heart, Chippenham, the Lodge of per-  
 fect Union  
 Mason's-arms, Richmond, Yorkshire  
 Bear, Havant, 1st and 3d Wednesday  
 White-lion, Dover  
 Private Room, Hubbington, near Titchfield,  
 Hampshire  
 Seven-stars, St. Thomas the Apostle's, Exeter,  
 1st and 3d Wednesday  
 Granby's-head, Durham, 1st Tuesday

*Lodges in Foreign Parts.*

*Amsterdam.*

- 1 **L**ODGE, Nov. 30, 1753
- 2 **L**odge of Charity, 1755
- 3 Lodge of Peace
- 4 Lodge of Regularity, 1757



La Loge de Freres Reunis, 1762

Virtutis et Artis Amici, 1762

Antigua.

Parham, Jan. 31, 1737-8

St. John's Great Lodge, 2d and 4th Wednesday,

November 22, 1738

Bakers Lodge, St. Mary's-street

St. John's, 1738

Evangelists, 1753

The Castle of Aubigny in France.

Barbadoes.

1 St. Michael's at Bridgetown

2 St. John's Ditto 4th Monday

3 St. Peter's Lodge, Speight's Town, 1st and 3d Saturday

4 St. James's Lodge

St. James's Lodge, 1758

Bermuda, the Union Lodge at Snow-lane,

1st Wednesday.

Bengal.

1 Lodge at Calcutta, 1740

2 Ditto

3 Ditto

4 Chandernagore, the chief French Settlement

Calcutta, 8th Lodge

Bombay, 24th March, 1758

Boston, in New England, 2d and 4th Saturday.

Copen-



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Copenhagen

New Lodge, St. Martin's Lodge.

St. Christopher's.

Basse Terre, Old Road Sandy Point, 1st Thursday

Santa Croix, a Danish Island, West Indies

St. Eustatius, West Indies, No. 1. and 2

Francfort, The Union

Gibraltar, 1st Tuesday, Nov. 1728

Lodge of Inhabitants, 1763

Guernsey. The Lilly Tavern

Three Crowns, 1st and 3d Monday

George Town Winyaw, Prince George Lodge,

once a Month, 1743.

Hague.

First. Second

Hanover. The Grand Lodge, Frederick.

Hamburgh.

The Bunch of Grapes, Decker-street, every

other Wednesday, October 23, 1740

St. George, Emperor's Court. Ditto, 24th

Sept. 1743.

Jamaica.

Kingston 1st and 3d Saturday

Ditto 2d

Port Royal

St. Jago de la Vega First

Ditto Second

Savannah

Savannah la Mar  
 Old Harbour  
 St. Mary's  
 Laufanne in Switzerland  
 Madrafs, or Fort St. George, in Coromandel  
 Madrid, 1 Sunday, 1727  
 Musquita Shore, the Lodge of Regulants, St.  
 John's Hall, Black River, 1763.

### Minorca.

No. 1. 1st Thursday  
 No. 2. 2d Tuesday  
 No. 3. 1st Wednesday  
 No. 4. 1st Monday  
 Norfolk in Virginia, 1st Thursday  
 New York, No. 2. St. John's Lodge, Ann-  
 street, 2d and 4th Wednesday  
 Paris. A La Ville de Tonnere Rue de Bou-  
 cheries  
 Quebec. The Merchants Lodge, 1762  
 Rotterdam. The Lodge of Orange  
 Rotterdam. Royal Frederick

### South Carolina.

Beaufort, Port Royal, every other Wednesday,  
 1756  
 Charles Town, 2d and 4th Thursday

### The Union Lodge, 1735.

A Master's Lodge, 2d and 4th Thursday, 1756.  
 St. Mark's, Lodge, 1763

Savannah in Georgia, 1735  
 Schwerin, St. Michael's Lodge, in the Duchy  
 of Mechlenburgh  
 Valenciennes in French Flanders  
 Wilmington, on Cape Fear River, North Ca-  
 rolina  
 York Town, Virginia, 1st and 3d Wednesday.

**S I N I F**

South Carolina  
 Beaufort, Port Royal, every other Wednesday  
 Charles Town, 2d and 4th Thursday  
 The Union Lodge, 1735  
 A-Master's Lodge, 2d and 4th Thursday, 1736  
 St. Mark's, Lodge, 1703  
 Savannah



2.1.1.7

